8-1942

Boys on the Way to War Here for Last Binge

World-Telegram
N.Y., N.Y.

By ELLIOTT ARNOLD,
World-Telegram Staff Writer.

JAN 21 1942

Wally Southard has a job to do, and he's going to keep doing it even if it kills him. He is the official host for the British and American Ambulance Corps, and every week he gets a batch of fresh, healthy young air pilots from Australia, New Zealand, Canada and England, and he's supposed to take them all around New York and show them a good time.

These fliers are the lads who have completed their final course of training for active duty here, and the binge is their last before they ship off for parts unknown. They are all young and they are all full of energy, and Wally has to keep up with the last man of them.

Since the early part of November he has handled about 1000 of these boys and the numbers keep increasing. He finds the English boys are easy, the Canadians a little less so, but the Australians and New Zealanders—

Then the Fun Starts.

The groups start out peacefully enough, he explained today in his office at 420 Lexington Ave. They go to theaters, occasionally even to the opera. Then they start looping. They get into a night club and people start buying them drinks and inviting them to other night clubs, and poor Wally has to skirt around the circuit every night keeping his eyes on all of them.

"One night I found at 7 o'clock that eight out of a group of 50 were missing. Their train was to go at 9 and I called the boys together. I told them that I was responsible for them and that if anything went wrong it would affect the treatment accorded to the men who came after them.

"They went out in groups of twos and threes and at 8:15 they had the other eight men rounded up."

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Some of the Australians, he said, must have gullets made of brass. They decided gin was "America's soft drink" and drank the stuff straight wherever they went, with no immediate ill effects.

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Borrow and Pay Back.

The boys borrow all sorts of money from him, he said, but in no case has any man failed to repay, no matter how much. Somehow or other they scrounge around and get the loan up before they depart.

New York Times
New York, N. Y.

LIBERATORS AND HEROES OF MEXICO AND CENTRAL AMERICA. By Marion Lansing. Illustrated from photographs. 299 pp. Boston, Mass.: L. C. Page & Co. $3.

FEB 15 1942

Mexico had its own Paul Revere in Captain Allende, and the *Grito de Dolores,* the first wild cry of the long-oppressed Indians for freedom from Spain, commemorated each fifteenth of September by the President of Mexico, is as much a part of that country's tradition as is our own Liberty Bell. We to the north know even less of the men who led Mexico and the republics of Central America to liberty than we do of South America's liberators; yet such a knowledge is essential to the understanding and friendship of our neighbors which we, in the United States, so heartily desire. This book, a companion volume to Miss Lansing's fine "Liberators and Heroes of South America," which appeared last year, follows the same plan, outlining the struggle for independence and the establishment of order in biographical sketches of the founding fathers.

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It is a strangely varied company of men assembled here: priests, aristocrats, Indians, soldiers and scholars. In Mexico Hidalgo, the noble priest, is today a symbol of patriotism and the social program of Morales is still quoted by Mexican liberals. Here are Mora, who defended Costa Rica against our own freebooter, William Walker, and Father Simeon Canas of El Salvador, who won freedom for Negroes in Central America forty years before Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation. Del Valle of Guatemala was the author of the Declaration of Independence of Central America, and Morazán of Honduras fought for federation of those countries, and Larreinaga served Nicaragua as jurist, teacher and patriot for more than twenty-five years. Their stories are less dramatic than those of Bolívar, San Martin and their cohorts, because more happily, but less spectacularly, there was less bloodshed in Central America's winning of freedom, but they are no less noble in substance, and these sketches will well repay adult as well as high-school reader in an understanding of the forces and events which have helped to shape the destiny of these countries and the whole hemisphere.

FEB 15 1942

New Masses
New York, N. Y.

Distilling a Fable

THE MYTH OF THE NEGRO PAST, *by Melville J. Herskovits. Harper & Bros. $4.*

FEB 17 1942

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PROFESSOR HERSKOVITS uses the word "myth" in its technical sense, for the myth with which he is concerned provides the sanction for a firmly held belief that gives coherence to behavior. Basically the myth is that the Negro people are without a vital past—i.e., a past of any dynamic, active, creative character.

FEB 17 1942

The particular facet of the myth subjected to scrutiny by Herskovits is that which arises from the idea that Africa always was and still is a dark, mysterious, and foreboding continent of wasteland, jungle, and "jabbering black savages" (to quote the words, penned in 1941, of a history instructor in Brooklyn College—one St. Julien R. Childs). Because of this, so runs the stereotype, one can expect to find practically no traits of African origin persisting among Negroes of the New World, particularly among those of the United States. It is admitted that one would not dare to study the acculturative process of Swedes and Danes, of Greeks and Italians, of Syrians and Chinese, without thoroughly investigating every phase of the culture at their points of origin, but as for Negroes—why bother? "Everyone knows" there is nothing to investigate, so pick up a tertiary source of misinformation like that by Dowd or Tillinghast or Weatherford, dish out the ancient cliches, and collect the royalty checks.

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Herskovits' book is, in essence, a plea to discard such an antediluvian methodology for a mature, scientific approach to the problem of the cultural heritages of the Negro people and their persistence, alteration, and accommodation in the changed environment of the New World. With the posing of this challenge there can be no quarrel. For having presented it cogently and persuasively (and, one may add, courageously, since it demands that Herskovits repudiate some of his own earlier writings) the author deserves the gratitude and admiration of all fellow investigators.

However, while the essential validity of Herskovits' thesis is established by the data he presents, the data themselves and the conclusions based upon them do not merit unqualified approval.

The author is on unshakable ground when he delineates the rich, varied, advanced cultures enjoyed at certain epochs by the Negro people in Africa, and when he summarizes (though with some carelessness) the recent literature demonstrating the discontent and rebelliousness of the Negro in the New World. He is on firm, and new, ground when he shows the persistence of certain African cultural traits and habits in various parts of the Western Hemisphere, including the United States. This is especially true of such easily transmitted and tenaciously retained behaviorisms as those connected with personal adornment, religious practices, the dance, music, folklore, and speech.

Within the confines of a review it is impossible to present an adequate conception of the richness of this material, though some idea of it may be obtained from the fact that in the field of speech alone, as has been demonstrated by Dr. Turner of Fisk University, about 4,000 West African words, in addition to many survivals in sounds, intonation, and syntax, have been discovered in the vocabulary of the coastal South Carolina and Georgia Negroes. The assertions of Mencken, Krapp, Reed Smith, and Guy Johnson to the effect that the Negroes simply speak "the worst English in the world" are shown to be fallacious generalizations based upon arm-chair cogitation rather than scientific investigation.

But some of Dr. Herskovits' data and some of the asserted relationships are decidedly questionable. He tends to minimize the extensiveness of the slave trade, insisting that the American Negroes' province is almost entirely West African. Some of the evidence showing that slaves were obtained from the East coast even in the early part of the eighteenth century is cited, but more is available, and there are good indications that this increased during the later life of the slave trade, becoming particularly prominent in the nineteenth century. For one investigating cul-

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pears quite doubtful. Thus, he believes such a carry-over is one explanation for the alleged great "importance of whipping among American Negroes as a technique of training the young," but its unusual importance among these folk is by no means demonstrated, which would seem to be a prerequisite for any relationships deduced therefrom. Again, the "vital, meaningful, and understandable" character of the Negroes' religions which have been "deeply integrated into the daily round" of their lives is supposed to explain why they, "in contrast to other under-privileged groups elsewhere in the world, turn to religion rather than to political action." Little more than bald assertions, some of a highly uncertain nature, are contained in that passage, and the alleged political behavior of Negroes is anything but substantiated by their history. Another example of strained interpretation is the thesis that the alleged "readiness of the Negroes to take over the conceptions of the universe held by the white man" is traceable to the flexibility of the West African religio-philosophic systems. The burden of Herskovits' book is to show the persistence in thought as well as action of Africanisms, but here one meets the declaration that where such persistence is not observable, that in itself is an African carry-over!

Yet, in spite of these apparent deficiencies, Herskovits' book is one of the most fertile and provocative to appear in the field of social studies within a generation. The author realizes that "the myth of the Negro past is one of the principal supports of race prejudice in this country" and his work does much to undermine that myth. It is, moreover, a necessary tool for all future investigators into the dozens of phases of that past, which, as Professor Herskovits keeps repeating, stand in need of prolonged, serious, and scientific study.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

"King News," An Autobigraphy, by M. Koenigsberg (F. A. Stokes Co., Philadelphia, $2.50).

M. Koenigsberg, who organized and ran half a dozen newspaper syndicates, reported and edited for about 30 papers, and is reputed to have been paid $250,000 a year when he was assistant pooh-bah to Emperor William R. Hearst, is one of the most important man in the history of American journalism.

"King News," for this reason, is recommended reading for those who are, and those who aspire to be (heaven help them!) connected with the newspaper business. Koenigsberg shows, though he tries hard to disguise it, that it is a business. For this reason the book is also highly recommended to anyone who still believes that American newspaper publishers are socially conscious demigods who keep life-size pictures of something called "the average reader" always before them; that American journalism is all romance and feverish excitement, and/or that newspaper writers are cigaret-smoking Dick Tracys devoted to "the public good."

To support the thin note of idealism he insists on injecting, Koenigsberg goes so far as to include a page at the end of his book setting forth what he proposes as a code for the profession of journalism. These "Seven Commandments" for the newspaperman suggest such impractical tenets as the one numbered 4:

"At all times and in all things the editor must serve the reader to the exclusion of everyone else."

And the one numbered 6:

"The decency that is the prime essential of a newspaper must be measured by standards more exacting than mere custom or propriety. It must be the true equivalent of fairness. It must satisfy every scruple of the editor, who shall not qualify for his post unless he be as much a gentleman as a journalist."

Isn't that silly?

Charlotte Crump,
New York, N. Y.

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TUSKEGEE TRAINING

The Negro's place in American defense projects is definitely granted in J. L. Whiting's recent book, "Shop and Class at Tuskegee" (Chapman & Grimes, Boston, $2). While Mr. Whiting says not a single word about defense as such, his book overflows with instances of the trained Negro's capabilities in many fields of labor.

This practical and interesting story of how Negro youths at Tuskegee Institute learn to work by WORKING and learn to meet problems by MEETING them is indicative of the fact that Tuskegee turns out men and women ready for actual work. Mr. Whiting cites, among many such instances, the Tuskegee graduate-printer who answered an advertisement for a first-class Cylinder Pressman. When the young printer applied to the foreman, the latter told him to take off his coat at once and go to work. The result was that the foreman was satisfied with the printer's work, hired him, and after the third week increased his salary to $32 a week.

Training is given in almost every type of vocational work for men and women. Among the trades taught are Blacksmithing, Sheet Metal Work, Auto Mechanics, Electricity, Plumbing, Tailoring, Printing, and others of practical use today. For women are offered Clothing, Nursing, Home Crafts, Teaching, plus a wide range of occupational courses that train Negro women for almost any field of activity.

Tuskegee still works under the guiding shadow of its founder, Booker T. Washington, who built his school around the idea that, first, "the hammer in the hand of a man is at the bottom of all the arts and trades," and second, that "mental training should always be linked with technical instruction."

Mr. Whiting gives numerous instances of how Tuskegee instructors correlate shop experiences and manipulative skill with English, Spelling and Mathematics, as well as other subjects.

J. L. Whiting served for 20 years at Tuskegee Institute as Industrial Arts Education Advisor. His book should do much to show to many educators that a more far-reaching industrial education, with a closer correlation of cultural and vocational subjects, will make for a more practical and profitable education of the Negro race. Further, it should give a push to the already evident fact that many Negroes are prepared for jobs that are kept from them on the flimsy excuse that they "cannot do the work."

Margaret Rodriguez,
Daytona Beach, Fla.

The Daily Worker
New York, N. Y.

Announcing

A Negro History Exhibition

An unusual collection of rare documents, pamphlets, prints and books

Open from 9:30 A. M.—9:00 P. M.
Lecture Every Evening
8:00 P. M. Sharp

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"THE COPPERHEADS"

Lecture at 6:00 P. M. Sat. Only

Workers Book Shop
50 EAST 13th STREET, N. Y. C.

Commercial Appeal
Memphis, Tennessee

Migrant Labor A Big Problem

Footloose Farmers Increase In Number

ILL FARES THE LAND. By Carey McWilliams. Little, Brown. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN SELBY, The Associated Press.

"Ill Fares the Land" is a direct slap in the face for 90 per cent of this country, all the more arresting because it is unexpected. We are, Mr. McWilliams says, creating a peon class in the United States.

Former College Teacher Edits Handbook On Negro

Birmingham World
Birmingham, Ala.

PETERSBURG, Va. — (SNS)— Florence Murray, a former faculty member of Virginia State College and a native of Alexandria, Virginia, has edited a new book of facts, figures, and general information on the Negro, according to Wendell Malliet and Company, New York, publishers.

The book, "The Negro Handbook," is intended as an annual publication. It is a completion of up-to-date information with a ready reference on Negro affairs a source book for writers, a guide for business and professional men, and a handy indispensable volume of information on the Negro in America.

Dr. John M. Gandy, president of Virginia State College, said of his former colleague, Miss Murray:

"Because I have known of Miss Murray's work and ability, I heartily endorse and commend her on her patient and splendid effort to compile a manual of current information on the Negro. The Handbook should prove a valuable and enlightening reference work to persons in all walks of life."

First literary study of Mr. McWilliams' peons began with Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath" three years ago. But this produced a limited understanding, because it produced the idea that the problem was centered on United States Highway 66, and in California. It concerns three-fourths of the country directly, Mr. McWilliams asserts, and all the country indirectly.

It concerns you, Mr. McWilliams says, because the present condition of migratory labor is putting a load on your pocketbook, beyond all reason, especially now that your pocketbook must also carry a war. Some communities suffer very badly, and from these we occasionally hear complaints. But some suffer more indirectly, and do not even know they are being afflicted.

The crux of the whole thing is, he indicates, the changeover from frontier farming to modern farming. Mr. McWilliams is not convinced that subsistence farming is the answer, and for that reason does not believe that "resettlement" is the answer—or all of it. Farm unemployment is inevitable under present conditions, and it will not get better, except temporarily.

But (and this is important, the author adds) unemployed farm laborers do not show up vividly; they almost never collect in large numbers to demonstrate on legislative doorsteps. They drift. They drift from melon country to grain country, to truck garden country, to hop country—and so on. Sometimes hundreds are in a small town without the town's knowing it. They make little or nothing, they have nothing. They seep through the barriers some states have erected. And they are forever hungry.

Nation
New York, N. Y.

DEARLY BELOVED. By Harry Sylvester. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.50.

An earnest but inconclusive novel about the Jesuit brotherhood in a Catholic community in Maryland, where the economic and social relations between Negroes and whites furnish a burning problem for an idealistic churchman to try to solve. Though the plot seems somewhat tailor-made to fit the author's indignant thesis, it is a sincere attempt to dramatize a worth-while issue: the church's regretful inability to remedy the cleavage between Christian doctrine and Christian practice.

Nation
New York, N. Y.

WHEN PEOPLES MEET: A STUDY IN RACE AND CULTURE CONTACTS. Edited by Alain Locke and Bernhard J. Stern. Progressive Education Association. $3.50.

The editors of this interesting and important book have provided selections from a wide range of authorities on racial, international, and minority problems arranged in a definite plan with introductory chapters by the editors. From them there emerges a clear picture of the connection between current social and international difficulties and the direction of the world revolution now going on. The problem can here be seen to carry its own solution. Whether or not it will be allowed to work itself out is another question.

8-1942

The First Reader

By HARRY HANSEN

Memories of Slaves and Freedmen Who Served Lincoln Are Gathered Lovingly by One of Their Race

There is something inspiring in the task that John E. Washington set for himself after he grew up. Born in Maryland 50 years ago, of parents who had been slaves, he lived in his youth with a grandmother in Washington hard by Ford's Theater, where Lincoln was shot. From Negro men and women he heard tell of Lincoln—from people who had seen him, or heard him, or had served him. And as he grew older he sought them out and wrote down what they had to say.

John E. Washington.

Can you imagine a more genuine tribute to greatness? What these humble citizens said came from the overflowing heart. It was repeated in hushed tones, as if it were a sacred chronicle. Some of them had been "contraband," during the war years. William Slade was Lincoln's messenger. Cornelia Vinson prepared his meals. Aunt Mary Dines, who had been flogged because she wanted to learn, used to see Lincoln when he stopped at the contraband camp to talk to the freed black people. William Johnson looked after Lincoln's furnace and won his praise as "honest, faithful, sober, industrious and handy." And although John Washington never knew Elizabeth Keckley, who was Mrs. Lincoln's dressmaker, he learned all about this extraordinary woman.

John E. Washington has written what these men and women remembered in **They Knew Lincoln.** (Dutton, $3.75.) It is an original document in more ways than one. Professor J. G. Randall of the University of Illinois told Washington to write it in his own way, and this gives it the character of folk chronicles. Carl Sandburg found himself entertained and moved by this collection of "verities, myths, ghosts, dreams, fantasies, adorations." Washington himself enters on his task with the dedication of a plain man who, at second hand, touches the hem of greatness. He remembers not only that Lincoln's signature gave freedom to the slaves, but that his human sympathy drew no color line.

When Lincoln Sang with the Negroes.

They were saturated in Lincoln lore—all these people who lived near John's grandmother, in E St., between 9th and 10th. They had "ghost-telling" meetings, and everybody knew about chains rattling and lights going on in the old Ford Theater on spooky nights. John himself grew fearful of passing the old theater, but he did deliver clothes to a laundry woman in the house where Lincoln died, though "in broad daylight."

Then he began asking old people about Lincoln. They had wrinkled faces and cracked voices, cherished old newspapers and thought Lincoln a miracle. Washington had to look into old Bibles to verify their connections and consult with the librarians of Lincoln collections.

Aunt Mary Dines had lived in the contraband camp where Howard University stands today and told Washington about Lincoln's visits there. The Negroes were wearing old uniforms found on battlefields—some blue, some gray. They all sang America together, and when Aunt Mary was asked what song they were to sing next, her knees shook and she stumbled forward and started Nobody Knows What Trouble I See, while "keeping one eye on the President."

They sang for an hour and Lincoln wiped the tears away with his bare hand. Lincoln talked with Aunt Mary another time and had Uncle Ben give "a good old-fashioned prayer," and Ben was scared to death and prayed a mighty prayer, "but Ben always was a praying man and this time God must have been helping him out."

Lincoln joined in the old songs—we call them spirituals—Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, Go Down Moses, the Doxology. Mary "knew he was a child of God and had put his trust in Him."

* * *

Denizens of the White House.

Those who worked for the Lincolns and at the White House have a special place in this record, for they touched the robes of the great, and their recollections were cherished by their families. William Slade was the well-known messenger; Aunt Rosetta Wells was a seamstress; Cornelia Mitchell was the cook; Peter Brown was a butler; William Johnson was a bodyguard and servant. Quite a story has grown up around Johnson, who is supposed to have come from Springfield with Lincoln. Solomon Johnson was Lincoln's barber and got a job in the Treasury Department.

Here is the story old Aunt Phoebe Bias told the watch-night meeting in 1862, the night before the Emancipation Proclamation went into effect, with its tumultuous shouting, "I'm freed at last!" "Praise God!" With all on their knees. That was a great moment for the Negroes; maybe we should remind the white Americans of it once in a while.

Washington found John Henry Coghill, who was present when Garrett's barn was fired and John Wilkes Booth shot, and who is still living. He saw Booth arrive at the Garrett place when he was driving cows along the road. He has also described William de Fleurville, Lincoln's barber in Springfield, and Elizabeth Keckley, Mrs. Lincoln's seamstress, who wrote her memoirs in Behind the Scenes.

* * *

She Destroyed Original Painting.

Of historical importance is a Lincoln letter of 1855, in which Lincoln doubts the "peaceful extinction of slavery" and gives another version of his house-divided phrase—which he incorporated in several of his debates. There is also the reproduction of a painting of Lincoln by Clague, made in 1865, and given by Lincoln to General Philip Sheridan, and by Sheridan to his faithful Negro orderly, Richard Jones. Jones wanted Washington to have the painting after his death, but Mrs. Jones, thinking the painting of no consequence, destroyed it. The photograph is all that is left of it today.

Though these notes and memorabilia are but a fraction of much already available, they have special value because they are the cherished expressions of the love of the lowly for the man who set them free. The author studied both dentistry and art in Howard University and after practicing dentistry for a number of years is now teaching commercial art in the Cardozo High School in Washington.

New York, N. Y.
Nation

The New Negro

12,000,000 BLACK VOICES. By Richard Wright. Photo-direction by Edwin Rosskam. The Viking Press. $3.

IF A book is to be judged by what it claims to be, this book is disappointing. It is described in the subtitle as a folk history of the Negro of the United States, but beyond a little doggerel verse from a few Negro folk songs and an occasional sharp interpretation of the Negro's mind at work, it is not a folk history at all. Little or nothing will be found here that is not already known to the moderately keen observer, and certainly this book does not contain half as much information about the Negro as other writers already have presented. What history the book does contain is only a cursory survey of the better-known facts about the Negro: how he was brutally snatched from Africa and pounded down into slavery; how the question of his continued bondage helped to provoke the Civil War; how after that war the Negro discovered his new freedom was essentially empty; how he migrated from the cotton fields of the South to the cities of the North, and found his freedom there rather empty, too. Even this cursory survey is not always sound. For example, Mr. Wright sees the Civil War as mainly a struggle between two groups of leaders, "the Bosses of the Buildings and the Lords of the Land." This is an extreme simplification of what was actually a complicated struggle.

No, there is not much here in the way of history, either folk or political. This book is really something quite different. It is sometimes an appeal, sometimes a defense, and again a defiance, a demand, and a promise—and possibly even a threat—and as all of these it often rings with a bitter and stinging eloquence. It might, in still another sense, be taken as a manifesto that Uncle Tom is finally dead and buried, and that the New Negro, or the Embattled Negro, has arrived, and stands now at his Lexington Green or at his Concord Bridge. What Mr. Wright has to say here is the defiant promise that the Negro, despite all the burdens and humiliations that have been laid upon him, is determined to take what he regards as his proper place in the American scene. Mr. Wright declares: "We are with the new tide. . . . Voices are speaking. Men are moving! And we shall be with them! . . . We are crossing the line you dared us to cross, though we pay in the coin of death!" Some people may object that the promise is too defiant, too much like a threat, the tone too clamorous, to be effective. But it will doubtless be useful for the Negro to acquire a reputation for being clamorous, and even noisy; he has been humble and docile too long; to be noisy is quite probably the only way to be heard.

The numerous photographs, with the exception of half a dozen from other sources, were selected by Mr. Rosskam from the already famous collection of the Farm Security Administration, which of course is the same thing as saying that they are excellent.

CHARLES CURTIS MUNZ

New Masses
New York, N. Y.

Rediscovered Treasure

THE KIDNAPPED AND THE RANSOMED, *by Kate R. Pickard. Negro Publication Society of America. $2.75.* FEB 10 1942

HISTORY is an ambiguous term. It is recorded, it is made, and it is. Rarely does a book comprise within itself all aspects of this fascinating subject. This Herndon edition (as it properly may be called) of a neglected classic of American Negro life is most emphatically a book of that type.

In simple, quaint, and moving language, the author tells the true story of Levin and Peter Still, their kidnapping, their sale into slavery, Levin's death, Peter's slave life in the deep South for forty years, his escape and almost incredible adventures thereafter. There is no more poignant and beautiful scene in the epic pageantry of Americana than that describing the meeting between the fugitive Peter and his brother William, director of the Philadelphia branch of the Underground Railroad. FEB 10 1942

The Kidnapped and the Ransomed is, however, more than one of the basic sources for a study of American slavery, *from the slave's viewpoint.* When first published in 1856, it served as an important force in arousing the conscience of America to the crying injustice and cancerous quality of Negro enslavement. Within a few months of its publication it went through three editions, and powerfully assisted its hero, Peter Still, in his self-assumed task of touring the nation and aiding in the agitational work of Douglass, Tubmann, Phillips, Sumner, Mott, and their comrades. The issuance of this edition by the newly founded Negro Publication Society, which is dedicated to the task of resuscitating and making easily available great works dealing with the American Negro, will be noted by future interpreters as a milestone in that people's efforts for self-assertion and complete liberation. It is eminently fitting that Angelo Herndon should be the directing force behind this vital project. FEB 10 1942

HERBERT APTHEKER.

Kansas City Call
Kansas City, Mo.

Bilbo First to Order Negro Handbook

MAR 6 - 1942

NEW YORK.— Senator Theodore Bilbo of Mississippi, the "Back-to-Africa" advocate, was among the first persons to order a copy of "The Negro Handbook" which is scheduled for early publicatio[n].

Daily World
Atlanta, Georgia

THE BOOKSHELF

Books On The Negro

(DEEP SOUTH: A Social Anthropological Study of Caste and Class by Allison, Davis, Burleigh and Mary Gardner, University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Illinois.)

JAN 25 1942

THIS HEAVILY documented study is the first such investigation of social class and caste among both white and black society in a southern city. Old City and Old County, the areas studied, represent a community in which these four social anthropologists, two white and two Negro, spent two years of research and intimate contact with the residents. The first part of the study presents the result of their research of the American caste-class system as it is found in the deep south today.

Class attitudes and behavior are carefully described as seen through the family, the clique and associational organization. In the broad social classes—upper, middle and lower, there are leading families, the society crowd, plain people, good people, but nobody, po' whites, red necks, big Negroes, uppity Negroes, race loyal Negroes, common alley nigguhs, and bad 'n....rs'.

JAN 25 1942

The second part of this volume is "devoted to a sociological analysis of the economic system with which the system of caste and class is integrated. The operation of the political system, the law and the courts in maintaining caste lines is fully explained with dramatic case histories. In this rich delta country the whole social structure rests on the plantation system. The white landlord keeps the Negro tenant dependent upon him for necessaries. This dependence is habitual and the acceptance of white superiority is enforced by intimidation and "examples" in the form of whippings and shootings. Legal subordination is another method of maintaining the system. The unofficial punishment by police, the "laying out" and "working out" of fines for jail sentences emphasizes the fact that "the law, too, is white."

Endogamy is the keystone of the caste system. The meanest, and poorest the most illiterate or uncultured among the white caste are, by the system, given a social standing superior to that permitted any Negro, no matter how cultured or wealthy he may become. JAN 25 1942

"Deep South" is a story of a caste system more rigid than that which the conquering Aryans set up in India in order to preserve the purity of their lineage. As in Sanskirt, where the word for casto in the Laws of Manu is varna, meaning color, in Old City the system of social and marital taboos is also based on color. Only the system in the deep south is more invulnerable.

RECENT BOOKS ON OR CONCERNING THE NEGRO

AN EDUCATIONAL EXPERIMENT IN NORTHERN NIGERA IN ITS CULTURAL—By Desmond W. Bittinger, Elgin, Illinois. (The Brethern Publishing Company). JAN 25 1942

By the author of "Soudan's Second Sun-up."

CONFLICT: THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR—By George Fort Milton, New York. (Coward-McCann). $3.50.

By the author of "The Age of Hate."

HOW TO BE SUCCESSFUL NEGRO AMERICANS—By Fitzhugh Lee Styles, Boston, Mass. (Christopher Publishing House). $1.50.

Advises Negroes how to get ahead.

KAMANDA—By Attilio Gatti, New York. (Robert M. McBride and Company). $2.00.

Illustrated from photographs. Life of an African boy.

MARRIED LIFE OF AN AFRICAN TRIBE—By I. Schapera, New York. (Sheridan House). $3.50.

An anthropological study of Kgatlos tribe.

JAN 25 1942

SHOP AND CLASS AT TUSKEGEE—By J. L. Whiting, Boston, Mass. (Chapman and Grimes). $2.00.

A study covering two decades of vocational education at Tuskegee Institute.

THE NEGRO FEDERARL GOVERNMENT WORKER—By Laurence J. W. Hayes, (paper cover) Washington, D. C. (The Graduate School, Howard University).

A study of the Negro classification status in the District of Columbia from 1883 to 1938.

THE SOUTHERN NEGRO AND THE PUBLIC LIBRARY—By Eliza Atkins Gleason, Chicago, Illinois. (University of Chicago Press). $2.50.

A comprehensive study of Public Library Service for Negroes in the South.

12 MILLION BLACK VOTES—By Richard Wright. Photo Direction by Edwin Rosskam, New York. (The Viking Press). $3.00.

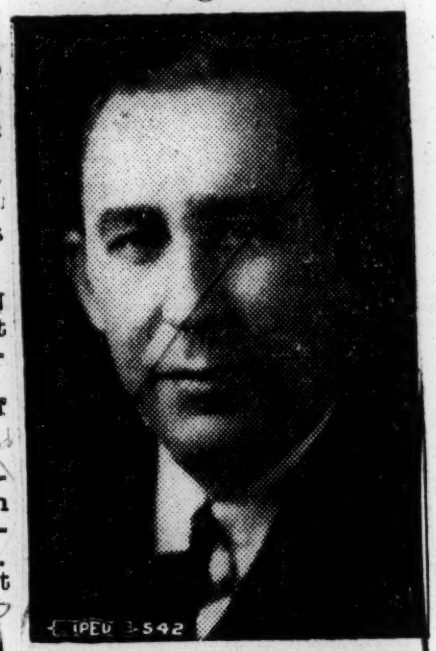
The bitter lot of the Negro masses in America.

UNDER THE COTTONWOOD—By Katherine Campbell Graham, New York. (Wendell Malliett and Company, 209 West 125th Street). $2.50.

A historical novel of the Negro from slavery to the first World War.

Advertiser
Montgomery, Ala.

For High Court



T. S. (BUSTER) LAWSON

Buster Lawson Seeks Place On Supreme Court

FEB 10 1942

State's Attorney General, Native Of Hale County, Entering Race

Atty. Gen. Thomas S. Lawson has announced his candidacy for associate justice of the Alabama Supreme Court, seeking this recognition after 11 years service in his present department.

As attorney general, Mr. Lawson has given the office he now holds a prestige and a reputation for getting results which his friends assert is unsurpassed in its annals. He has said that he will run on that record, which has already made him familiar with the procedure and traditions of the high judicial office he now seeks. FEB 10 1942

He served as assistant attorney general eight years, being appointed to that position by Thomas E. Knight, Jr., in 1931 and reappointed by Albert A. Carmichael in 1935. His record as assistant was such as to win him the unusual distinction of being elected attorney general without opposition in 1938.

As attorney general, Mr. Lawson has proven a dignified and capable representative of the State of Alabama, both before the United States Supreme Court in Washington and in Alabama courts. In upholding Alabama's interests he has gone up against some of the leading corporation and criminal legal talent in the country before the United States Supreme Court and elsewhere, and won. FEB 10 196

Both as attorney general and as assistant Mr. Lawson has vigorously prosecuted all officials duly charged with impeachable conduct and has made a remarkable record in such cases. As assistant attorney general he figured prominently in successful prosecution of the notorious Scottsboro cases.

Mr. Lawson is a native of Hale County and a member of the Montgomery County Bar Association. He married Miss Rose Gunter, the daughter of the late Mayor W. A. Gunter of Montgomery, and is the father of two children.

8-1942
Time
Chicago, Illinois

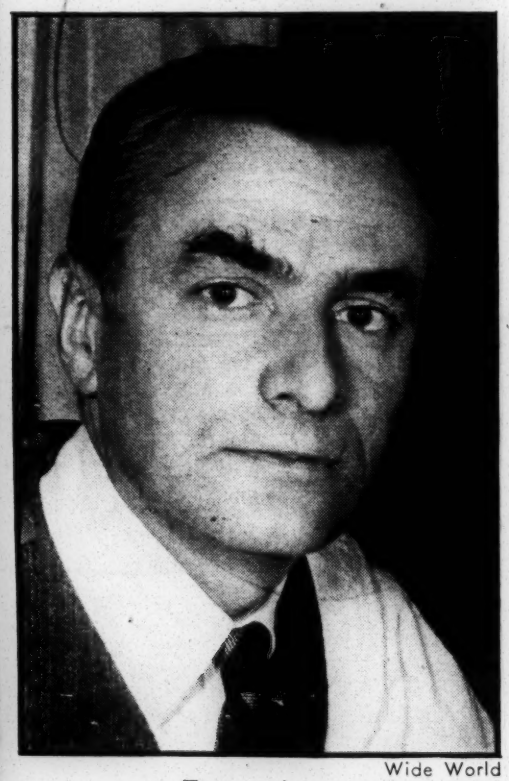
Fervent Sermon

NOV 9 - 1942

A TIME FOR GREATNESS—*Herbert Agar*—*Little, Brown* ($2.50).

Herbert Agar is not afraid to deliver a sermon. *A Time for Greatness* is a 300-page editorial on democracy that has the fervor and some of the moral reach of the Old Testament prophets. Two quotations set the framework of Agar's thinking:

▶ Lincoln's: "The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history."



Wide World

EDITOR AGAR
Peace cannot be bought.

NOV 9 - 1942

▶ Goethe's: "That which the fathers have bequeathed to thee, earn it anew if thou wouldst possess it."

Young Man's Return. In the '30s, Herbert Sebastian Agar, poet, playwright, columnist and editor, returned from London to the U.S. disgusted with the aftermath of World War I, feeling that there was little in Europe worth fighting for. So he concentrated on U.S. domestic problems. In 1934 he won the Pulitzer prize for history with *The People's Choice*, a study of U.S. Presidents. Other books followed, but with the approach of World War II Agar began to feel that the U.S. had an important stake in world affairs.

Three months ago the Louisville *Courier-Journal* (of which he was editor) and Manhattan's Freedom House (of which he was a founder) granted Agar a leave of absence. He went into active service as a lieutenant commander, leaving behind him his fourth book on U.S. polity, *A Time for Greatness*, expounding his new philosophy.

The Wrath of God. Agar practices what he has often told the U.S. press: "The truth which makes men free is for the most part the truth which men prefer not to hear." Like an early Father of the Church, Agar believes that Hitler and the other great malefactors of mankind are sent by Providence to punish people who have betrayed their spiritual heritage. The standard-bearers of democratic civilization failed to live up to their own standards. If they want to survive, they must practice what they preach.

This moral approach distinguishes *A Time for Greatness* from the current run of "think" books. A self-styled "creative conservative," Agar preaches no new U.S. revolution, but a new adherence to the social and political principles of the Founding Fathers (U.S.), which he considers in accord with the principles of all Western civilization. "Civilization means rules and promises which are kept. . . . It rests upon power to discriminate in the name of moral values."

NOV 9 - 1942

Convinced that America's cardinal mistake has been to consider this civilization as a by-product of economic progress, Agar believes that merely economic arrangements will not prevent future wars, in short that peace cannot be bought.

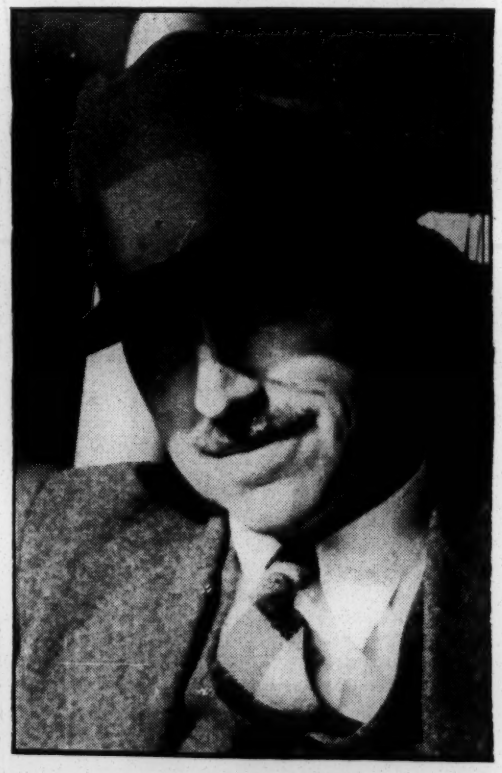
Explosive Idea. Agar argues that the "explosive idea" of America is equality—equality of opportunity, equality in access to civilization, equality in protection against the abuse of political and economic power. But neither the U.S. nor the rest of the world has ever completely achieved this equality. In the U.S., the status of the Negro and the poverty of the South constitute the worst violations of historic U.S. principles. In the rest of the world, racial discrimination and the poverty of backward countries indict the weakness of the white man's works.

Equality is crucial because political reform depends on man's economic independence. Agar is well aware that what the founders of the Republic visualized as economic independence is no longer practical. But he has hope for modern substitutes, for social security, some proprietary relationship between the factory worker and his job, public development projects in backward regions, cooperatives, etc. He hopes that such things may once more produce the independent man whose will is not warped by other men's power over his livelihood.

NOV 9 - 1942

Civil War. In economic reforms, Agar opposes planning and coercion, praises the attempts of men like Leon Henderson and Thurman Arnold to promote rules of decency in business. Agar also wants, above all, reforms in labor relations. He believes that class consciousness among U.S. industrialists has made U.S. unionism fight a civil war which has been equally degrading to the losing employers and to the victorious unions. Union "rackets," Agar believes, are largely the result of the type of war that employers waged against the unions. So is the demand for the closed shop: the men fear that management will try to break collective bargaining as soon as possible. But Agar points out that unless a man is free to join or to leave his union the union members will be increasingly unable to control the men who run their unions.

Flow of History. Rejecting "liberal optimism" of any kind, Herbert Agar proposes "the hopeful belief that man still has free will and that we can, therefore, save ourselves. But not by substituting promises for moral reform. Not by contemplating a shining future as an alternative to scrubbing some of the dirt off the present. It is impossible to hold moral convictions without believing they must be expressed in action. It is impossible to maintain a great nation on any other basis except that of moral conviction."



NOVELIST RICHTER
Writers of epics look paunchy.
(See below)

NOV 9 - 1942

A Time for Greatness suffers from the shortcomings of a sermon. But it is also full of common sense. The "liberal optimists" whom Agar condemns will claim Agar as one of their own. Those who think of themselves as "conservative" will think of Agar as a "radical." Radicals will not understand him. Yet with the physical end of American isolation, U.S. history once more enters the flow of history of mankind, and Herbert Agar attempts to give this history meaning in terms of American values.

Amsterdam Star-News
New York, N. Y.

New Negro Handbook Out; Reviewer Calls it Impressive

THE NEGRO HANDBOOK —Edited by Florence Murray. New York: Wendell Malliet & Co. $3.50.

Combining talent and resourcefulness with an excellent educational background, Miss Florence Murray, a competent writer, has done an impressive and thoroughly up-to-date job of coverage in the first issue of her Negro Handbook.

From a mass of material on the Negro, Miss Murray, youthful Negro editor, has compiled a volume of current factual information that gives a comprehensive picture of Negro activity and accomplishment in America. She has devoted her research primarily to the Negro in America. All information on a particular subject is assembled in one section. It gives facts, figures and general information on the Negro in government, politics, labor, housing, agriculture, business, education, health, sports, national organizations, art, etc.

The impartial, interpretative and uncolored information on the Negro in this handbook is a quick, ready reference on Negro affairs; it is a source book for writers, authors and teachers; it is a time saver for research students and educators.

Much useful information in concise form on the Negro is available in this handbook. It is impossible to present in limited space all of the phases covered. A few facts from its pages will show its indispensability. In showing the upswing of retail business of Negroes in the United States, this handbook says: "Retail sales of the 29,827 unincorporated Negro establishments in 1939 amounted to $71,466,000, an increase of 49 per cent over 1935. Sales of 22,756 stores totaled $47,-968,000 in 1935 and 24,969 stores accounted for sales of $98,602,000 in 1929."

Business expansion for 1940 among banking institutions owned and operated by Negroes is reflected. Financial statements submitted by these institutions record a general increase in the principal items for the fiscal year ended Dec. 31, 1940, as against amounts on the date the previous year. Total deposits were $6,258,894, as compared with $5,367,880 for the previous year.

Any general reader or student will find this volume a most extensive compendium of information on the Negro.

Marvin B. Eckford.

Pittsburgh Courier
Pittsburgh, PA.

Rogers Says:-

WE NEED TO EDUCATE THE WHITE AMERICAN AND UN-DEFAME OURSELVES IN BETTER UNDERSTANDING

BY J. A. ROGERS

Nov. 21, 1942

TWO weeks ago I said that it was my belief that the majority of the white people in this country are not so much against the Negro as that they really don't know about him—that either they have been hearing only the bad side or that they hadn't given much thought to the matter. As a solution I suggested the formation of a society for the distribution of Negro literature to both white and colored, something on the order of the Bible Society. On both these ideas I have been receiving some excellent letters.

Mr. Rogers

Mrs. Annie Ellis Campdon of Johnstown, Pa., writes, "You are correct in saying that most people are not so much against the Negro as that they lack knowledge of him.

"Your people have made such a steady consistent progress against heavy odds from slavery days to the present, and you have produced so many notables during this period . . . that were I a Negro I would thrill with pride to be a member of such a progressive race.

"AS a white American I have always wanted to contribute my bit in helping the black American reach absolute equality which is his right. But this is the point I want to bring out — I lack the knowledge of what procedure I must follow to most effectively align myself with your people. I have been doing what I could but I realize it is not enough, as is the case of so many liberal whites. We don't know just what we should do to help."

PLEADS FOR UNDERSTANDING

Mrs. Campdon adds that she wrote the President "urging him to put a Negro on the Supreme Court bench;" that she "has helped Negro friends in business" and "otherwise spoken out against jim-crowism and discrimination," but that there is much more that she and other white people could do.

ON the other hand she suggests that the Negro be better informed by his newspapers on what "the liberal white people are doing and their attemps to wipe out the injustices and the inequalities." She thinks that "too much stress is laid on the injustices perpetrated by the narrow, prejudiced, unenlightened members of the white group," which stressing, she says, has the effect of discouraging many friendly white people. "We, whites, of my group," she adds, "want to do all we can. Educate us to that understanding we now lack. Forgive us our past mistakes and do not feel so bitter towards us. Right is bound to win."

RECOMMENDS BOOK

Yes, education on both sides of the fence is the only solution I can see to this problem. My radical friends will think that process too slow. They want immediate action, but I hope they will tell me how, apart from holding a gun at a man's back, you can change his action on things without first changing his ideas about them. The Negro's great task is how to UN-DEFAME himself, and this can be done only by making known the more constructive side of his history and his role in the making of America.

IN this respect I want to recommend as a starter an excellent book full of up-to-date information which has just reached me—The Negro Handbook for 1942, edited by Florence Murray, and published by Wendell Malliet and Co., 209 West 125th street, New York City, which sells for $3.50. Here we have in 269 large pages a summary of the activities of the Negro such as is to be found in no other book that I know of. There is a chronology for the year 1941, followed by a review of Negro business, which I think speaks more eloquently of the Negro's progress than anything else I can think of.

COVERS WIDE RANGE OF ACTIVITIES

These facts—and they are official because they come from the U. S. Department of Commerce—tell how the Negro spent approximately $2,000,000,000 of the several billions he earned in 1940. We also learn that in the year ending December 1940, Negroes deposited in their own banks $6,258,894, not a very large sum, it is true, but worthwhile when you consider the general fewness of Negro banks. The insurance companies, however, made a better showing. Their income up to June 1941 was $14,297,290, while they had $303,972,207 insurance in force. Facts on other Negro businesses, such as retail stores, hotels, beauty culture parlors, theatres, and the incomes of white and colored families are given.

IT seems to me that the entire range of Negro activities is covered in this book. We have the question of civil rights and the progress that has been made: crime, World War II, and the part the Negro is taking in it; Negro coast guards, Negro churches, their number and wealth, leading Negroes who died in 1941, education, with a list of colleges, schools, and number of students and graduates; library service and librarians; labor, industry, and the professions; property owned by Negroes; health and other vital statistics; politics and government and the role the Negro is playing in same; music and art; radio, stage and screen; sports and so on, with YMCA's, Negro lodges and other societies.

LIST COLORED NEWSPAPERS

Especially interesting I found, too, the section on Negro books and periodicals, and the list of books by and about Negroes, which I here recommend to the friends who write me from time to time about Negro literature. As for the Negro newspapers and magazines, hundreds of them are given here. And just to think that there are millions of Americans who have never heard of a Negro newspaper, and millions more who have never looked into one.

ALL in all I found Miss Murray's Negro Handbook one of the most fascinating and inspiring books I have ever looked into because behind the facts and the figures, I saw living breathing people in all the states of the union. It is indispensable, especially for colleges, students and for everyone who intends to prepare a paper on the race question. I, for one, wouldn't be without it.

P. S.: I am asking readers of this column not to send requests for The Negro Handbook to me but direct to the publisher whose address I have given above. Also, at another time I shall give some of the other letters I have receivd on th starting of a society for the distribution of Negro literature.

8-1942
New York Times
New York, N. Y.

The Cotton King

DOLLAR COTTON. By John Faulkner. 306 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.50.

AUG 30 1942

LIKE his brother William, John Faulkner is attracted by the darkly bizarre and fantastic. His first novel, "Men Working," was a stark and realistic tale of a family of half-witted share-croppers who went on relief; his new novel, "Dollar Cotton," is a stark and realistic tale of a man who built an empire of cotton on the Mississippi delta. As a novel the book leaves much to be desired; as the portrayal of a unique and extravagant character it is an achievement.

No colonel of a Southern aristocracy was Otis Town. When he first slogged his way through the mud of the land he bought for less than a dollar an acre, he was a grim, silent, hard-working farmer who saw cotton growing where other men saw nothing but swamps and snakes. When several decades later he was Old Man Towne—the "e" added to the name by a socially ambitious wife—who could get a loan of half a million dollars from the banks to start a new crop on his thousands of fertile acres in Mississippi and Arkansas, he was still a grim, silent, hard-working farmer whose vision held nothing but cotton. Apart from the fact that he wore seventy-five-dollar custom-made shoes, he had not changed. He made use of the money at his disposal to simplify his needs, but in appearance, in talk, in habits, he remained the same. He knew what he wanted—cotton—and he went after it with the lumbering and powerful efficiency of a tank in action.

When Otis Towne first went to the Mississippi delta, an advertisement of the sale of tax land in his hand and about six hundred dollars in his snap-top purse, he left a country school teacher whom he had promised to wed behind him. He didn't discuss his new plans nor consult her about them; he simply told her he was leaving and when he was fixed so that he could send for her, he would. To the lawyer who sold him the water-soaked bottom that the lumber company considered practically worthless he said: "I aim to grow cotton on it."

He grew cotton on it with the help of a Negro and a couple of mules he worked as hard as himself. Five years after his arrival on the delta he sent for the school teacher, not because he needed or wanted her, but because he had promised he would do it. In the meantime he had lived with Martha, widow of a Negro he had casually killed in an argument over wages. Martha bore him a son, Wee Boy, and Mrs. Town didn't realize he was her husband's child until she herself had produced two daughters and a son. She refused to have anything to do with him after that and it was all right with Town. She had never been very important to him, neither she nor the children. It was cotton he was interested in.

Old Man Towne became a living legend in the delta. Looking and talking like a poor dirt farmer, he bought a $5,000 car for cash, and if he had no other conveyance at hand he used it to haul machine parts to the plantation. He bought a baseball team for his own pleasure and had a standing bet of $10,000 a game that it would win. He always traveled coach, even on overnight trips, but thought nothing of hiring a private car to arrive in time to see his team play. He fed and housed his hundreds of Negro workers properly, but he always cheated them on wages. When the crop was sold he offered them the choice of a hatful of quarters and half-dollars or a check for the amount due them, and invariably they chose the silver, about a quarter of the sum written on the check.

When cotton sold at a dollar a pound, Old Man Towne was worth several millions. When it went to seventy-five cents, he refused to sell, indignant at being cheated by Wall Street. "I don't aim to get cleaned out," he grimly told the banker who held his notes. "Ifen hit was wuth a dollar two years ago, hit still is. The land's jest as good or better and hit grows jest as good cotton. Them New York fellers has got all the banks around here skeered." When the market continued falling he got on the train to tell Wall Street about the value of cotton.

AUG 30 1942

In spite of occasional lapses of detail which verge on caricature, Faulkner keeps Towne in character, no mean feat. With the exception of a casual tenderness for Martha and Wee Boy, he had little feeling for human beings. His wife and three children meant nothing to him; he was generous with his money, but his heart and his mind were on his land. Next to Towne, Martha and Wee Boy are the most convincing characters in the book. The members of Towne's legitimate family are extremes and artificial. With Towne's financial failure, the book goes to pieces. Faulkner crowds madness and race hatred and murder into the last few chapters, and what started out as a book notable for its sure-footed pace ends in a confusion of melodrama.

ROSE FELD.

New York Times
New York, N. Y.

Negro Facts Are Presented In New Book

Florence Murray, Native Of Alexandria, Spent Two Years In Research

"The Negro Handbook," a compilation of facts and figures about the Negro race and its place in American life, has been published by Florence Murray, a native of Alexandria and a graduate of Howard University.

SEP 19 1942

The new book is regarded "a new and important milestone on the history of the Negro in America." It is a quick ready reference to statistics on Negro affairs that cover a wide field of activities, and represents within itself the results of research of more than two years on the part of the author in gathering detailed figures and tabulations. It has no personal comments on the race but furnishes information and material for reference. The author plans to use it as a foundation for additions from year to year in keeping up with the progress of the race in America.

In one chapter she shows the purchasing power of the Negro as two billion dollars. The development of the beauty culture business shows a valuation of $25,000,000 throughout the United States.

The author taught school at Virginia State College. Later she took up proofreading and professional editing under Dr. C. O. Sylvester, associate editor of Webster's Dictionary. For many years she was associated in an editorial capacity with the Afro-American and the Washington Tribune. While in newspaper work she saw the need of a reference book of this type and started at once upon the task of compiling the work.

New Masses
New York, N. Y.

Outmoded Notions

MAN'S MOST DANGEROUS MYTH: THE FALLACY OF RACE, by M. F. Ashley Montagu. Columbia University Press. $2.25.

NOV 3 - 1942

THIS book deserves wide reading. With considerable clarity, vigor, and forensic skill, the author evaluates recent scientific findings on the subject of race. He demolishes not only the erroneous concepts associated with Nazi race theories, but lashes out with equal force against mistaken judgments still held by anthropologists who reject as specious the shrill German version of racism, but through their own formulations give fuel to those who incite racial hate.

NOV 3 - 1942

An outstanding merit of the book is that it does not deal with race merely on a terminological level but recognizes that, from its origin to today, the concept of race has served the interests of dominant groups to maintain themselves in power. It began as a rationalized defense of the slave trade when this was challenged by the Abolitionists at the end of the eighteenth century. It was then elaborated by Gobineau in the 1850's as a blast against the philosophy of the French Revolution. His work has served the pro-slavery propagandists in the United States, and it was used as the source of the racism of Hitler's *Mein Kampf*.

NOV 3 - 1942

Anthropologists have put little stock in these irrationalisms. But they have persisted in using the concept of race, although scientifically it has lost its validity. As Ashley Montagu writes: ". . . the anthropologist has taken over a very crude eighteenth century notion which was originally offered as no more than an arbitrary convenience, and having erected a tremendous terminology and methodology about it, has deceived himself in the belief that he was dealing with an objective reality. . . . The process of averaging the characters of a given group, of knocking the individuals together, giving them a good stirring, and then serving the resulting omelette as a 'race' is essentially the anthropological process of race-making. The omelette called 'race' has no existence outside of the statistical frying pan in which it has been reduced by the heat of the anthropological imagination."

The author's evidence to support his arguments is derived from recent findings of genetics and psychology. He would substitute the term "ethnic groups" for race, and it is clear from the facts given that this represents a change not merely of words but of a point of view. The reader will come away convinced that biological factors are not the determinants of civilization, and that cultural differences between peoples are explicable on historical grounds. The psychological functions of prejudice, the results of race mixture, and the vacuity of eugenics are also cogently discussed.

NOV 3 - 1942

The weakest chapter of the book is that dealing with "Race and War," where the discussion is largely confined to a criticism of an address delivered by Sir Arthur Keith in 1941 justifying race prejudice and characterizing war as a "pruning-hook" of nature. One has a right to demand better coverage of such a topic during a world war in which the question of race has been made a crucial issue, not only in relation to the attack upon the Jews, but in relation to the future of the darker peoples the world over. It is in this chapter also that the author becomes stridently rhetorical and delivers himself of such ill-conceived jeremiads as: "Outworn traditional teachings have made of Western man a shockingly unintelligent creature, who lives under the continuous and unrelieved domination of a chaos of ideas more degrading, more stupid, more idiotic, and more saddening than it may ever be possible to describe." Fortunately, however, the book contains but a few such impetuosities.

BERNHARD J. STERN.

Christian Recorder
Philadelphia, Pa.

BISHOPS GREGG, SIMS, GREENE AND FOUNTAIN JOIN ENCYCLOPAEDIA EDITORIAL BOARD

OCT 22 1942

WILBERFORCE, Ohio.—Bishop R. R. Wright, Jr., Editor-in-Chief of the Encyclopaedia of the Negro Church, announced today the enlargement of the A. M. E. section by the acceptance of four of the bishops of the A. M. E. Church as associate editors. They are Bishops W. A. Fountain of Atlanta, Georgia; J. A. Gregg, of Kansas City; D. H. Sims, of Philadelphia, and S. L. Greene, of Little Rock, all former college presidents. They were before being elected to the bishopric presidents respectively of Morris Brown College, Wilberforce University, Allen University of Columbia, S. C., and Campbell College of Jackson, Mississippi. Bishop Wright was president of Wilberforce.

OCT 22 1942

Bishop Wright stated that he had been working on the organization of the Editorial Staff for several months, and will be able to make further announcements later. It is understood that Bishop Flipper, senior bishop of the A. M. E. Church and former college president also, has been asked to accept the chairmanship of the Advisory Board of the A. M. E. section which will include some of the outstanding scholars of the A. M. E. Church. "I have been working on this Encyclopaedia since I first came to Wilberforce in 1901," said Bishop Wright. "With the assistance of the leading scholars of my church, and other churches, I hope to produce a work of the combined scholarship of the church which will do credit not only to the Negro Church, but to the nations ecclesiastical literature, and leave a monument which will be of real service. And I am pleased that I am receiving encouragement not only in my church, but also from nearly every church of our group in the country—other Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, the Church of God, etc."

OCT 22 1942

Both Ministerial and Lay

Asked if the Encyclopaedia was for clergymen only Bishop Wright stated: "I am glad you asked that question. No, it is not for clergymen only. While the ministers are leaders of the Negro Church, they are not the whole Church. I shall have the cooperation of as many laymen as ministers. The Church has been our foundation, social institution, and most useful activities of the race have grown up out of the Church. The relation of the Negro Church to Education, Literature, Art, Drama, Science, Business, Finance, Industry, Politics, War, and a hundred or more other things will be amply treated in the Encyclopaedia by specialists, while more than a thousand theological, sociological and historical topics will be discussed, and the biographies of the leaders of the Negro Church in America and Africa for a century and a half will be given. Women will be included as well as men.

Peoples Voice
New York, N. Y.

OCT 24 1942

Author of Handbook Born with "Ink in Her Nose"

OCT 24 1942

By LULU JONES GARRETT

Born with printer's ink in her nose, her father, F. H. M. Murray, AFRO-AMERICAN head proof reader, being a printer and publisher at heart, and an author in his own right, and with two brothers still in the newspaper business, it is perhaps, to be expected that Florence Murray, author of "The Negro Handbook," would have a natural penchant for dabbling with the pen.

It is no wonder that teaching would weary her, that newspaper reporting would call her, that housekeeping would fail to hold her and that she would succumb to the urge to publish something of her own. OCT 24 1942

In her suite in a New York city hotel, this week, she gives generously of her time to talk and laugh over the years in which she was finding herself. How after graduating from Howard University, she took a post at teaching, skipped from that to proofreading and manuscript reading, later became a reporter on the Washington AFRO-AMERICAN, and from there into a city editorship of a Washington weekly.

She still thrills with having been the second reporter to interview Mrs. Roosevelt, and the first to be received in the First Lady's private study.

Of the birth of the handbook, she says:

Writing in Her Blood

"The call to publish something had been with me so long that I had to answer it to be at peace with myself. I had thought up several projects before I lighted on the reference book idea, and had taken the ideas to my friend, Mrs. Isadore Williams Miles, who never failed to encourage me in all of them. But we had to give up each of the other schemes for reasons which I have not the time to go into now. **When I went to her with the HANDBOOK idea—and, by the way, she is responsible for the name of the book—she buckled down to help me.** It was summer time and she put in time and money working out plans and helping to pay for the many periodicals to which we had to subscribe, the postage, and other expenses involved.

Worked on Faith

"We called in Leon Hardwick and he worked with us on sports and theatricals—encouraged by faith alone. Once or twice, following a disappointment in getting a publisher, I was tempted to give up, but Isadore kept me going. When school opened (she teaches English at Armstrong High School) she became too busy with her work, her husband and her baby, to give me much time, but her encouragement never flagged.

OCT 24 1942

"From that time on, I would get a full-time job and spend my evenings and week ends working on my book until I got enough manuscript written up to show to a publisher. Then I would set out to look for one. I would get a tentative promise from him to handle the book and a date would be set for me to complete the manuscript. I would then resign my job and devote full time to my book in order to complete it on scheduled time—only to have the publisher back down in the end. I would get another job and go through the same routine again. This happened three times in three years.

OCT 24 1942

Compiled Three Books

"Each time I had to compile and write up a new book, for I had to keep up with each current year. So, I have really written three HANDBOOKS and was let down three times. My search for publishers took me on two long trips—once to Chicago, and once way down in 'Bam. It is needless to say that my acquaintances thought me crazy—to give up sure positions for something as uncertain and un-lucrative as getting a book published. But my parents always were with me and Isadore always held the faith.

"My main struggle is to work for the day when my income will allow me to build up a HANDBOOK staff; for it is too big a job for one person to do adequately and therefore it does not meet with my satisfaction by a long shot. In this connection, Carl Murphy's words, that 'it is a good first edition,' have encouraged me no end."

OCT 24 1942

As for thrills, she has had quite a few. Those standing out in her mind are the signing of the contract with the publisher; the first order that came in for her book; orders from scores of notables, and big city libraries.

She says she hasn't many hobbies these days. Good food and drink, and a movie now and then is about all she asks of life at present. She hopes to get back to those that she left behind some day—fishing in salt water, picking at the piano and reading good books.

MISS FLORENCE MURRAY

8-1942
Afro-American
Baltimore, Md.

The Week

SEP 5 1942

Florence Murray

Race Relations 1801

Ignorant Talmadge

E. Stanley Jones

By CARL MURPHY

Twenty-five colored men have been elected to State Legislatures and three of them are State Senators.

There are nine colored judges in the United States (four of them are in NYC), eight colored city councilmen and five police magistrates.

There are 110 colored hospitals, 400 colored hotels, 30 insurance companies, 12 banks, 390 theatres, 66 colored colleges enrolling 37,000 students and the same number of white colleges enrolling 2,790 colored students.

The United States has 46 Urban Leagues, and more YWCA branch associations (71) than YMCA's (48). There are 155 newspapers with a combined circulation of 1,276,000, and in addition, 129 colored periodicals and magazines with a circulation of 703,000.

All of the above represents information the average man and woman wants at one time or another, and it was taken from Florence Murray's "The Negro Handbook," just published by Wendell Malliett and Co., N.Y., 1942, price $3.50.

Yearbook Discontinued

Miss Murray's new handbook takes the place of "The Negro Yearbook," last published by Monroe Work at Tuskegee in 1938. She calls it an annual newspaper without editorial comment.

How many colored people own homes? The handbook has the answer (669,645) and in addition indicates that the rate of home ownership is highest in Virginia and lowest in Mississippi and Georgia.

How many teachers are there? How many people belong to church? How many colored men are in the navy? Who are the boxing, baseball, football and racing champions? What radio programs are well known? Who are the stars of stage and screen?

It's a World Almanac

The handbook has it all. It's our World Almanac. This is the first edition, and we hope there will be many more. It's not perfect; no first edition ever is. For example, there is lacking a list of cities with colored cops and firemen, or a directory of Girl and Boy Scouts.

There may be others, but for a first edition, this goes beyond anything I have ever known. But I hope that the second edition will add to the Bill of Rights and the War Amendments, the entire U.S. Constitution.

The author is an Alexandria, Va., newspaper woman and a member of the Murray family which publishes the Washington Tribune.

The book is well printed, beautifully bound and, as one would expect from a Murray, it is free of errors.

Race Relations in 1801

Race relations in South Carolina in the year 1801: Mrs. Francis Jelineau sued her husband for alimony on the charge that he loved his slave wife better than her, and spent all of his time with this colored wife and mulatto child.

She stood it, she said, until things became so bad that the husband insisted that the white wife eat dinner after the husband, the slave wife and their child.

The defendant husband testified that before he married the complainant he told her he had a slave wife and child. The court granted Mrs. Jelineau alimony after she promised to treat the mulatto child kindly.

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Governor Talmadge of Georgia, a member of what PM calls the "white trash bloc," spoke to the radio the other night, and both grammar and pronunciation were atrocious.

He pronounced Georgia as JAWJA; government to him was GOVERMUNT; predict was PERDICT; corn, CAWN; helps, HEP; of was OB, and catch was KETCH.

Here are some ungrammatical Talmadge expressions:

In order FOR to hep. There WAS only 27 votes. I been travelin' aroun', for I have been traveling around. If they'd a had, for if they had had. Ladies and men, instead of ladies and gentlemen. Those are the kind, for those are the kinds.

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"I am convinced that there is no more evil thing in this present world than race prejudice, none at all. I write deliberately. It is the worst single thing in life now.

"I had volunteered to go to Africa as a missionary. I was in a street car in my home city when a colored woman got into the crowded car, and as there was no seat for her, I got up and gave her mine.

"I heard a titter run through the crowd behind me: 'Getting up and giving a colored woman his seat. He doesn't know what he is letting himself in for.' Hence the laugh.

Race Hate Harms Haters

"But the laugh is now on the other side. I opened the door of my heart to the people of another race and of a different color of skin. And outside the influence of Christ it has proved the most enriching influence of my life.

"What love, what friendship, what wisdom, what nobility have come to me during these years through that open door. They closed their door with a bang of superiority. But they starved themselves.

"O Christ, open my heart wide to the people of every race and perhaps Thou, too, shall come through that open door."

New Masses
New York, N. Y.

Merry Was a Lady

DRIVIN' WOMAN, *by Elizabeth Pickett Chevalier. Macmillan. $2.75.*

AUG 18 1942

CONSIDERING the number of southern ladies of superb executive ability who keep popping up in novels, it's a wonder that the movement for women's rights never did any better south of the Mason-Dixon Line. The latest example is Miss America Collier Moncure, who was eighteen years old in Charlotte County, Va., when Marse Robert surrendered. (If you think it's annoying to be confronted by a heroine named America, cheer up: her sisters were called Palestine, Arabia, and Andorra.)

For all she was always at heart a lady, Miss Merry was a drivin' woman, and she certainly got a lot of things done. For one thing, she ran the old plantation while her brothers were off fighting, and that was just the beginning. She killed a "damyankee" who tried to rape poor Palestine, and so had to flee to Kentucky (this in a period when no lady traveled alone), where she married a handsome and useless cousin, gave birth to his children on the kitchen floor, grew tobacco with her own white hands, endured the censure of the community because her husband was supposed to be dead and she kept having children (he was only hiding, really, on account of there was a murder charge against him), peddled her own tobacco on the Cincinnati breaks (not ladylike, either), and dashed up to New York to straighten out the household of sister Palestine and Tugger Blake, a piece of Nô'th Ca'lina "white trash" who was in with Dan Lord (Duke-Lord; Lord-Duke?) in organizing the tobacco trust. And that ain't all. She also married again in her fifties and in her sixties organized the Equity Association, an organization of Kentucky tobacco-growers that finally broke the power of the tobacco trust by just plain not selling to Duke's buyers and by getting pretty touchy with scabbing growers who did. Quite a gal, Miss Merry.

I doubt that I need point out that this little fable is dished up with the usual collection of moonlight-and-magnolia concepts. The portrayal of Negro characters is stereotyped and false. There is the notion that robber barons like James Duke and the hypothetical Tugger Blake formed the tobacco monopoly that starved and throttled the growers only because they were Tarheels and no gentlemen, suh. *Damyankee* is always one word. The most sturdily propounded theme is that the only really nice way to live is on a refined farm, and that everything connected with industry (this includes the "cramped" lives of the workers as well as the expensive vulgarities of the Blakes, Dukes, and Lorillards) is definitely regrettable, if not plain nasty. Even in the account of the Equity struggle, the implication is that nobody would have done anything really unpleasant to the scabs if a lot of po' whites hadn't got into the movement. The Moncures would have done it all by speaking to them severely.

SALLY ALFORD.

8-1942
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SALLY ALFORD.

Journal and Guide
Norfolk, Virginia

Southern Traditions And Negro Life

AUG 2 2 1942

LAST year a Texas woman wrote a book which she named "Mr. George's Joint," which portrayed the lowest form of life as it is lived among Negroes. Running through the story were poverty, ignorance, prostitution, gambling, thievery and every other form of sin and degradation. There was nothing wholesome, or suggestive of any semblance of virtue among any Negroes of any sort.

Self-styled "authorities" on Negro life proclaimed the book the best of the year, if not of all time; said it was more nearly a true picture than anything that had been written, and capped the climax by awarding the lady the "Thomas Jefferson Award." The accolade received the blessing of the Quarterly Review, of the University of Virginia, which was founded by Mr. Jefferson.

AUG 2 2 1942

A few months ago Dr. Mary McLeod Bethune, college founder and president, scholar, humanist, statesman and orator, was given the "Thomas Jefferson Award." Mrs. Bethune represents the best in our civilization, and in bestowing the award upon her the Virginia Quarterly Review and its co-sponsors, the publishers of the book, flatly contradicted themselves.

Now, another Southerner and Virginian, Mr. Bernard Robb, has written a book, "Welcum Hinges," about a Negro born in slavery, but who continued to work for the author's family after emancipation, staying on until his death. Already some of the reviewers have set about to show that this is a book on the Negro. Actually, Mr. Robb has written a book about a Negro, but even he assumes the role of an authority on the race. "The Negroes as a race," he says, "especially those of the slave period and the years following, were naturally lazy and so took the short cut and the easiest way in the performance of their duties." From that premise he proceeds to explain dialect: "They slid over their words and eliminated letters which reduced the number of syllables." We don't think that we have heard that one before.

AUG 2 2 1942

Mr. Thomas Lomax Hunter, "Virginia Gentleman", starts an introduction to Mr. Robb's book with the following scintillating sentence: "No good Southerner today thinks with regret of slavery as an institution." We should not like to believe that Mr. Hunter actually speaks for all "good Southerners."

Washington Tribune
Washington, D. C.

Handbook by Ex-Washington Newspaper Woman Published

The first issue of "The Negro Handbook," compiled and edited by Floernce Murary, former Washington newspaper woman, has just been released by Wendell Malliet and Company, 209 West 125th Street, New York. It will be published annually.

The book contains nearly 300 pages of facts and statistics on the activities of Negroes during 1941, with a day-by-day chronology of important events during the year.

SEP 1 2 1942

In addition to current information, The Handbook includes several special features, such as a sumary of teachers' salary equalization cases and state univesityr legal suits, Negroes who have attended both West Point Military and the Annapolis Naval academies, United States congressmen, boxing champions since 1890, Olympic winners, and other pertinent information.

SEP 1 2 1942

Section on World War II

The data is concisely and simply written in sections on business, civil rights, crime, education, government and politics, health and vital statistics, deaths of national characters, labor and industry, books and periodicals, sports, theatricals, the movies, housing, farming, national organizations, various directories and other phases of activity.

The section on World War II and national defense is considered the most complete summary of its kind. It includes, among other items, demands made by Negro groups, policies and actions of the government, statistics on the army, navy, aviation, with a list of army camps and the units stationed in each.

The price of the book is $3.50 per copy. (See Book Review on page 7.)

SEP 1 2 1942

I am surprised that any book could grip my attention as did "The Negro Handbook," by Florence Murray. I think that every Negro should read it.

Sallie Franklyn,
Government Worker.

Florence Murray's "Negro Handbook" is indeed one of the best and most complete reference books I have ever read. I was agreeably surprised. Miss Murray is due much credit for the

FLORENCE MURRAY

wealth of material that she gathered.

T. Arnold Hill.

I hope that Florence Murray's "Negro Handbook" will be found in every Negro home. To my mind its the best reference book on the market to-day. It gives a wealth of authentic information that every Negro should read.

SEP 1 2 1942

Dovie G. Brooks.

I didn't know when I read "The Negro Handbook" that Florence Murray was of the Washington Murrays. She certainly did a fine job.

Charlie Hall,
Ritired Census Bureau
Field Agent.

New York Times
New York, N. Y.

BUSINESS AS A SYSTEM OF POWER. By Robert A. Brady. Columbia University Press.

A book on current trends in business and government.

A NEGRO LOOKS AT THE SOUTH. By Sterling Brown. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

SEP 20 1942

An economic, moral and sociological evaluation of the South in terms of the American Negro.

New York Times
New York, N. Y.

WHITE WOMAN ON THE CONGO. By Emily Banks. Fleming H. Revell Company.

SEP 20 1942

The story of the first white woman to live on the Upper Congo, where she carried on missionary enterprises for eleven years.

FLOUR IS DUSTY. By Curtis Lucas. Dorrance & Co.

The story of a young Negro and his fight against oppression and discrimination.

New York Times
New York, N. Y.

NO DAY OF TRIUMPH. By J. Saunders Redding. 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.

OCT 4 - 1942

A Negro discovers America.

New York Times
New York, N. Y.

MANUAL FOR THE STUDY OF CONTEMPORARY CIVILIZATION. 5 Pamphlets. New York: Columbia University Press. $1.25 per

OCT 1 1 1942

An outline of the development of Western institutions and ideas, prepared by the Contemporary Civilization Staff of Columbia College.

OCT 1 1 1942

New York Times
New York, N. Y.

ANGEL MO' AND HER SON, ROLAND HAYES. By MacKinley Helm. Little, Brown & Co.—Atlantic Monthly Press.

A biography of a great Negro tenor.

SEP 20 1942

PREACHER'S KID. By Ladd Haystead. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

New York Times
New York, N. Y.

Juvenile

THE JUMBO SAMBO. By Helen Bannerman. 8vo. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.25.

SEP 20 1942

Containing the stories of Little Black Sambo, Sambo and the Twins, Quasha, Bobtail, the Teasing Monkey and Little Kettle-Head.

New York Times
New York, N. Y.

JUMP LIVELY, JEFF! By Ada Claire Darby. 12mo. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.

SEP 20 1942

A story of a little Negro who lived in St. Joseph when Eugene Field did.

8-1942
Peoples Voice
New York, N. Y.

Equality Movement Permanent Declares Famous News Analyst

MAY 30 1942

"The stature of Negroes in government has grown more during the New Deal than in all the previous years since Reconstruction days," says W. M Kiplinger in a book entitled *Washington Is Like That,* to be published May 27 by Harper and Brothers. "More than one hundred Negroes hold down positions of authority within the government as executives or influential advisers," according to Kiplinger, noted Washington writer and editor of Kiplinger Washington Letter. In addition, he reports, "The number of Negro employes of the federal government in all parts of the country has tripled from 50,000 to more than 150,000." Kiplinger attributes Negroes' progress in government to the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, who have opened the White House to Negro counsel, and to Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes, a "trailblazer on behalf of better treatment of Negroes in government."

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In his discussion of "Negroes and Equality," Kiplinger traces the advancement of the Negro cause in Washington, from the first appointment of racial advisers to the formation of the Committee on Fair Employment Practice and the recent hiring practices of the Civil Service Commission. He also lists more than two dozen Negro leaders who hold responsible positions in the federal government in Washington or who are influential as advisers.

Despite progress made in the past nine years, Kiplinger says, there are still three main complaints among leaders of the Negro cause:

"Complaint No. 1 is that although Negroes have 150,000 jobs in the federal government service, this is still not as many as their proportion in the population entitles them to. (They are approximately 10 per cent of the population.)

"Complaint No. 2 is that the average income of Negro government workers in all parts of the country is only $1300, instead of $1871, the national average for all government employes. The leaders claim that Negroes are held to the bottom jobs without adequate chance for advancement.

"Complaint No. 3 is that the 'rule of three' still is on the Civil Service Commission books, still allows some administrators to avoid hiring Negroes.

Time
Chicago, Illinois

Dark-Ride Through Dawn

GO DOWN, MOSES—*William Faulkner*—*Random House* ($2.50).

Reading the new Faulkner is like taking what carnival people call a "dark-ride": one of those slow Tunnels of Love which alternate blank darkness with suddenly illuminated views of dancing skeletons or Swiss lakes. *Go Down, Moses* is a dark-ride well worth taking. Stretches of it are blank enough; but some of the views beat those of any other U.S. writer.

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The book is made up of seven stories. They are about the same set of people: Mississippi planters and Negroes and their descendants; and have a common theme: the land. A linked theme is that of blood and its heritage. Negro-white miscegenation pads through the pages like a housecat, and the presence of Indians makes a sort of bottomless pit into the past. Sub-themes, which have more interest for Faulkner than for his readers, are money (one 100-page story centers on his old theme of buried treasure) and what he calls the "curse" which is laid on the South.

Poetically rather than rationally, Faulkner manages to bulldoze the reader into believing that the South is indeed accursed, but he is never very clear why or how. On mixups of money and genealogy he constructs passages as intricate but not as rewarding as a five-voiced fugue. On the pre-cotton Southern wilderness he is superb. Nearest thing to a central character is old Ike McCaslin, who has retained, throughout his life, the born huntsman's anarchic feeling for the wilderness.

▶ In *The Old People,* Ike, at twelve, kills his first buck and is initiated into manhood: the "son of a Negro slave and a Chickasaw chief" steeps his hands in the deathblood and marks his face.

▶ In *The Bear,* the wilderness is epitomized in Old Ben, an almost immortal bear; Ike, now 16, is in at his death, at the death of the dog who was fierce enough to hold him, at the death and primeval funeral of Ike's Indian mentor. Not many years later Ike sees the beginning of the wilderness' end. The forest is sold to a Memphis lumber company, and Faulkner's description of the sinister little locomotive prodding in the wilderness is one of the best passages he has written.

▶ In *Delta Autumn,* Ike, in his late 70s, comes again, perhaps for the last time, 200 miles from Jefferson, down through the slowly peeling palimpsest of civilization and of his memory to what little is left of true wilderness, cramped in the deep inverted apex of the Delta.

Faulkner knows his own country as few men do. His details of farming, hunting and folkways are as tangible as rusty nails and as tough as legal writ. There are magnificent flashes of a dirt lane which runs "pale and dim beneath the moonless sky of corn-planting time"; of a godforsaken Arkansas farmhouse in which an ex-slave sits in a frock coat, reading through lensless spectacles; of a blow across the "hard hollow-sounding face" of a mule; of a rattlesnake's "thin sick smell of rotting cucumbers"; of some moving, semi-literate pages from an old plantation ledger:

"Percavil Brownly 26yr Old. cleark @ Bookepper. bought from N. B. Forest at Cold Water 3 Mar 1856 $265. dolars

"and beneath that, in the same hand:

"5 mar 1856 No bookepper any way Cant read. Can write his Name but I already put that down My self Says he can Plough but dont look like it to Me. sent to Feild to day Mar 5 1856"

New Masses
New York, N. Y.

Limited Inventory

AN APPRAISAL OF THE NEGRO IN COLONIAL SOUTH CAROLINA, *by Frank J. Klingberg. Associated Publishers, Washington. $2.*

JUN 3 1942

THIS book's title is misleading and its contents are on the whole disappointing. The work is an appraisal of the activities of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts in colonial South Carolina, particularly as these concerned the Negro. While some data of interest, like an early anti-slavery sermon, or a contemporary account of slave disorders, do appear from Prof. Klingberg's examination of the Society's voluminous documents, it is, nevertheless, a fact that the missionary association had slight success among South Carolina slaves. Its efforts were almost always of a formal nature carefully confined to the framework of the social edifice, and its reports of these efforts are in the nature of inventories rather than narratives.

JUN - 9 1942

Occasionally the writer ventures beyond an annalistic chronicle and advances into the realm of interpretive historiography. But here his vision is restricted to and distorted by the work of the late Ulrich B. Phillips, which is accepted uncritically, though its inadequacies, especially as concerns the Negro, have been abundantly demonstrated in the last five or six years. It is disheartening to see Phillipsian fallacies accepted and repeated in a work dedicated to Dr. Carter G. Woodson, and bearing the imprint of his publishing house—which has done more than any other agency to discover and refute those very fallacies!

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HERBERT APTHEKER.

Nation
New York, N. Y.

The Haitian Revolution

THE HAITIAN PEOPLE. By James G. Leyburn. The Yale University Press. $4.

HAITI was the second country in the Western Hemisphere to free itself from Europe by means of a revolution. In this case the revolution, almost the only successful slave revolt in history, was a real one, directed toward a drastic modification of society. As a consequence, the colonial society of Haiti, made up of a master-class and slaves, was transformed into a peasantry of small Negro landowners. An intermediate stage, one which was definitely formative of contemporary *mores,* was a sort of agrarian state socialism, at times headed by Negro dictators.

Dr. Leyburn's concern in "The Haitian People" is to describe the social evolution outlined above as a prelude to a systematic account of its end products in terms of mental attitudes, beliefs, customs, and institutions. He does this with exhaustive scholarship and with generosity, though always with that conspicuous inadequacy as to cause and consequence notable in most sociological studies restricted to orthodox methods. For example, when Dr. Leyburn, commenting upon the decline of prosperity after the first revolutionary epoch of Toussaint, Dessalines, and Christophe, attributes it in part to the disappearance of compulsion to labor, his treatment, always richly suggestive, cannot fail to prompt other speculations. Expressly forbidding himself lengthy economic discussions, he does not ask how a market for surplus production on a money-crop basis might have been created, or how the popular will might have been animated. Nor does he clearly see in the peasant's indifference to politics and deliberate ignoring of formal law a protective device. Nevertheless, the author's descriptions (his scientific ideal is one of description, one feels) are vivid and sophisticated, especially in his discussions of the caste problem in its relation to politics.

"The Haitian People" has a greater value than that inherent in a solid history of one society. Its importance as an illumination of the problems of revolution and reform is in no way to be measured by the apparent unimportance of the case. The liberal reader will find himself constantly provoked to fresh and fruitful thought concerning such events as the Mexican and Russian revolutions. RALPH BATES

Argus
St. Louis, Missouri

Writes War Book

DR. MERZE TATE

Dr. Merze Tate, Dean of Women and Associate Professor of Political Science at Morgan State College, is the author of THE DISARMAMENT ILLUSION, published by the Macmillan Company under the auspices of the Bureau of International Research of Harvard University and Radcliffe College. She is shown above examining one of the first copies in a corner of her living room in Harriet Tubman House of Morgan State College. The book will be available to the public within a fortnight.

New York Times
New York. N. Y.

Small Town South

DEAR TO THIS HEART. By Doris Kent LeBlanc. 282 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

ALMOST due north from New Orleans, just sufficiently over the Mississippi border line to bring it within Louisiana, lies Kentwood, the lumber town where Doris Kent LeBlanc was born and after which Avenel, the scene of "Dear to This Heart," is, we are told, modeled. It is "the Deep South"—with a difference. The whole book, in fact, is "different." It is neither plantation nor delta fiction but the story of a small town (population "eight thousand strong—or seven, depending upon whether the Chamber of Commerce or the government census stated the figures") of reasonably prosperous American people who would seem to have laid hold on whatever was best in their ancestry and traditions and to have adapted it, with leisured competence, to modern circumstances.

That, at all events, is how they are given to us. To some the picture may seem too nostalgically delightful to be true. Sophisticates may scoff. The vast majority—among whom count this reviewer—will have nothing but blessings for a new American novelist who has dared, in a skeptical age, to write of charming things charmingly and of lovely things with deep conviction and quiet, barbless humor.

For here is a town whose big, modern store, Charlie Chester's "Mercantile," has a new modernistic front and up-to-date stock but the old pioneer friendliness. Here is a movie theatre with a row of rocking chairs at the back where nursing mothers follow the drama avidly and deliver decision-making verdicts, at convenient intervals, to the peripatetic manager. Here are housewives whose rows and rows of preserves and pickles and well-filled linen closets recall the spacious times of grand and great-grandmothers but whose chintzes and hats have been acquired with an eye on the latest mail catalogues. Here are neighbors who, in the Nineteen Twenties and the Nineteen Thirties, turn to, as their forebears might have done, and help out with big effectiveness in domestic crises. And here are menfolk like Charlie Chester and John, the nephew he adopted, who are contented to carry on an old family business and to bring to it both inherited honesty and modern acumen. Utopia, in short, with the soulless planning and regimentation left out.

There are colored people attached to different Avenel households and painted in with sympathetic insight that gets down to truth below the surface. The riverboat baptism of a Negro murderer and the sordid, apparently animalistic life pattern of a poor, white sharecropping family are presented realistically but with symphony inspired by affection. There are vivid glimpses of problems peculiar to the South. The river-

World-Telegram
New York, N. Y.

My Day

By Eleanor Roosevelt

WASHINGTON, Wednesday.—I was sent a little book yesterday, which I have just read, called Body Servant, by Edith Tatum. This short story of the devotion of a Negro slave to his young Confederate master during the War Between the States is told with skill and sensitiveness and deep appreciation of the qualities of the aristocratic young Southerner and his adoring Negro slave.

Great crises bring out great qualities, and the descendants of the young plantation owner are today distinguishing themselves all over the world, in airplanes, on ships and in the army; and a change has come over the descendants of the young slave.

No slave today needs to creep behind his master's regiment, knowing only enough to follow and steal for him, and live for him. The fine qualities in Miss Tatum's "Johnny" have been developed by education, and the Johnnys of today are giving a far greater and more intelligent service to their country as a whole, rather than to one individual.

* * *

The news of the Duke of Kent's death last night saddened us all. It is hard that the young King and Queen of England should have to bear a personal sorrow, when their minds and hearts are so torn for their people everywhere. To them, and to the young wife and children of the Duke of Kent, we would like to hold out a hand of sympathy.

War is no respecter of persons and sorrow comes to all, high and low, but the people of Great Britain seem to have learned that there is strength in the merging of sorrow. Where so many suffer, those who survive must be able to go on. Going on means following the day's routine and submerging sorrow and anxiety in the doing of little things that are always at hand to be done.

This the British people and their rulers are doing with magnificent courage and fortitude, as are the Russians and the Chinese and the rulers and the people of all the United Nations. We of the United States look up to them with gratitude and admiration.

8-1942
New Republic
New York, N. Y.

Man of Iron

Thaddeus Stevens, by Alphonse B. Miller. New York: Harper and Brothers. 440 pages. $4.

IN THE INTERESTS of clarity we may break up Mr. Miller's analysis of Thaddeus Stevens' political career under four headings:

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First of all, there is "Old Thad" himself, the man of iron, mined from the hills of Vermont, tested for decades in the crucible of Pennsylvania politics, forged under the hammerings of Civil War into barbed steel. It is this man of iron whom Mr. Miller has seized on as the protagonist of his absorbing drama: the Gettysburg politician who "blossomed so early and harvested so late"; the friendless champion of the underdog, who was contemptuous of his bungling fellow mortals until the moment one of them was brought into contempt; the Puritan-visaged Messiah who delighted in gambling, in women's bodies and in doubting God; the slangwhanger with the blistering tongue who made sport of "the agonized bowels of his adversaries"; the iron-willed Faustus who might "claim bankruptcy in the next world but never in this."

Second, there is Stevens the republican, the humanitarian statesman who identified the republican principle with the ideals of human equality that had been left suspended in the Declaration of Independence. These ideals, to Stevens, did not imply equality in such matters as sitting together and eating together, but they did enjoin equality before the law and equal opportunity for participating in the making of laws. They enjoined, moreover, an approach toward economic equality. If "the Robespierre of the Radicals" had had his way, seventy thousand Southern aristocrats would have been banished and their estates divided up among small, loyal cultivators.

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Then, third, there is Stevens the Republican, the party tyrant before whose throne in the House of Representatives Republican politicians, great and small, cowered; the Great Commoner who pitted his strength against the despotic "Democrat" strutting in the White House under cover of the mantle he had accidentally inherited from Lincoln. It is this Henry Clay-James G. Blaine-"Tsar" Reed version of Stevens which of late years has received the greatest emphasis. To neration fascinated by "the politicos," the aged R n boss has become a sort of Machiavellian partisar for all his high-sounding phrases about republic nciples, cared about nothing except Republican votes.

And, finally, there is Stevens the ironmaster, the prosperous Pennsylvania capitalist, the "hard-boiled" entrepreneur who "loved money" and in the presence of property "behaved like a gawky swain who had dared to fall in love with the mistress of the manor." This is the Stevens who helped resuscitate Nicholas Biddle after he had been struck down by the Jacksonians; who manipulated the Pennsylvania legislature to the advantage of his own iron holdings in Gettysburg; who tirelessly championed internal improvements, land grants and protective tariffs; who saw a lifetime's investment in Pennsylvania iron wiped out by an invading Southern army.

It is the first of these aspects, "Old Thad" himself, that Mr. Miller does most handsomely by. It is upon the rare human personality that the author has lavished his extraordinary gifts for the revealing phrase and the unobtrusive epigram; and primarily from this rich human material that he has modeled a three-dimensional portrait as striking as any in the American gallery.

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As for the other three aspects, the analysis is not altogether conclusive. According to Mr. Miller, Stevens was a republican of the deepest integrity; not only the indomitable organizer of victory in the face of appeasers, compromisers and Constitution-mongers, but the patriot who out of the shambles of Civil War sought to reconstruct a more united and humane nation. Mr. Miller avers that he "holds no brief" for the vindictive enemy of the South who was determined to "make the traitors eat the fruit of foul rebellion." But his verdict on Stevens' Reconstruction measures is not a "brief," it is an extremely impressive exculpation.

Mr. Miller is impatient with latter-day historians who detect in Stevens the Machiavellian partisan and the clerk of Northern capitalism. And in the main he relies on the same argument to refute both of these imputations. He devotes great attention to Stevens' opposition throughout the sixties to the bankers who were out to clean up on their financing of the Civil War. If, argues Mr. Miller, Stevens was a tool of the capitalists he certainly would not have fought them so bitterly. And if he was merely a partisan time-server, he would not have broken so unceremoniously with the Republican Party every time it showed signs of truckling to international capital.

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Mr. Miller does well to be wary of too direct a correlation between the pattern of capitalist accumulation and the pattern of Civil War and Reconstruction. But to argue that Stevens was not a clerk of Northern capitalism because he opposed the international bankers is to lose sight of the very significant fact that at this period there were factory capitalists quite separate and distinct from the banker capitalists. Opposition to the Wall Street capitalists by no means eliminates the possibility of equally bitter antagonism on the part of cramped industrialists to the plantation capitalists; nor the possibility that, as Mr. Miller observes in one of his tantalizing side-remarks, Stevens' sympathy with the Southern blacks may have been a "reflex" of his antipathy to the Southern whites. It is to be hoped that Mr. Miller will dedicate his extremely high talents to plotting out much more thoroughly than he has as yet done the areas where republican principles shade off into Republican Party, where Republican Party shades off into Northern capitalism and where Northern capitalism shades off into Civil War and Reconstruction.

EDWIN MIMS JR.

Peoples Voice
New York, N. Y.

From Richmond, Va.:

New Book on Negro Appears This Month

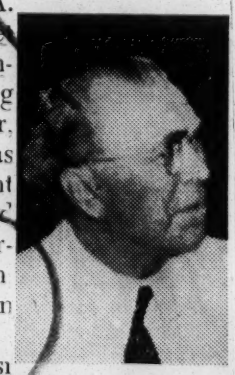
RICHMOND, Va.—A book of Negro folklore entitled *Welcum Hinges* will be published this month by Bernard Robb, white, of Richmond, it was announced here last week. Robb started the project to preserve the record of a slave in the Robb family at Gay Mont, Tidewater Virginia home of the Robb family. The volume is based on the life of *Uncle Woodson*, who as a slave was one of the most interesting personalities in the Robb home. This was Robb's first book and was originally intended only for the Robb family.

Peoples Voice
New York, N. Y.

'Picketing Hell' Out This Week

OCT 3 - 1942

Publication of *Picketing Hell*, a fictitious narrative by Rev. A. Clayton Powell sr. was announced this week by the A. Wendell Mallie Publishing Company. According to the publisher, the author has dared "to point out the evils and hypocrisy in organized religion including his own denomination."



Rev. Powell

Rev. Powell sr. is known chiefly for his work as organizer and builder of the largest Protestant congregation in the world—Abyssinian Baptist church—which has an active membership of more than ten thousand. He has been a lecturer on race relations at Colgate university, NYU, CCNY, and Union Theological Seminary.

He was born in Franklin county, Va., in 1865, educated at Virginia Union university and Yale university divinity school. From 1893 to 1908 he pastored Immanuel Baptist church, New Haven, and was pastor of Abyssinian from 1908 to 1937, when he retired and was succeeded by his son, Rev. Adam Powell jr.

OCT 3 - 1942

Publisher Mallie, in referring to the book, stated: "Although it is a serious effort to reform the church and offers solutions for its reform, it is filled with anecdotes, humor and lively wit."

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Dr. Powell is the author of several works, the most important of which are his autobiography, *Against the Tide*, and *Palestine and Saints in Caesar's Household*, a book of travel.

The Daily Worker
New York, N. Y.

Richard Wright's Tribute To Nelson Algren's Novel

MAY 17 1942

By RICHARD WRIGHT

Nelson Algren's innocent, bold, vivid, and poetic imagination—as is exemplified in this novel, "Never Come Morning"—has long brooded upon the possibility of changing the social world in which we live, has long dreamed of the world's being different, and this preoccupation has, paradoxically, riveted and directed microscopic attention upon that stratum of our society that is historically footloose, unformed, malleable, restless, devoid of inner stability, unidentified by class allegiances, yet full of hot, honest, blind striving. Algren's centering of his observation upon the lowly and brutal strivings of a Bruno Bicek is the product of his sound instinct and reasoning, for, strangely enough, the Bruno Biceks of America represent those depths of life—the realm of the irrational and the non-historical—that periodically push their way into the arena of history in times of crisis, war, and revolution.

It would be interesting to speculate how diverse contemporary literary talents would have handled and developed the subject matter of "Never Come Morning." Many competent novelists would not have considered its subject matter as legitimate material, would have condemned this subject matter, no doubt, as being sordid and loathsome. Others would have treated it lightly and humorously, thereby implying that it possessed no important significance. Still others would have assumed an aloof "social worker attitude" toward it, prescribing "pink pills for social ills," piling up a mountain of naturalistic detail. A militant minority, shooting straight to the mark, would have drawn blueprints and cited chapter and page in a call for direct action. I think, however, Nelson Algren's strategy in "Never Come Morning" excels all of these by far, inasmuch as it depicts the intensity of feeling, the tawdry but potent dreams, the crude but forceful poetry, and the frustrated longing for human dignity residing in the lives of the Poles of Chicago's North West Side, and this revelation informs us all that there lies an ocean of life at our doorsteps—an unharnessed, unchanneled and unknown ocean. And Algren does this in prose as real, as sensory, as tactile, and as sharp as a left hook from Bruno Bicek, his pugilistic protagonist.

MAY 17 1942

Most of us 20th century Americans are reluctant to admit the tragically low quality of experiences of the broad American masses; feverish radio programs, super advertisements, streamlined skyscrapers, million-dollar movies, and mass production have somehow created the illusion in us that we are "rich" in our emotional lives. To the greater understanding of our times, "Never Come Morning" portrays what actually exists in the nerve, brain, and blood of our boys on the street, be they black, white, native, or foreign born. I say this for the public record, for there will come a time in our country when the middle class will gasp and say (as they now gasp over the present world situation): "Why weren't we told this before? Why didn't our novelists depict the beginnings of this terrible thing that has come upon us?" Well, Mr. and Mrs. American Reader, you are being told: The reality of the depths of our lives is being depicted. Algren's "Never Come Morning" vies with the war for your attention, and vies in terms of literary realism as hard-hitting as any to be found in American prose.

Introduction by Richard Wright, author of "Native Son," to Nelson Algren's new novel, "Never Come Morning." We publish it through the courtesy of the publishers, Harper and Brothers.—Editor's Note.

Nation
New York, N. Y.

American Writing by Negroes

THE NEGRO CARAVAN: WRITINGS BY AMERICAN NEGROES. Selected and Edited by Sterling A. Brown, Arthur P. Davis, and Ulysses Lee. The Dryden Press. $4.25.

MAY 9 - 1942

BACK in the twenties books about Negroes and by Negroes were welcomed with an uncritical enthusiasm that was as harmful to the writers as it was essentially false because it was based on the assumption, which many of the books exploited, that Negro life was different from white life. The old stereotyped notions of Negro life and character persisted. What the present collection should establish once and for all is the identity of writing by Negroes, in all fields of expression, with American writing in general. Negro writing is from beginning to end part and parcel of American literature in derivation and tendency, in form, content, and intention. Such characteristics as the mingling of deep emotion and humor, the feeling for legend, and the note of defeat and protest are not exclusively Negro, as they are commonly considered to be, but are basic elements of the folk and literary tradition of the country, of already assimilated minorities. Although it would be foolish to deny that the spirituals belong to the Negro, they have their counterparts in the folk culture of white Americans, even as the popularity of swing music, which translates folk feeling into new rhythms, would not be possible if that music were not related to the traditional elements of a larger American culture. The Negro, as a minority, naturally takes on the culture he lives in, while at the same time he influences it.

It is because the editors see the problems of the Negro and the Negro writer as an integral part of American life that this anthology is important in the history of the American Negro. They reject the term "Negro literature" and demand a single standard of criticism. More than 100 of almost 1,100 pages consist of an excellent history and evaluation of all phases of Negro writing. There are poems, short stories, selections from novels, drama, and folk literature, well-chosen examples of biographical writing, and historical, cultural, and personal essays, but I liked best the speeches, pamphlets, and letters, and the social essays. Of these the best pieces were written by past or present members of the faculty of Howard University, with one notable exception—Charles S. Johnson of Fisk.

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The caravan makes its way from David Walker's "Appeal" of 1829, Frederick Douglass's "Letter to His Master" of 1848, Booker T. Washington's compromising optimism, and Marcus Garvey's Universal Negro Improvement Association to E. Simms Campbell's "Early Jam" and Richard Wright's "The Ethics of Living Jim Crow." Some of the stages on the way are the plantation, the underground railroad, the Civil War, Reconstruction, the share-cropper, the courts, the ballot box, the school, the union, the "new Negro." This caravan moves; and it succeeds not only in presenting a history of the Negro in his own words but in clarifying the complex pattern of American life. Its value lies in the tremendous vitality it compresses and in the understanding it communicates of a common heritage.

Although Negroes have published more books of poetry than of any other literary form, the poetry section is by far the dreariest stretch of the route. The poets escape from themselves into protest, rhetoric, or decorum; they know what they want to say before they write, and consequently any poetic meaning they might transmit remains caged within them. A good deal of the more recent poetry is merely watered Whitman, the prose catalogue that runs on and on. It does not stand comparison, for instance, with this line from a prose folk tale, "My heart beneath my knees and my knees in some lonesome valley," or this from a folk sermon printed as verse, "Two thousand years have went by on their ruby ankles." I don't mean to suggest that poets should go back to spirituals and folk stuff. Rather, it seems to me that in continuing to draw from already crystallized modes of expression they sometimes try to eke out an emotion they no longer really feel. That is perhaps why some of the lyrics have the ineffectiveness of the words of a song without the music; the naturally lyrical poets still hear a music that does not grow out of the words they write but determines them, thus depriving the words of a direct relationship to the experience. This is equally true of the use of jazz rhythms and of dialect. There is another factor—the Negro writer is liable to be trapped by the very stereotypes he fights against simply because they are still attributed to him by the reading public. Despite the excellence of some of the prose selections, there too the experience of the Negro is not deeply explored. It remains to be written, but first it must be understood. The same lack of self-knowledge and understanding is endemic in American writing as a whole and is especially reflected in the incomplete portrayal of character.

H. P. LAZARUS

MAY 1942

8-1942
Nation
New York, N. Y.

New Deal Washington

WASHINGTON IS LIKE THAT. By W. M. Kiplinger. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

WITH the aid of forty assistants, Mr. Kiplinger has turned out a useful and much-needed volume. In 502 highly readable pages the machinery of New Deal Washington is removed for the average citizen from a plane of suspicious theory to a level of concrete problem-and-solution. Rich in personal and chatty detail yet retaining the crispness of the Kiplinger letters, this combination guide and political handbook tells exactly how Nelson and Henderson go about the business of ordering war production, how farming has already become the most highly centralized industry in America, how each of the alphabetical agencies functions and through what kind of personnel, how lobbying has become a respectable and vital part of the American government, what Congressmen do when they're not going through the motions on the floor, how Supreme Court decisions are prepared, and a host of other pertinent facts ranging in scope from the raising of campaign funds to the regulation of prostitution in the capital. There is an optimistic chapter on the progress toward a fairer deal for Negroes in the federal structure and a well-intentioned, if theoretically dubious, discussion of Jews in government. Many chapters deal with Washington as a municipality and the daily lives of its citizens, and the book is generously sprinkled with thumbnail sketches (not too acute) of government, labor, farm, business, and society leaders.

Mr. Kiplinger's thesaurus is journalistic rather than ideological, but its rambling content is unified by two prime convictions, contradictory on the surface though not in fact. The first is that centralization of control over the national economy, call it state socialism or merely government planning, is here to stay and has in fact already gone a long way. Mr. Kiplinger sees the farm program, for example, as an accomplished "social revolution," furnishing "a general pattern for efforts to bring about an integration of other industries in the future." He expresses neither favor nor disfavor; he merely reports. But his reporting is hopeful, and he looks forward to "the greatest building era in history after the war." What makes him optimistic is the prospect that the economic planning of the coming new order will be a joint project of government and private minds. Thus along with an increasing degree of centralized control he sees a trend toward a purer democracy, to be exercised through legitimate pressure groups and private cooperators, with Congress presumably acting as an arbiter, weighing the objectives of one pressure group against another. To further this working relationship between citizen and government he counsels a greater popular intimacy with the problems of administration and a greater degree of participation in politics. "Shrinking from politics," he writes, "is really a shirking. The reason people shrink is that they regard politics as something dark and mysterious." His book is intended to resolve the mysteries, and as far as the mechanics of government go—which is far enough for one book—it fulfils that purpose admirably.

ROBERT BENDINER

New Republic
New York, N. Y.

Go Down to Faulkner's Land

Go Down, Moses and Other Stories, by William Faulkner. New York: Random House. 383 pages. $2.50.

WE HAVE grown used to reading collections of short stories that masqueraded as novels so as to have a wider sale. Here is another sort of hybrid: a loosely jointed but ambitious novel masquerading as a collection of stories, possibly because William Faulkner was too proud or indifferent to call them chapters in a book.

Six of the seven episodes in "Go Down, Moses" deal with the McCaslin family, on its big plantation in northwestern Mississippi. These six have the same underlying theme, which is the price paid by many generations for the first McCaslin's relations with a slave girl who was also—trust Faulkner for this added detail—his illegitimate daughter. Four of the stories are concerned with his white grandson, Isaac McCaslin; they deal respectively with his parentage, his training as a hunter, his abnegation—if that is the word for what he did when he surrendered his plantation for the humbler inheritance he received from a half-Indian guide—and his last hunting trip into the wilderness. Two other stories deal with the first McCaslin's colored descendants, who also appear more briefly in the tales about old Isaac. One of them bears a child by her white cousin; another is electrocuted for shooting a Chicago policeman, and the white merchants of Jefferson pay for bringing his body home. Only one story, "Black Pantaloon," has nothing to do with the McCaslin clan; it describes a murder and a lynching as a sequence of tragic events beyond good and evil.

The first story, "Was," comes close to being Faulkner's funniest, and the first half of "The Bear" is almost the best hunting yarn I have ever read. The trouble is that the book as a whole is a little too formless and repetitive to make a satisfactory novel, just as the seven episodes are a little too interdependent to stand completely alone. And there is another sense, too, in which "Go Down, Moses" is a hybrid. Most of the stories were first published in various magazines and met the strict rules they set for contributors; then afterwards they were revised and fitted together to meet the equally strict but quite different rules that Faulkner sets for himself. The magazine sections can still be recognized; they are straightforward prose, concerned only with telling a story. The later additions are in the curious idiom which Faulkner invented and sometimes writes magnificently, but which he writes at other times with no consideration for the reader.

Perhaps the best way to judge the book is neither as a novel nor as a series of novellas; neither as magazine nor as personal writing; but simply as another instalment of the Mississippi legend on which Faulkner has now been working for more than fifteen years. It is, as everyone knows by this time, the story of an imaginary county called Yoknapatawpha—area, 2,400 square miles; population, 15,611 by Faulkner's last census, which was printed at the end of "Absalom, Absalom!" At least a fifth of its people, Negro and white, have by now appeared in one or more of his stories. And these stories, although they differ in quality, and although the seven in "Go Down, Moses" are only his second-best, have each the effect of making the legend as a whole seem more impressive. There is no other American writer, and not many novelists anywhere, who have succeeded in presenting the life of a whole neighborhood, with all its social strata, all its personal conflicts, all its humor and much more than its share of violent crimes.

And there is no other American writer who has been so consistently misrepresented by his critics, including myself. William Faulkner is not a pure Romantic in the Poe tradition, as I asserted some years ago; on the contrary, some of his recent work seems closer to Mark Twain, with overtones of Turgenev. He does not hate the South, as several of the Nashville critcis used to say; on the contrary, his work from beginning to end is inspired by deep love for this land, with its "woods for game and streams for fish and deep rich soil for seed and lush springs to sprout it and long summers to mature it and serene falls to harvest it and short mild winters for men and animals." He does not blame women or the Negro, or both together, for the decline of Southern culture, as Maxwell Geismar asserts in a recent essay; on the contrary, he feels that the planters themselves were guilty. He is not unable, as Mr. Geismar also says, to create a sympathetic character who is not a child or an idiot; on the contrary, his last two books have been full of sympathetic characters, and old Isaac McCaslin comes close to being a Christian saint. Finally he is not a negligible writer, a mere "Sax Rohmer for the sophisticated," as Granville Hicks once wrote; on the contrary he is, after Hemingway and perhaps Dos Passos, the most considerable novelist of this generation.

MALCOLM COWLEY

New Masses
New York, N. Y.

Distinguished Scholarship

WHEN PEOPLES MEET. A Study in Race and Culture Contacts, *edited by Alain Locke and Bernhard J. Stern. Progressive Education Association. $3.50. $2.50 for P.E.A. members.*

DOCTORS STERN AND LOCKE have done an extremely valuable job at this time when the rights of national minorities and the freedom of colonial peoples are crucial questions for the democratic countries. *When Peoples Meet* is a collection of excerpts from the writings of more than seventy-five prominent scientists on key problems in anthropology, sociology, and political science. The choice of material is admirable, combining theoretical matters with a host of facts, anecdotes, legends, documents, and the like, which are tremendously interesting to the average reader.

The book is divided into five parts. These deal respectively with cultural contacts and the growth of civilization; varieties of cultural conflict from the period of colonial conquest to the influence of imperialism; the ways and devices of power of dominant peoples; the tactics of survival and counter-assertion of "submerged" peoples; and finally, the contemporary scene in intercultural relations. Each part is in turn divided into groups of essays illustrating specific aspects of the chief fields of inquiry. The enormous extent, variety, and power of cultural interrelations is indicated by the very range of subjects, among which are to be found our cultural debt to the American Indians, Chinese influence in the West, the record of imperialism in India, Nazi racial ideology, the participation of the Negro people in the government of the South, and national minorities in the Soviet Union.

We have here, however, much more than an anthology of articles on anthropological topics. Throughout the essays and editorial prefaces there runs the persistent theme of the creative powers of free human beings, and coexistent with this, the lesson that the oppression of any people is not only an offense against that group, but a crime against all humanity. Discrimination against the Negro people degrades the white community. The colonial system of the past is a serious handicap to the cause of the United Nations in the battle against fascism. Today, the greatest enemies of mankind are those who boasted that national and racial oppression was their mode of existence.

The editors make it very clear that by culture they mean more than literature, art, or science. Culture is a people's total way of dealing with and remaking its life. This involves its history, language, economy, and psychological structure. All these are deeply interconnected; the effort to destroy any one of these seriously damages the bonds which hold a people together. It is for this reason that oppression so often takes the form of cultural interdiction, and conversely, that the political struggle of minorities and subjugated nations is expressed in terms of demands for freedom of cultural expression. To which may be added the corollary that true cultural autonomy is an expression of political liberation, and depends ultimately upon a people's attainment of the latter.

The chapter on national minorities in the Soviet Union, by Sidney and Beatrice Webb, becomes therefore the most important in the book. It answers in a practical fashion all the problems raised by the other writers. The Webbs write:

"The Soviet Union can claim with a high degree of accuracy that it has solved the difficult problem presented by the existence of national minorities within a strongly centralized state. It has found this solution by the novel device of disassociating statehood from both nationality and race. It has put its trust in a genuine equality of citizenship as completely irrespective of race or language, as of color or religion."

Such equality is a mainspring of Soviet power, and must be made one of ours as well. In this connection I think it unfortunate that the editors have omitted the work of the greatest architect of national equality, Stalin, whose *Marxism and the National and Colonial Question* lays the basis for Soviet practice. This is the only criticism I would make of a book distinguished by its scholarship and insight.

CHARLES HUMBOLDT.

Amsterdam News
New York, N. Y.

Negro Handbook Makes Its Bow; Only Reference Work of Kind

Gives Facts, Figures About Negroes

The first annual issue of "The Negro Handbook," compiled and edited by Florence Murray, former Washington, D. C., newspaper woman, came off the press this week. The book, the only reference work of its kind, is published by Wendell Malliet and Company, of this city.

Due to the demand for a publication giving current facts and figures on Negroes in the country, the book has had a large advance sale to government bureaus, universities, libraries, research centers, and individuals.

It contains an inclusive summary of the Negro in the national defense program, along with sections on business, civil rights, health and vital statistics, education, sports, theatricals, the movies, books, religious denominations, labor and industry, and other fields of activity.

Nation
New York, N. Y.

SHAKESPEARE IN HARLEM. By Langston Hughes. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This book by the "Negro Poet Laureate" describes itself as a "book of light verse. Afro-American in the blues mood. Poems syncopated and variegated in the colors of Harlem, Beale Street, West Dallas, and Chicago's South Side. Blues, ballads, and reels to be read aloud, crooned, shouted, recited, and sung. Some with gestures, some not—as you like. None with a far-away voice." Death, frustration, poverty, and persecution are related in tones that ask, as it were, for sympathy through laughter rather than for sympathy through understanding. From the drawings (in reverse) by E. McKnight Kauffer to the title and lavender print on the black-cloth cover, the book attempts a folklore atmosphere and succeeds in being lugubrious. In the main, the lyrics, more in the category of Americana than poetry, are sincere and very readable, a kind of tragic light verse of today.

Daily World
Atlanta, Ga.

First Issue Of Negro Handbook Is Off The Press

Summary of All Race's Activities Very Complete

NEW YORK.—(ANP)—The first issue of "The Negro Handbook," compiled and edited by Florence Murray, former Washington newspaper woman, has just been released by Wendell Malliet and Company, 209 West 125th Street, New York. It will be published annually.

The book contains nearly 300 pages of facts and statistics on the activities of Negroes during 1941, with a day-by-day chronology of important events during the year.

In addition to current information, The Handbook includes several special features, such as a summary of teachers' salary equalization cases and state university legal suits, Negroes who have attended both West Point Military and the Annapolis Naval academies, United States congressmen, boxing champions since 1890, Olympic winners, and other pertinent information.

The date is condensed and simply written in sections on business, civil rights, crime, education, government and politics, health and vital statistics, death of national characters, labor and industry, books and periodicals, sports, theatricals, the movies, housing, farming, national organization, various directories and other phases of activity.

The section on World War II and national defense is considered the most complete summary of its kind. It includes, among other items, demands made by Negro group, policies and action of the government, statistics on the army, navy, aviation, with a list of camps and the units stationed in each.

8-1942
ew Republic
ew York, N. Y.

4,000,000 Homeless Migrants

America's Own Refugees, by Henry Hill Collins Jr. Princeton University Press. 323 pages. $3.

MAR 9 1942

UNLIKE other equally important congressional investigations, the record of the Tolan Committee (Committee to Investigate the Interstate Migration of Destitute Citizens) is first and last a great human-interest document. For it is an investigation of people—of American citizens torn from their surroundings and set adrift on the land. It is also the latest chapter in the seemingly endless saga of migration in American history. Not many Americans, unfortunately, will read the eleven printed volumes, or the final report, of the Tolan Committee hearings during 1940-41. But they can at least read this informative volume by Mr. Collins (formerly attached to the staff of the committee) which, in essence, is a recapitulation of the story told by the various witnesses who testified before the committee. There is nothing in the book that cannot be found in the Tolan transcript, but it does bring together all the threads of the investigation so that the general pattern is clarified. While specific references are lacking, the volume is carefully indexed and stays well within the scope of the record itself.

In general Mr. Collins in arranging his material has followed very closely the general order of inquiry pursued by the committee. The first section is devoted to an analysis of the underlying causes which have made migrants of some 4,000,000 American citizens (drought, mechanization, soil erosion, a contracting national economy, industrial unemployment). Mr. Collins clearly demonstrates that migration is national in scope and that virtually all types of occupations are involved: lumber workers, miners, white-collar workers, construction workers and factory workers, as well as agricultural migrants. The second section is devoted to an account of the several major types of migrants, including the so-called "defense migrants": what they earn, how they live, the routes they follow. The third section discusses the special problems which migrants face as migrants harsh and chaotic settlement laws; special problems in reference to health, housing and education; and the frequent deprivation of civil rights, in part deliberate and in part a consequence of the migrants' status. The final section contains an argument in support of the major proposals advanced before the committee by expert witnesses to improve the living and working conditions of migrants and to reduce unnecessary and undesirable migration (most of this section, however, relates only to agricultural migrants).

Mr. Collins' story is best told when the witnesses are permitted to speak for themselves—a procedure which he has wisely adopted wherever possible. His telling of the story is, in fact, only marred by a regrettable tendency to indulge in fancy rhetoric: "When sooty-fingered dawn stabbed her broken rays through the heavy air"—"while ignorance wrapped its inky mantle around bald and dell," etc. Rumors of work are "wafted," Italians become "sons of Caesar," and malaria that "scourge of ancient Rome" which casts "its pied blanket of chills and fevers." Blueberries lift "their soft blue buttons" and strawberries smile "like basking kittens." Such rhetoric is wholly inappropriate to facts which do not require much pointing up.

In the autumn of 1940, just when the national significance of the migrant problem was becoming widely recognized, a new tide of migration, stimulated by the national-defense program, rolled across the land. Defense migrants have not taken the place of agricultural and industrial migrants; but have simply added their numbers to the already countless migrants in America. Before the war is over, we may well have, as Mr. Collins suggests, not 4,000,000 but perhaps 8,000,000 migrants. It is with this new aspect of the problem that the Tolan Committee has been recently concerned. Largely because of this fact, many of the admirable proposals advanced before the committee and ably summarized in this volume are of dubious practical value today. Crop-control programs, for example, will probably be relaxed for the duration, in order to step up agricultural production. Thousands of migrants will (and doubtless have) found temporary employment in the defense industries. The basic problem, that of unemployment, has for the moment lost some of its acuteness. Once the emergency is over, however, it will be useless to toy with palliatives designed to make migrancy more tolerable. Excellent as many of these proposals are, they fail to measure up to the requirements of the post-war situation. For what most of these proposals lack is imaginative social insight. In the field of rural migration, for example, it is rural

The First Reader

By HARRY HANSEN.

Go Down, Moses and Other Stories, by William Faulkner, Illuminate the Racial Situation in the South.

As a novelist William Faulkner is often a highly sensitive social historian. When he stops plotting situations like **The Wild Palms** and lets people reveal themselves by the lives they lead—as do the tricky Snopses of **The Hamlet**, he may be said to humanize the statistical tables of the Department of Agriculture. Something of this sort happens in his new book, **Go Down, Moses and Other Stories**, which purports to be seven short stories assembled from seven magazines.

William Faulkner.

But it adds up into the family chronicle of the McCaslin-Edmonds family, which is unlike any other family Faulkner has portrayed and indirectly illuminates the racial situation in the South. (Random House, $2.50.)

According to the census the state of Mississippi is half white and half black, but obviously its appearance is as if someone had shaken white and black beans together in a peck measure and added a supply of brown beans to account for the mixtures. The McCaslin-Edmonds clan exemplifies this creeping amalgamation, and, curiously enough, it is described with more sympathy than Faulkner usually gives his creatures. Perhaps the dedication gives an indication of Faulkner's feeling in the matter. It reads: "To Mammy Caroline Barr, 1840-1940, who was born in slavery and gave to my family a fidelity without stint or calculation of recompense and to my childhood an immeasurable devotion and love."

* * *

Sometimes It's Roundabout.

APR 4 1942

Here, once more, is Faulkner's favorite subject, the decaying Southern family, the landowners whose Negroes, for the most part, stayed on the land, but this is not the conventional family of aristocrats, living in white-pillared houses beloved of Hollywood. Here, too, are the aging men Faulkner portrays so well; they mull over the memories of family events, bicker about current crises and reveal, gradually, the relationships of the whites and Negroes in the tale.

Their motives are not always clear; their acts are often shrouded as if in the light of dusk and the whole community seems strangely unreal, yet Faulkner's indirect manner provides a feeling of saturation in a community. This is particularly true of the two longest stories, The Fire and the Hearth and The Bear. The latter will offer some difficulties because Faulkner has complicated the story with symbolism and a running monologue in which the subject-matter shifts like the plot of a disjointed dream. While I am aware that some readers get much pleasure out of deciphering puzzles and tracking down hints, my preference is not for old men who can't keep their minds on the subject.

Was, the first story, offers an interesting sidelight on the Southerner's love of a wager; in The Old People McCaslin offers the conviction that life is best when thoroughly lived and the earth is here to be used, which recurs in other stories. Delta Autumn, however, is Uncle Ike's rather mournful musing about the passing of the good hunting and the exhaustion of the land, and he resents the irresponsibility of human beings who have corrupted it. Go Down, Moses is not subtle, but it might be described as Faulkner's final, and perhaps cynical, comment on the strength of a family bond.

* * *

"Men Exist Only in Dreams."

APR 14 1942

Sherwood Anderson's account, in his Memoirs, of what happened at Theodore Dreiser's house when F. Scott Fitzgerald called, is challegend by Carl Van Vechten, who was present. "A paragraph in your review startled me so much that I immediately hunted up the passage in the book itself," writes Van Vechten. "There it was: Scott Fitzgerald knocking on Dreiser's door on St. Luke's Pl., presenting the author of **Sister Carrie** with a bottle of champagne and having the door slammed in his face.

"Well, it just didn't happen this way. Sherwood is dead and Scott is dead, but I'm not, Dreiser isn't. I went to the party with Scott and his bottle of champagne that night, so did Ernest Boyd. Scott, who worshipped Dreiser as a writer, conceived the idea of accompanying us to the party and paid his way with the champagne. Dreiser invited him in, after accepting the bottle, and was extremely cordial to him. What annoyed us was that Dreiser didn't offer to open the wine.

"Ernest Boyd wrote about this in **Portraits: Real and Imaginary**, and his account differs from mine in having Scott arrive alone. If he is right, I am sure at least that he and I knew of Scott's plan first met Sherwood Anderson." I were expecting him. I think it was on this occasion that I

Daily World
Atlanta, Georgia

Dynamic New Novel Has Introduction By Wright

NEVER COME MORNING, a novel by Nelson Algren, with introduction by Richard Wright. Published Thursday, April 16, by Harper and Brothers, New York. 284 Pages. Price $2.50.

(Reviewed by Frank Marshall Davis for ANP)

IT HAS LONG been a common practice for outstanding white writers to prepare forewords to books by Negroes, but it is a distinct novelty for a colored author to write the introduction to a volume by a Caucasian... Yet this has happened with "Never Come Morning," a dynamic novel by Nelson Algren with an introduction by Richard Wright, author of "Native Son."

That Wright and Algren should join forces this way is fitting. Both young men are warm personal friends, both worked together on the WPA writers' project in Chicago, and both have written powerful, moving stories of Chicago. Wright's Bigger Thomas, a killer of the Southside, is matched by Bruno Lefty Bicek, a killer of the Polish district, main character in Algren's novel. A major difference is that Native Son has a definite and obvious message and everything is built toward that end; "Never Come Morning" is a subtle and impersonal indictment of social conditions in general.

LUSTY CHARACTER

Bruno Bicek, popularly known as Lefty Bicepe, is the muscular 17 year old hoodlum son of a widowed mother. A leader of a small gang, his main interests are dodging a WPA job, pitching baseball and boxing. He has dreams of being the White Hope who will knock-out Joe Louis and give the Poles a fighter to remember along with Stanley Ketchell and Joe Choynski.

He betrays his girl, Steffi R., into a house of prostitution and kills a Greek while so doing. After his arrest in a robbery and a six month prison term, while awaiting fights he acts as tout for the "refined" house where Steffi works, finally gets a chance with Tucker, ranking brown light heavyweight contender, and as he rests on his dressing room table after his kayo of Tucker, is arrested for the Greek's murder. Says Lefty: "Know I'd never get t'be twenty-one anyhow."

Mr. Algren has done a brilliant job in breathing life into his many characters. Beside Lefty and Steffi there are Mama T. and the girls in her house. the Barber; Casey; Bibleback; the Finger, Police Captain Tenezara and a number of others. They become real flesh and blood people; the section of Chicago where they live is made as vivid as if you were actually there. And his description of the showup at detective headquarters and of Lefty's bout with Tucker are masterpieces of description. He combines humor with pathos. It took a powerful lot of minute observation for this sharp word photography. As for his style, it is a mixture of hardboiled realism and poetry.

STORY OF UNDERPRIVILEGED

This is not alone a story of immigrant Poles and their offspring; it is a story that could and does happen to underprivileged peoples of all nationalities who are forced through economic necessity to face big city life in the raw, be they Italians, Negroes or native-born whites. This is a dark but important part of American life; Duskymericans will find "Never Come Morning" as vitally interesting as will any other segment of the population.

New York Age
New York, N. Y.

MY LIVES AND HOW I LOST THEM: by Christopher Cat in collaboration with Countee Cullen, Harper and Bros., New York City. $2.

The latest collaboration of Countee Cullen and Christopher Cat began when the latter took a sudden interest in books. He prevailed upon Countee Cullen to read to him one after another, certain books. He was interested in the fact that when animals died their first death they were dead for good. While a cat had nine lives to live and thus could live nine lives.

New Republic
New York, N. Y.

Dark Laughter

Shakespeare in Harlem, by Langston Hughes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 124 pages. $2.50.

LANGSTON HUGHES'S POETRY is an example of the vitality of the Negro contribution to American culture. To "Shakespeare in Harlem," his first collection in ten years, Hughes supplies his own gloss: "A book of light verse. Afro-American in the blues mood. Poems syncopated and variegated in the colors of Harlem, Beale Street, West Dallas and Chicago's South Side. Blues, ballads and reels to be read aloud, crooned, shouted, recited and sung. Some with gestures, some not—as you like. None with a far-away voice."

The "syncopated and variegated" may be a little starched, but the commentary is more accurate than what most poets have to say about their own work. My crooning and shouting are weak, but for the past ten days I've been reading these poems aloud to anybody I can corner and have had unexpectedly happy results. People who "don't like poetry" like this, which is to say that these poems have more and not less than the poetry which goes unsuccessfully searching for an audience.

The conscious artistry is here. Hughes observes the strict poetic pattern, the formal rhyme scheme and the repetition of the blues:

> This mornin' for breakfast
> I chawed de mornin' air.
> This mornin' for breakfast
> Chawed de mornin' air.
> But this evenin' for supper,
> I got evenin' air to spare.

But, seemingly effortless, the craftsmanship does not misdirect attention to itself; it carries the attention out to the whole poem, not in to the felicitous line.

The poetry is "light verse" only within the paradox of all "blues, ballads and reels." Hughes wrote in an earlier volume: "The mood of the blues is almost always despondency, but when they are sung people laugh." The themes are grim enough: hunger, death, poverty, loneliness—and that they are themes which can be turned to laughter suggests the resilience and the strength of the Negro spirit.

The sixty-odd poems, divided somewhat arbitrarily into eight sections, play over a wide range of subjects and attitudes. From the bitterness of "Ku Klux":

> A cracker said, "Nigger,
> Look me in the face—
> And tell me you believe in
> The great white race"

the poetry moves to the recognition of common unhappiness in "Daybreak":

> I wonder if white folks ever feel bad,
> Getting up in the morning lonesome and sad?

It ranges from the urban lushness of "Harlem Sweeties" to "Mississippi Levee" and the tight-lipped "Sharecroppers." Throughout Hughes speaks richly for his race. He has been called the Negro Laureate; he is this and more, he is an authentic American poet.

COLEMAN ROSENBERGER

Daily World
Atlanta, Ga.

The Book Shelf

THE BIOLOGY OF THE NEGRO
By DR. JULIAN H. LEWIS
(Reviewed by Sue Barnett

THE BIOLOGY of the Negro by Dr. Julian H. Lewis, the first Negro professor of pathology at the University of Chicago, has just been released.

It is a study of the behavior of disease among Negroes in comparison with other races, taking into consideration those biological characteristics which account for disease differences among races. These biological characteristics are mainly anatomical, physiological or chemical.

As Dr. Lewis points out in his preface, "One of the advantages of using the Negro in such a study is that it is possible, with varying degrees of success, to compare these people under primitive conditions, and under civilized conditions: when comparatively pure and when mixed with other races; when enslaved and when free, when affected by poverty and by favorable economic conditions; by illiteracy and education and in rural and urban life. In no other people is it possible to compare simultaneously such a wide diversity of factors."

Of particular interesting to the layman will be the many common fallacies about Negroes which are definitely refuted by Dr. Lewis. For instance he shows, contrary to popular belief, that the high mortality rate among Negroes as a result of tuberculosis is not racial, but is a disease acquired by them since coming to America from Africa. He also shows that since the disease is comparatively young in Negroes, they simply have not had time to develop an immunity to

For the sociologists and biologists as well as physicians, the book offers a rich store of factual information. Even for the lay reader with no particular specialized interest, The Biology of the Negro provides valuable general information which is not too technical.

8-1942
Time
Chicago, Illinois

U. S. Slang

MAR 2 - 1942

THE AMERICAN THESAURUS OF SLANG—*Lester V. Berrey and Melvin Van den Bark—Crowell* ($5).

MAR 2 - 1942

Lester V. Berrey has been at work on this absorbing, 1,174-page thesaurus since 1931. He got special checking help from such experts as Bing Crosby (on music), *Variety's* Jack Edward (entertainment slang), John A. Leslie of Ohio State Prison on the language of tramps and the underworld. His collaborator, Nebraskan Philologist Melvin Van den Bark, worked out the main outlines of classification and groupings of words. In general these follow Roget but they culminate in 430 highly readable pages on "Special Slang" of various trades, sports and regions. That section alone will probably help more third-rate novelists look like second-raters than any previous book in history.

MAR 2 - 1942

Everything, it seems at first, is in this book; such ghoulish, semi-slang tintypes as "God's image cut in ebony" (for Negro); such beautifully graphic trade terms as the miner's "snow" (for the sifting of earth presaging a cave-in), the ballplayer's "floater" (for a slow ball), the prostitute's "pivot" (for solicitation from a window). Practically all the unmailable words turn up, along with a tremendous set of their variants and embellishments. So does the surrealist language of drug addicts, the high-heeled dialect of perverts, the likable archaisms of lumberjacks (they still say "white-water bucko"), and the shop-talk of the stock exchange and of the turf, which significantly share such terms as "sleeper," "tip sheet" and "past performance."

A complete job on U.S. slang is beyond human compass. "God-box" is given for Church but not for organ. "Profile" is curiously absent from journalistic slang. The Hollywood section fails to include "ootchimagootchi" (hot talk as an obbligato to Latin lovemaking), though it does give "wrinkle" (an actress' mother).

There are many other omissions; but on the whole, for every ten words any reader will miss, he will recognize a thousand and learn at least fifty. Thanks to the form of the book, even the mildest categories read like nothing since Rabelais:

"**Interj.** IO. CEASE!; STOP! Avast! belay that *or* there!, bottle it!, break it off!, can it!, cheese it!, cheezit!, chuck it!, come off (of it)!, come off the grass!, curl up!, cut it (out)!, douse it!, dowse it!, drop it!, enuff!, fade away!, freeze!, hold on!, hold up!, kill it!, lay off!, leave off!, let up!, nix!, nix on that!, ring off!, sign off!, siphon off!, sound off!, stow it!, turn it off!, whoa Bill!, whoa Maud!, whoa Mud!, whoa there!"

Or, in another dialect (the newspaperman's): 30.

Journal and Guide
Norfolk, Virginia

Virginians Are Honored In White Publication

MAR 7 - 1

By BROOKS PARHAM

LAWRENCEVILLE, Va.—Dr. J. Farley Ragland, popular lyric poet of Virginia, has been signally honored in "Halifacts," a recently released volume of historical data on South Boston, and southside sections of The Old Dominion. It is a well written treatise of 281 pages, authored by Dr. W. B. Barbour, outstanding white newspapeh columnist and feature editor, and published by the J. T. Townes Printing Company of Danville, Va.

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RICH MATERIAL

Materials for "Halifacts" have been compiled over a period of fifteen years, and deal graphically and factfully on significant factors on the social, political, and economic evolution of towns in Halifax County and vicinity, and recounts entertainingly and instructively many dramtic episodes of note.

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There is considerable data on the annual national tobacco festivals of South Boston, featured events of the year whose unique festivities have attracted such notables as Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, Mary Pickford and Martha Scott of movie fame, Little Jack Little of Radio, and former Postmaster General James Farley.

NEGROES MENTIONED

Under the heading, A Halifax County Poet, "Halifacts" deals most generally in its recounts of the unique writing attainments of Dr. Ragland, and reviews many of his outstanding literary achievements. Considerable space is also given a biographic sketch of Virginia's sepian sonneteer, Dr. J. Farley Ragland.

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Other Negroes mentioned in the book are Roland D. Mason, outstanding farmer, Mrs. Dollye Kent Ragland, director of a star drum-and-bugle corp of young boys and girls, Winston Edmunds, who worked in the Virginia Governor's Mansion for forty-seven years, and served twelve governors from Fitzhugh Lee to Gov. John G. Pollard, J. S. Carrington, business man, M. H. Coleman and H. S. Sykes, educators.

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Dr. L. V. Ragland, dentist, Rev. B. McCargo, and the Rev. S. E. Ragland, ministers, Samuel Carter, real estate man, Dr. J. M. Mason, physician and hospital director and owner, Allen, John, and William Hamilton, carpenters and contractors, and Mrs. Carrie Long, 112-year-old woman (her husband died in 1931 at the age of 102) who still walks unassisted, sews and reads without glasses, cooks her own meals, and walks over a mile a day for exercise.

Chicago Bee
Chicago, Illinois

Negro Handbook Publication Delayed

MAR 22 1942

NEW YORK, Mar. 19—Manufacturing difficulties, due to war emergencies have delayed publication of the Negro Handbook, which was originally scheduled to come from the press Feb. 28, according to Wendell Malliet and Company, 209 W. 125th street.

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Amsterdam News
New York, N. Y.

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MAR 21 1942

Daily World
Atlanta, Georgia

Dedicate Book To Great Jelly Roll Morton

Lists Hot Records That Jazz Students Should Hear

APR 6 1942

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(Reviewed By Frank Marshall Davis For ANP)

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APR 6

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8-1942
Time
Chicago, Illinois

U. S. Slang

MAR 2 - 1942

THE AMERICAN THESAURUS OF SLANG—*Lester V. Berrey and Melvin Van den Bark—Crowell* ($5).

MAR 2 - 1942

Lester V. Berrey has been at work on this absorbing, 1,174-page thesaurus since 1931. He got special checking help from such experts as Bing Crosby (on music), *Variety's* Jack Edward (entertainment slang), John A. Leslie of Ohio State Prison on the language of tramps and the underworld. His collaborator, Nebraskan Philologist Melvin Van den Bark, worked out the main outlines of classification and groupings of words. In general these follow Roget but they culminate in 430 highly readable pages on "Special Slang" of various trades, sports and regions. That section alone will probably help more third-rate novelists look like second-raters than any previous book in history.

MAR 2 - 1942

Everything, it seems at first, is in this book; such ghoulish, semi-slang tintypes as "God's image cut in ebony" (for Negro); such beautifully graphic trade terms as the miner's "snow" (for the sifting of earth presaging a cave-in), the ballplayer's "floater" (for a slow ball), the prostitute's "pivot" (for solicitation from a window). Practically all the unmailable words turn up, along with a tremendous set of their variants and embellishments. So does the surrealist language of drug addicts, the high-heeled dialect of perverts, the likable archaisms of lumberjacks (they still say "white-water bucko"), and the shop-talk of the stock exchange and of the turf, which significantly share such terms as "sleeper," "tip sheet" and "past performance."

A complete job on U.S. slang is beyond human compass. "God-box" is given for Church but not for organ. "Profile" is curiously absent from journalistic slang. The Hollywood section fails to include "ootchimagootchi" (hot talk as an obbligato to Latin lovemaking), though it does give "wrinkle" (an actress' mother).

There are many other omissions; but on the whole, for every ten words any reader will miss, he will recognize a thousand and learn at least fifty. Thanks to the form of the book, even the mildest categories read like nothing since Rabelais:

"**Interj.** 10. CEASE!; STOP! Avast! belay that *or* there!, bottle it!, break it off!, can it!, cheese it!, cheezit!, chuck it!, come off (of it)!, come off the grass!, curl up!, cut it (out)!, douse it!, dowse it!, drop it!, enuff!, fade away!, freeze!, hold on!, hold up!, kill it!, lay off!, leave off!, let up!, nix!, nix on that!, ring off!, sign off!, siphon off!, sound off!, stow it!, turn it off!, whoa Bill!, whoa Maud!, whoa Mud!, whoa there!"

Or, in another dialect (the newspaperman's): 30.

Journal and Guide
Norfolk, Virginia

Virginians Are Honored In White Publication

MAR 7 - 1

By BROOKS PARHAM

LAWRENCEVILLE, Va.—Dr. J. Farley Ragland, popular lyric poet of Virginia, has been signally honored in "Halifacts," a recently released volume of historical data on South Boston, and southside sections of The Old Dominion. It is a well written treatise of 281 pages, authored by Dr. W. B. Barbour, outstanding white newspapeh columnist and feature editor, and published by the J. T. Townes Printing Company of Danville, Va.

MAR 7 - 1942

RICH MATERIAL

Materials for "Halifacts" have been compiled over a period of fifteen years, and deal graphically and factfully on significant factors on the social, political, and economic evolution of towns in Halifax County and vicinity, and recounts entertainingly and instructively many dramtic episodes of note.

MAR 7 - 1942

There is considerable data on the annual national tobacco festivals of South Boston, featured events of the year whose unique festivities have attracted such notables as Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, Mary Pickford and Martha Scott of movie fame, Little Jack Little of Radio, and former Postmaster General James Farley.

NEGROES MENTIONED

Under the heading, A Halifax County Poet, "Halifacts" deals most generally in its recounts of the unique writing attainments of Dr. Ragland, and reviews many of his outstanding literary achievements. Considerable space is also given a biographic sketch of Virginia's sepian sonneteer, Dr. J. Farley Ragland.

MAR 7 1942

Other Negroes mentioned in the book are Roland D. Mason, outstanding farmer, Mrs. Dollye Kent Ragland, director of a star drum-and-bugle corp of young boys and girls, Winston Edmunds, who worked in the Virginia Governor's Mansion for forty-seven years, and served twelve governors from Fitzhugh Lee to Gov. John G. Pollard, J. S. Carrington, business man, M. H. Coleman and H. S. Sykes, educators.

MAR 7 - 1942

Dr. L. V. Ragland, dentist, Rev. B. McCargo, and the Rev. S. E. Ragland, ministers, Samuel Carter, real estate man, Dr. J. M. Mason, physician and hospital director and owner, Allen, John, and William Hamilton, carpenters and contractors, and Mrs. Carrie Long, 112-year-old woman (her husband died in 1931 at the age of 102) who still walks unassisted, sews and reads without glasses, cooks her own meals, and walks over a mile a day for exercise.

Chicago Bee
Chicago, Illinois

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The beauty of it is that most of these discs are currently available or soon will be through reissue. Some were waxed in the latter half of 1941, just to show you how current his book is. And while the critical reader may not agree with the authors' evaluation of each platter, there is no denying that there is a choice of hot wax is uniformly excellent.

Around 1,000 records are listed.

New York Times
New York, N. Y.

Carnegie Philanthropy

FORTY YEARS OF CARNEGIE GIVING. By Robert M. Lester. 186 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

By ERNEST V. HOLLIS

STEWARDS of tax-exempt funds dedicated to the general welfare are expected periodically to inform the public of their activities. While many of them are derelict in this duty, the Rockefeller and Carnegie philanthropies have through the years set a commendable example of reporting to the public.

In "Forty Years of Carnegie Giving," Robert M. Lester, secretary of the Carnegie Corporation, provides the public with an authoritative factual summary of the whole of Carnegie giving from 1901 to 1941. The book does not attempt to interpret or to appraise the results of the use of $679,000,000 the public has received from the Carnegie benefactions. It is content to show for each major trust the circumstances leading to its establishment, the nature of its organization and work, and a listing of the trustees and officers who have executed the trust committed to them. Part Two of the book contains copies of the letters of gift and the legal instruments through which the several agencies were created.

After a considerable philanthropic experience, conditioned by his "Gospel of Wealth," Andrew Carnegie started out in 1900 to return to the public the fortune he had accumulated in the steel industry. Before his death in 1919 he had personally given away $311,000,000 and had established twenty foundations to carry on in perpetuity the expenditure of his wealth for the benefit of mankind. Up to 1941 these foundations have made grants that total $368,000,000, and they still have assets that aggregate $320,000,000. Above $270,000,000 of these capital funds are in the form of endowment that must be held in perpetuity and the income forever used for philanthropic purposes.

During the forty years covered by this review the seven Carnegie foundations that operate in the United States have made grants that aggregate $324,000,000. Their assets for future service total $287,500,000. In round figures these assets are divided among the trusts as follows: Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, $11,000,000; Carnegie Institute of Technology, $27,000,000; Carnegie Institution of Washington, $39,500,000; Carnegie Hero Fund Commission, $9,500,000; Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, $23,000,000; Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, $12,000,000; Carnegie Corporation of New York, $165,500,000. It is fairly common knowledge that some of these foundations act as their own operating agents and do not make grants to outside agencies or persons.

The four British and dominions' trusts have assets with a dollar value of $30,500,000. The nine Carnegie Hero Funds working in as many countries of Europe have assets estimated at $2,000,000.

When Elihu Root said to Mr. Carnegie, "you have had the best run for your money I have ever known" he was not only evaluating the joy and sense of stewardship Andrew Carnegie had experienced; he was describing a feeling he and other trustees of Carnegie enterprises have felt in carrying forward a program that is designed to go on from generations to generation. In asking them to carry on his work and spirit of giving, Andrew Carnegie wrote the trustees: "Conditions upon the earth inevitably change; hence, no wise man will bind trustees forever to certain paths, causes or institutions. I disclaim any intention of so doing. On the contrary * * * they shall best conform to my wishes by using their own judgment."

This valuable reference work should be in every public and academic library and in ready reach of all students of corporate giving.

Journal and Guide
Norfolk, Virginia

His Book Will Startle Southerners

VIRGINIUS DABNEY, Editor of the Richmond Times-Dispatch, Author of "Below The Potomac: A Book About The New South." The book is reviewed in The Guide's editorial columns this week. Published by D. Appleton-Century Company, New York, N. Y., $3.00. (Photo by Dimenti).

Negro Voices

Blues and ballads to be "crooned, shouted, recited, and sung"—thus Langston Hughes describes "Shakespeare in Harlem," his first book of verse since 1932. And certainly nobody would want to read silently—for instance—the ballad of Arabella Johnson who shot bold Bessie in a Harlem cabaret. Or the lament of the widow woman:

I say don't want nobody else
And don't nobody else want me—
Yet you never can tell when a
Woman like me is free!

From Joplin, Mo., where he was born, Hughes has traveled far and lived and worked in Mexico, Africa, Italy, Russia, Spain, and the Montmartre. Now 40, Hughes has long been a leader of the New Negro movement and is recognized as the Negroes' most versatile writer—with a novel, "Not Without Laughter," a widely praised autobiography, "The Big Sea," and several plays and short stories to his credit. (SHAKESPEARE IN HARLEM. *By Langston Hughes. 124 pages. Illustrations. Knopf, New York. $2.50.)*

¶ Selections from Hughes, Richard Wright, Countee Cullen, Zora Neale Hurston, and others appear in a recently published anthology called "The Negro Caravan." The editors of this compendium of a century and a half are anxious that the work of their people be considered simply as literature with no extenuation because Negroes produced it. But the theme of oppression runs deep in the book, and even when it is not present few will forget that a Negro possessing the education to write competently had to struggle for it. (THE NEGRO CARAVAN. *Edited by Sterling A. Brown, Arthur P. Davis, and Ulysses Lee. 1,082 pages. Appendix, index. Dryden, New York. $4.25.)*

afro-american
Baltimore, Maryland

AFRO READERS NOT GUILTY OF THIS?

By HARRY LEVETTE

HOLLYWOOD.—Wonder when colored Americans will wake up and value their papers like the Jews, Japanese, Mexicans, Chinese and other racial groups in this "land of the free and the home of the brave."

Next time I see some colored jane, ashamedly reading a colored paper on the sly, because the bus or street car is full of whites, I'm goin' to holler right out loud: "Don't be ashamed of it sister. Open it up! You're very colored, and so is it. It's the only one that announced your birth, and the only one that will publish your death notice!"

8-1942

Commercial Appeal
Memphis, Tennessee

Fine Picaresque-Historical Novel Shows Abolitionists In Civil War

THE DRUMS OF MORNING. By Philip Van Doren Stern. Doubleday, Doran. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM N. ETHRIDGE JR., Oxford, Miss.

An absorbing plot, picaresque nature and a well documented historical background are traditional elements of a best seller. This rather long book has both, plus enough technique and imagination to justify its classification as a first-rate historical novel.

The Abolitionist, antislavery movement of the two decades before the Civil War was one of the great liberal causes of American history. The South was caught in the snares of a self-devouring economy. The North was unable to choose between the large profits derived from Southern agriculture and its lust for the benefits of an increasing political power. So the Nation was divided in the eternally contradictory spectacle of men weakening their country for their immediate gain.

Into this whirlpool entered the Abolitionists, a small group of zealots composed largely of ministers, newspaper men, Quaker farmers and professional reformers. They advocated the simple yet astounding (to most of the country) proposition that the enslaved black men should be freed immediately. They believed that the end justified the use of any means.

Raised in an Abolitionist household, Jonathan Bradford, a young man, travels over the Southern states to study slavery, has a love affair with a planter's daughter, a duel with a rival, and is arrested while transporting slaves to free territory in the Caribbean. When war breaks he is caught in Charleston and imprisoned there for the first year of the war. Bombardment of the city enables him to get away and join the Union Army. A few months later he is captured and interned in the notorious Confederate prison at Andersonville, Ga. At the war's end he returns to his devastated Pennsylvania farm to start his life over again.

Stern handles Jonathan with admirable objectivity. The latter is a participant-observer, but never a critical, introspective thinker.

Like Upton Sinclair, Stern's major interest is in the cause rather than the characters. But in dramatizing the antislavery crusade he, of necessity, uses the leading characters of that movement. They are almost all admirably done. Theodore Parker is cold and calculatingly detached. Frederick Douglas is stolid and humble, as befits his past and his race. Most fascinating of all is John Brown. The imaginative players are less vivid.

The facts are well documented. Thorough familiarity is manifest in the splendid chapters on the Abolitionist meetings, the operation of the Underground Railway, and the horrors of the Andersonville prison. However, the issues are not so well contrasted with one another. The Southern position is very poorly presented. The historical novelist is responsible, when opposing forces arise, for presenting fairly both positions. Stern could well take a lesson on this point from Kenneth Roberts.

The surrender at Appomattox ended Jonathan's immediate fight against slavery. Yet he knew that "the drums of morning" would revive "the echoes of the war that had ended but would never have ended." As we know today, the fight for freedom is an endless battle, and each generation must defend its heritage. "Its victories are never final."

Drawings from jacket of "Drums Of Morning"

Old Man Town

News-Week
Dayton, Ohio

Otis Town read the pamphlet touting the rich Mississippi Delta land and promptly sold his farm in the hills and left for the Delta. He bought cheap swampland and got out a cotton crop the first year, for Town was a hard-bitten farmer, unafraid of unceasing toil. But he cheated his Negro hands. He took a Negro woman and she gave him a son, Wee Boy, a darkened kinky-haired replica of Town.

Town prospered. He bought thousands of acres, kept robbing his Negroes, and rode around in an expensive auto driven by Wee Boy. His white wife and family moved to Memphis, changed the name to Towne, and enjoyed social, or anti-social, lives. Mrs. Towne was vain, a climber; Loraine, repressed and lonely; Elaine, a wanton, and Van, a law-breaking waster.

But cotton reached its peak at a dollar after the last war, then began to drop in price. Ruin was inevitable as farmers held on to their crops for higher prices while they planted more. By the time Old Man Towne returned from a naïve journey to St. Louis and New York to tell the "market fellers whut cotton's wuth," he was penniless. He died a broken man.

Towne's story constitutes the second novel by John Faulkner, 40-year-old Mississippian and brother of the 45-year-old and more famous William. As did John's first effort, "Men Working," his new "Dollar Cotton" demonstrates his reportorial skill, in contrast with his brother's tortuous stylized satire. True, the main character in "Dollar Cotton" doesn't quite come off; clues to Towne's inner make-up are inadequately presented. Yet in action John Faulkner's prose is swift, adept, and best in a memorable lynching scene. (DOLLAR COTTON. *By John Faulkner. 306 pages. Harcourt, Brace, New York. $2.50.)*

New Republic
New York, N. Y.

SYPHILIS IN THE NEGRO, by H. H. Hazen, M.D. (The United States Printing Office; 20 cents). An excellent pamphlet on the high incidence of syphilis among Negroes: according to a Rosenwald Foundation survey, of 12,000,000 Negroes in 17 Southern states, slightly less than 2,500,000 have syphilis. It is also a protest against the lack of sufficient hospitals and clinics and general facilities for adequate medical care of Negroes, particularly in the South, the need of better facilities for training Negro medical students, and the roots of this social disease in social conditions. Too many of our Negro people suffer from syphilis, and the problem is not theirs alone. Dr. Hazen proves that something can and must be done.

'Negro Handbook' Is Must Reading

Daily Worker
N.Y., N.Y.

THE NEGRO HANDBOOK, 1942. Compiled end edited by Florence Murray. Wendel Malliet and Company, 209 W. 125th St., New York City. $3.50.

SEP 30 1942

By Ben Davis, Jr.

SEP 30 1942

Here is a welcome and ready volume of information on practically all phases of Negro life during the years 1940-41. It commendably fulfills its title, namely, "a manual of current facts, statistics and general information concerning the Negro in the United States."

Knowledge of the Negro people, their activities and organizations, is always in order if we are to fully understand our nation as a whole. It is even more so now when "Leagues for White supremacy" are arising to obscure and smear the contributions of the Negro people, as a means of undermining national unity to win the war. White Americans especially, as well as Negroes, need to arm themselves with facts, in order to help put the pro-fascist liars to rout and thus to strengthen the bonds of unity and understanding between all patriotic countrymen.

SEP 30 1942

Only Current Handbook On the Negro People

So far as I know, this is the only current handbook in existence on the Negro people. And its possession is indispensable for libraries, labor unions, students, newspapers and all others who wish to be well informed on the country's twelve million Negro citizens.

The volume deals with the activities of the Negro people in the field of business, civil rights, national defense, religion, education, labor, health, government and politics, housing, books and periodicals, music and art, farms, sports and in other endeavors. All of the major organizations are dealt with to a greater or lesser extent, and there are many tables and catalogs which one will find of immediate use almost anytime. An extended list of Negro leaders is contained.

Apparently, no analyses or interpretations of political and social forces were intended. Yet there is no Chinese wall between "facts" and "interpretations." So when World War II is treated pretty much as if it is another World War I, it does not accord with the fact that the present conflict is a just one against a monstrous tyrant—Hitler and his Axis satellites— who seek to dominate the world. Neither is it true that "Poland was overwhelmed and partitioned between Germany and Russia."

Actually Poland was wantonly invaded by Hitler, after the Soviet Union's long fight for collective security, a policy endorsed by all advanced humanity, was rejected by the major states. When the Red Army marched into Poland, it was after all sembalnce of organized government had disappeared from Poland, and the Red Army's march prevented all of Poland from being garbled up at that time by the Nazis, and enabled the Soviet Union to fortify this territory to the great advantage of herself, the Polish people and the United Nations. But the statement that "it was gen-

At another point, the volume gives a very brief but fair-minded description of the Communist Party's National Convention of 1940. erally thought that the Communist Party did not attract as many Negroes to its 1940 campaign as it had during the previous two campaigns" is wholly unsupported by any material in the book, or anywhere else. From the response to the Communist campaign that year, particularly as centered in the vice-Presidential candidacy of James W. Ford, the Negro people showed a much greater enthusiasm for the Communist election campaign than ever before.

SEP 30 1942

Despite Weaknesses, A Valuable Book

In a more complete picture of the famous bus strike won in New York, where Negro drivers were for the first time employed, the handbook might well have mentioned the role played jointly by Councilman A. Clayton Powell, Jr., Hope Stevens, president of Manhattan Council of the National Negro Congress, and Michael Quill, president of the Transport Workers Union. Mr. Quill's union setting a magnificent example which long ago lost its exceptional character in the labor movement.

But these and other weaknesses do not impair the tremendous value of the handbook. The volume is attractively bound and well indexed. Both Miss Murray and Mr. Malliet, a well-known Harlem newspaperman are to be congratulated for its publication.

New York Times
New York, N. Y.

AGRICULTURAL EXTENSION SERVICES AMONG NEGROES IN THE SOUTH. By Doxey A. Wilkerson. Pamphlet. Institute, W. Va.: The Conference of Presidents of Negro Land Grant Colleges, c/o John W. Davis, President, West Virginia State College. Including also "Extension Work With Negroes," a statement issued by the United States Secretary of Agriculture, February, 1941.

AUG 23 1942

Tribune
Philadelphia, Pa.

Chemical Handbo'k Now Used By Army

SEP 26 1942

TUSKEGEE, Ala. — "Chemical Warfare Simplified," a military handbook for gas officers, non-commissioned officers and enlisted men of the Regular Army and National Guard, is now being generally used in the United States Army, and, in addition, can be found in many libraries.

The book, written by 1st Lt. Don Benn Owens, Jr., a colored man, was first used by the 372nd Infantry (2nd Bn.).

SEP 26 1942

Lt. Owens, the first colored commissioned officer (October 21, 1929) in the Chemical Warfare Service of the U. S. Army, is a veteran of World War I.

He is now at Tuskegee, where he is Post Chemical Warfare Property Officer and Assistant Post Chemical Officer, responsible for all chemical warfare property of whatever nature or description at the air base.

Two other colored chemical warfare officers are on duty there—2nd Lt. Lott S. Carter, and 2nd Lt. Willard B. Ransom, recent graduates of the Chemical Warfare School at Edgewood Arsenal.

——A Colored Judge——

'The Negro Quarterly' A Vigorous Journal

Daily Worker
N.Y., N.Y.

THE NEGRO QUARTERLY, No. 2, Summer, 1942. Negro Publication Society, 1 W. 125th Street, New York City.

SEP 15 1942

By Abner W. Berry

Negro readers and white friends of Negro freedom have in the Negro Quarterly, ably edited by Angelo Herndon, a vigorous journal. In its current issue are discussed pertinent social and ideological questions relating the Negro people to a world at war. The quarterly fills a great gap on the Negro cultural front.

Highlighting its summer issue are articles written by Dr. L. D. Reddick, curator of the Schomburg Collection of Negro Literature in the New York Public Library, and Louis Harap, managing editor of Jewish Survey, titled: "Anti-Semitism Among Negroes" and "Anti-Negroism among Jews." It is an enlightening discussion of a problem which is immediate and pressing in many urban centers. Both writers are sufficiently self-critical as people's representatives to uncover much that has been hidden on this phase of race prejudice.

There is a tendency, however to lump, mechanically, the problems of the Negroes and those of the Jews under one category. Jewish Negro persecution stem from different phases of our capitalist society—one from competition, the other from the exploitative phase Upon our ability properly to identify and isolate these distortions and defects in our democratic structure depends the strengthening of an important aspect of our war effort

SEP 15 1942

Richard Wright's contribution, a fragment from his book, "Twelve Million Voices," is a moving and poetical sketch-history of the Negro in America.

On India in the present world crisis, Kumar Goshal, the brilliant young Indian writer and lecturer interprets the role of that subcontinnent. He effectively refutes those who contend that India should wait until after the war for freedom to avert chaos.

Henrietta Buckmaster's essay on historical fiction should aid young novelists in improving their historical perspective and put their generation better in touch with the real American tradition.

A profile of Detroit against background of the national war effort, with emphasis on race relations, is presented by Louis Martin, a Negro editor of that city.

Langston Hughes and Margaret L. Osborne wrote two interesting short stories, and in a review Mr. Reddick comes back with a telling denunciation of book publishers who defame the Negro people on book covers and in blurbs, especially when the books' authors are Negroes.

SEP 15 1942

The poetry in this issue is not up to the standard of the other material. In times like these there must be poets who can speak to the people in the manner of a Sandburg; simple and strong and moving, in a way that can be instantly understood. While this criticism does not apply to ALL of the poetry, it seems that the editors should have in mind the audience to be reached and seek to keep the poetry within the limits of the Quarterly's "personality."

In the editor's comment (which was preface) many new facets of Negro thought under the impact of the war were analyzed. And the shortcomings of Britain and America regarding the physical and psychological mobilization of the blacks of the world was carefully noted. However the tendency was strong to slur over the positive and dignified role of Negro heroes in this war such as Dorie Miller and the soldiers who have been cited recently in the line of action. They are correct when they call for a more "mature form of struggle" going beyond the limited objective of jobs and economic security. But we should also recognize the contribution men like Dorie Miller have made to the fight for the rights of their people as they fought to save their country.

In summary, the Negro Quarterly is a welcome antidote for much that went for thinking within and about the Negro people. Its editors and contributors are to be commended for the maintenance of high standards and principles both in technique and scholarship.

8-1942
New Masses
New York, N. Y.

A Copperhead Book

LINCOLN AND THE RADICALS, by T. Harry Williams. University of Wisconsin Press. $3.

IN THE delicate language of Mr. Williams, the Radicals during the Civil War, i.e., those who wanted an all-out war for the destruction of the slave system, were fanatical, impractical, envious, raffish, frenzied, gloating, mendacious inquisitors, conspirators, Judases. A writer essaying the tremendous task of delineating the most critical years in the life of Abraham Lincoln who never uses the basic studies of his subject—the works of Herndon, Weik, Barton, Charnwood, Hertz, and Sandburg. No wonder he emerges with a "wily," "scared," "harried," "chess-piece." The immortal Lincoln a "chess-piece"!

Are there, then, no heroes? Yes, at least two—George B. McClellan who, "if the politicians had let him alone might have won the Civil War," and Robert E. Lee, the "great" and "redoubtable" one. Does Mr. Williams have other spasms of tenderness? Yes. When the filthy New York *Herald* in December 1861 drips treason in such sentences as: "If the factious abolition leaders do not speedily draw in their horns, they may find in General McClellan such a tartar as the Lord Parliament found in Cromwell, and the Council of Five Hundred in Napoleon Bonaparte," this is lightly dismissed as "an injudicious threat." And a letter written by a Wall Street gold speculator and McClellan's political manager, Samuel L. Barlow, in January 1862, proposing capitulation to the demands of the Confederacy, is also characterized as merely "injudicious."

The choice and use of sources are indicative of the author's values. To sum up an evaluation of Benjamin Wade, one of the most interesting and neglected figures in American life, he quotes seventy words of a pen portrait appearing in the New York *Herald* mentioned above, while his character sketch of Zachariah Chandler includes a slanderous piece from a leading western Copperhead organ. The same non-partisan source is quoted to round out the picture of Gen. David Hunter, an Abolitionist, to the effect that he was a "hanger-on at Washington, doing dirty jobs for the War Department"—the same man to whom Lincoln occasionally turned for particularly important work since, as he wrote, Hunter was "a man of large experience."

Occasionally Mr. Williams throws in a slander of his own without the show of detachment which a footnote offers, as when he broadly hints that Stevens was a drunkard. This is particularly unhappy since during most of his adult life Thaddeus Stevens was a total abstainer, and believed, as he put it, that there was "no hope for one who even tastes strong drink." Other snide remarks about the gullibility or cowardice of Negroes are more serious and have as little relationship to the truth. The above are offered as but a few examples of Mr. Williams' misuse or misinterpretation of sources, which is, indeed, characteristic of the entire work.

As with sources, so with motives. Mr. Williams experiences no difficulty and exercises no hesitation in tackling the historian's most complex task—the unearthing of individual motivation. With no documentation, but rather and repeatedly by mere assertion, the author makes sordid and reprehensible, crass and vulgar, the motives of every Radical, or the temporary, converted type like Hooker and Grant.

At no point does the author make clear the meaning of the Civil War, and the mortal character of the battle. At no point does he show how serious was the treason in the North, and how closely affiliated therewith was the Democratic Party. Since this is so, the deadly earnestness of the Radicals seems fantastic or stupid or affected, and their policies appear iniquitous and cruel.

Finally, Mr. Williams persists in dealing with the demands of the Radical Republicans, on the same level as the demands of the Copperheads, and slaveholders. That, I suppose, is academic objectivity—refusing to take sides. Of course it is nothing of the kind, for by dealing with the Radicals on the same level as with the reactionary elements of society one demeans the former to the position of the latter.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

Nation
New York, N. Y.

New Deal Washington

WASHINGTON IS LIKE THAT. By W. M. Kiplinger. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

WITH the aid of forty assistants, Mr. Kiplinger has turned out a useful and much-needed volume. In 502 highly readable pages the machinery of New Deal Washington is removed for the average citizen from a plane of suspicious theory to a level of concrete problem-and-solution. Rich in personal and chatty detail yet retaining the crispness of the Kiplinger letters, this combination guide and political handbook tells exactly how Nelson and Henderson go about the business of ordering war production, how farming has already become the most highly centralized industry in America, how each of the alphabetical agencies functions and through what kind of personnel, how lobbying has become a respectable and vital part of the American government, what Congressmen do when they're not going through the motions on the floor, how Supreme Court decisions are prepared, and a host of other pertinent facts ranging in scope from the raising of campaign funds to the regulation of prostitution in the capital. There is an optimistic chapter on the progress toward a fairer deal for Negroes in the federal structure and a well-intentioned, if theoretically dubious, discussion of Jews in government. Many chapters deal with Washington as a municipality and the daily lives of its citizens, and the book is generously sprinkled with thumbnail sketches (not too acute) of government, labor, farm, business, and society leaders.

Mr. Kiplinger's thesaurus is journalistic rather than ideological, but its rambling content is unified by two prime convictions, contradictory on the surface though not in fact. The first is that centralization of control over the national economy, call it state socialism or merely government planning, is here to stay and has in fact already gone a long way. Mr. Kiplinger sees the farm program, for example, as an accomplished "social revolution," furnishing "a general pattern for efforts to bring about an integration of other industries in the future." He expresses neither favor nor disfavor; he merely reports. But his reporting is hopeful, and he looks forward to "the greatest building era in history after the war." What makes him optimistic is the prospect that the economic planning of the coming new order will be a joint project of government and private minds. Thus along with an increasing degree of centralized control he sees a trend toward a purer democracy, to be exercised through legitimate pressure groups and private cooperators, with Congress presumably acting as an arbiter, weighing the objectives of one pressure group against another. To further this working relationship between citizen and government he counsels a greater popular intimacy with the problems of administration and a greater degree of participation in politics. "Shrinking from politics," he writes, "is really a shirking. The reason people shrink is that they regard politics as something dark and mysterious." His book is intended to resolve the mysteries, and as far as the mechanics of government go—which is far enough for one book—it fulfils that purpose admirably.

ROBERT BENDINER

Daily World
Atlanta, Georgia

Writes Strong Book 'Democracy For All'

LOS ANGELES—(A N P)—Christopher C. Jones, a resident of Los Angeles, has written and published a comprehensive book entitled "Democracy for All." He was born in Oklahoma and finished at Booker T. Washington High school at Tulsa in 1936.

Mr. Jones spent eight years in research and the compiling of this work, studying the conditions and problems of the Negro throughout the nation. The book is based on a brief survey of the Negro's part in history, the second paragraph of the Declaration of Independence, the bill of rights and the 13th, 14th and 15th amendments of the constitution.

The contents are as follows: (1) A Brief Survey of the Negro's Part in History, (2)—Adequate Negro Educational Opportunity, (3)—Increased Opportunity for Negro Farm Tenants and Agricultural Workers, (4)—Taxation Without Representation Because of Race and Color, (5)—Equal Protection of life For All Enforced Capital Punishment for Lynchers and their Henchmen, (6) Proportional Negro Representation in all Branches of the Nation's Armed Forces, (7)—Dimock Con Trial, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

While attending high school Mr. Jones was the first Negro ever to win a medal in the Tulsa Civitan Club Oratorical contest, of which Franklin D. Roosevelt is Honorary president. He also won a medal offered by the W. C. T. U. for oratory and five volumes of books in a 15 Southern States Essay contest; which was sponsored by the Interracial commission of Atlanta.

New Masses
New York, N. Y.

History Distorted

THE COMING OF THE CIVIL WAR *by Avery Craven. Scribner's. $3.*

PROFESSOR CRAVEN'S thesis boils down to the assertion that the American Civil War was a totally irrational, useless tragedy, precipitated by the aggressive and vicious fanaticism of the Abolitionists. A crude attempt is made by the author to maintain some semblance of objectivity or neutrality by the insertion of sentences like: "Each side fought against mythical devils. Each struggled for honor, for civilization, for high principles, and for the glory of God." But, of course, in basic struggles like our own Civil War, neutrality is impossible. Objectively considered, to be neutral is to favor the slaveholder's side.

Craven's work, however, goes further than mere implication in its support of the bourbons. It shows no awareness of the character of the greatest single dynamic force in nineteenth century America—industrial capitalism—and only a hopelessly distorted view of the greatest reactionary force in that America—Negro slavery. To the author the latter system provided an excellent solution for the needs of any society. Stability and contentment were characteristic, with sufficient food, clothing, and housing for all, while the slave, if he worried at all, worried only about the soil and the weather.

It is, as a matter of fact, impossible to distinguish between Craven's summary of the pro-slavery argument as enunciated by its expounders and his own opinions about the institution. This is caused not by ambiguity but by kinship. Both accounts are, of course, filled with half truths, and whole fallacies, proven such by innumerable firsthand witnesses ranging from plantation diaries, southern newspapers, court records, runaway slave accounts, and travelers' reports, to the public admissions of slaveholders like Moncure Conway and Mrs. James Madison.

Since Mr. Craven could not find such evidence, it need not surprise us to discover that he feels the Dred Scott decision "contained little to excite public passions," though it "constituted a body blow at popular sovereignty"! Nor need we be surprised to learn that Charles Sumner really feigned illness after Brooks clubbed him into unconsciousness, since this "fact" is based upon the assertion of a southern doctor as printed in the impartial Richmond *Enquirer*. And, naturally, the "justice of [John Q. Adams' struggle for the right of petition] is rather "doubtful," while the "viciousness" of John Brown is perfectly apparent. But perhaps one may be permitted to raise his eyebrow upon reading that "Lincoln and [the Copperhead] Vallandigham were never far apart in objectives." And what shall one say when he is informed that polemicists for the slaveocracy, like Thomas R. Dew and E. C. Holland, produced "thorough well-reasoned, straightforward statements of fact," while a mere politician like Abraham Lincoln "simply did not understand the situation"?

Mr. Craven feels that men and women like Adams, Lincoln, Douglass, Tubman, Mott "can expect only an unsympathetic hearing from the future." This may be true if the future is controlled by men like Jefferson Davis or Avery Craven. But, of course, it will not be. Mr. Craven is no better as a prophet than this work makes him out to be as an historian.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

Kansas City Call
Kansas City, Mo.

Dillard U. Author Is Praised

NEW ORLEANS. — In "Advance From Broadway," a 416-page book published recently by Harcout, Brabe and Company dealing with the development of the American theater outside the direct influence of Broadway, Norris Houghton, author, termed Dillard's Randolph Edmonds "an outstanding representative of the Negro educational theater's younger leadership, with his name known to all colored people who are working toward a stage for their people."

Dillard's attitude toward the development of the drama as an instrument boldly seeking an universal realization of the Negro's problems and aspirations, says Mr. Houghton, is exemplified in Mr. Edmonds, and is typical of all Negro educational philosophy, which is to utilize the arts and sciences for the service of the community.

"The position of their race in the American scene," continues Mr. Houghton in part, "necessarily conditions the thinking and plans of all colored educators. The urgency of fulfilling their responsibility to their people, in view of the tremendous obstacles in the path and the great distance to be traversed, requires clear-eyed vision of the men and women in Negro schools. Among the ones I met I found no faltering and great enlightened zeal.

8-1942
New York Times
New York, N. Y.

As Lincoln's Friends Recalled

LINCOLN AMONG HIS FRIENDS. A Sheaf of Intimate Memories. Assembled and annotated by Rufus Rockwell Wilson. 506 pp. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers. $5.

THIS collection, presented by a veteran student of Lincoln material, has a modest purpose. Mr. Wilson has been gathering "first-hand information" in his favorite field since he was a young man. Much of this information is in newspaper or magazine form and is "now difficult of access, or can only be purchased at prices beyond the reach of the average purse." So Mr. Wilson has made a selection, and here it is. John Hanks, "Duff" Armstrong, Horace White, Speaker Cannon, Henry Villard, Henry Watterson, Goldwin Smith and Horace Greeley are some of the "contributors."

There is not much here for the scholar, who will already be familiar with more than this book holds. Even a general reader will conclude that a bit of editing might have helped. What is the use, for instance, of presenting Lincoln's farewell speech to his Springfield neighbors three times —and in three versions, each different from the other two? Dr. Phineas D. Gurley's funeral sermon, presented in full, is striking evidence of a mediocre preacher's failure to rise to a great occasion, but it has no other interest. All the people who indulge in "tributes" say too much. Greeley isn't worth twenty-five pages, most of them justifying Greeley rather than Lincoln; it is Greeley who is aggrieved because the first Battle of Bull Run "cost the President but one night's sleep," where it "cost me a dozen." When a story is told twice, in different versions, as is the case with the incidents of young Abraham shooting his first wild turkey and Tom Lincoln taking a load of whisky from Kentucky to Indiana, there should be a footnote to connect them. The book needs a whole flock of footnotes. We ought to be helped to distinguish between what is probably true, and what is probably not true. For example, one is just a bit skeptical as to Miss Porterfield's "recollection" that John Wilkes Booth, on the eve of the assassination, went around asking how to spell the Latin word *tyrannis*. All Mr. Booth needed was a dictionary.

For such r[illegible]s as these this volume is far from satisfactory. Yet one cannot doubt that any one making a small collection of books about Lincoln will wish to have this one. Little things about Lincoln flash up with surprising significance. He didn't pride himself on being a railsplitter, but in his skill in cutting down trees. The rails which were produced during the 1860 campaign were a publicity stunt, which he doesn't seem to have relished much. The things that make him appear real to us are often insignificant in themselves: he was very fond of apples; he liked to play handball; until his nomination in 1860 he never wore "his best black suit on weekdays"; he and Herndon had pictures of Washington and Jackson on the wall in their Springfield office; he cared so little about the manuscript of his Cooper Union speech that he let The Tribune printer have his only copy, and then throw it into the wastebasket; he had a bad headache on the day of the Gettysburg Address; Mrs. Lincoln, wifelike, had a great time "fixing him up for the city folks" when he came into New York on his way to Washington in 1861; he had a habit of writing his first drafts of speeches on cardboard of the sort used in making boxes; he had a strange chair, so designed that he could lean his back against the high arm on one side and hang his legs over the low arm on the other side.

In dealing with the kind of testimony we have here one must make many allowances. The most reliable is the contemporary account, such as young Henry Villard's dispatches from Springfield in November, 1860. Here we see Lincoln receiving visitors ten hours a day (later he cut the time to an hour and a half); growing his new beard; telling stories; always in good humor, yet obviously worn down by the terrible responsibilities of his position. Indeed, "his aspect is now almost ghostly." Or we may take Dr. Charles Sabin Taft's plain narrative of Lincoln's last hours, first published in 1900, but clearly based on clinical notes taken at the time. We cannot be so sure of what John Hanks remembered after Lincoln was dead and famous. Many other memories fall in between these extremes—the Chicago convention of 1860, scenes at the inaugurals, the Gettysburg Address. To many of his contemporaries, while he was alive, Lincoln did not appear great. Henry Bowen, editor of The Independent, felt "sick at heart" when Lincoln showed up in his office two days before the Cooper Union speech; he had arranged for a large audience and he thought Lincoln wouldn't live up to it. After all, this wasn't Springfield—it was New York City!

Greeley had some insight. In 1860 he thought Lincoln "a very adroit politician." In 1870 he could write: "There was probably no year of his life in which he was not a wiser, cooler, better man than he had been the year preceding." For a shocker, some readers may like to read what was written of the Emancipator in 1873 by Taylor Bledsoe, an unreconstructed Confederate. Even Bledsoe had to admit by that time that Lincoln had some "really remarkable qualities."

So here are what people really thought about Lincoln and what they thought they thought about him. The blind hero worshipers do their worst, the detractors or the patronizing friends do more to mar the statue. It does not matter. A man of the ages stands forth, mystic, sometimes bewildered, his head in the clouds, his feet on common earth, but still moving the hearts of his people more deeply than he could ever have dreamed.

Amsterdam News
New York, N. Y.

About BOOKS

(BY JULIUS J. ADAMS)

"Harlem, the War and Other Addresses," by the Rev. John H. Johnson; Wendell Malliet and Company; $1.75.

The primary purpose of book reviewing is to tell the reading public enough about a new book so that it can decide whether it is worth reading. If the reviewer has established a reputation in the literary field, he merely has to recommend the book without extravagant comment or reasons why. But if he is unknown, or if his ability to judge the quality of literature expertly is in any way in doubt, he must then explain why he recommends or rejects a book if he expects his report to be of value.

Rev. Johnson

In the case of "Harlem, the War and Other Addresses," having read it with more than ordinary care, I not only recommend it as excellent reading but heartedly and warmly suggest that it be added to the family library. The volume contains some 30 sermons and addresses delivered during the past 14 years, and most of them were delivered at St. Martin's Episcopal Church of which the author is founder-rector.

Covers Human Experience

The outstanding thing about the book is the simplicity and directness of its style and the apparent care employed by the author in the selection of his material. He seems to have covered the entire range of human experience—religion, politics, economics, the war, and race relations. He speaks with the same thoroughness about appeasement, a Broadway play, the Fair Employment Practice Commission, prostitution on a Harlem street, or the fight for jobs on 125th Street as he does about Paul at Corinth, the ministry of St. Luke, or the life of Jesus Christ, all of which are discussed in his book.

The book opens appropriately enough with the sermon "A Church Is Born," delivered on the occasion of the initial service for the new congregation of Saint Martin's, February 19, 1928. An example of the optimistic philosophy of the author which is woven into the whole pattern of his life as expressed in his book, is summed up in the final paragraph of this opening essay. It reads:

Knows Harlem Streets

"Not since the world began has the sun ever once stopped shining. Even through life's darkest clouds, God's love is always shining for us. It will always be shining down for us. It will always be shining down upon our work, down upon the yearnings of our hearts, down upon our great undertakings, such as restoring this church. Through Him we will prosper."

The author shows his innate knowledge of the affairs of the more mundane side of life by his brilliant picture of Harlem's nether world in his sermon on the "Truth About Harlem." It is complete, packed with drama, pathos. Correction of the condition, he believes, is in the hands of Negroes themselves, but he doesn't hesitate to condemn the vicious practices of discrimination and jim crowism that help breed the unsavoray conditions.

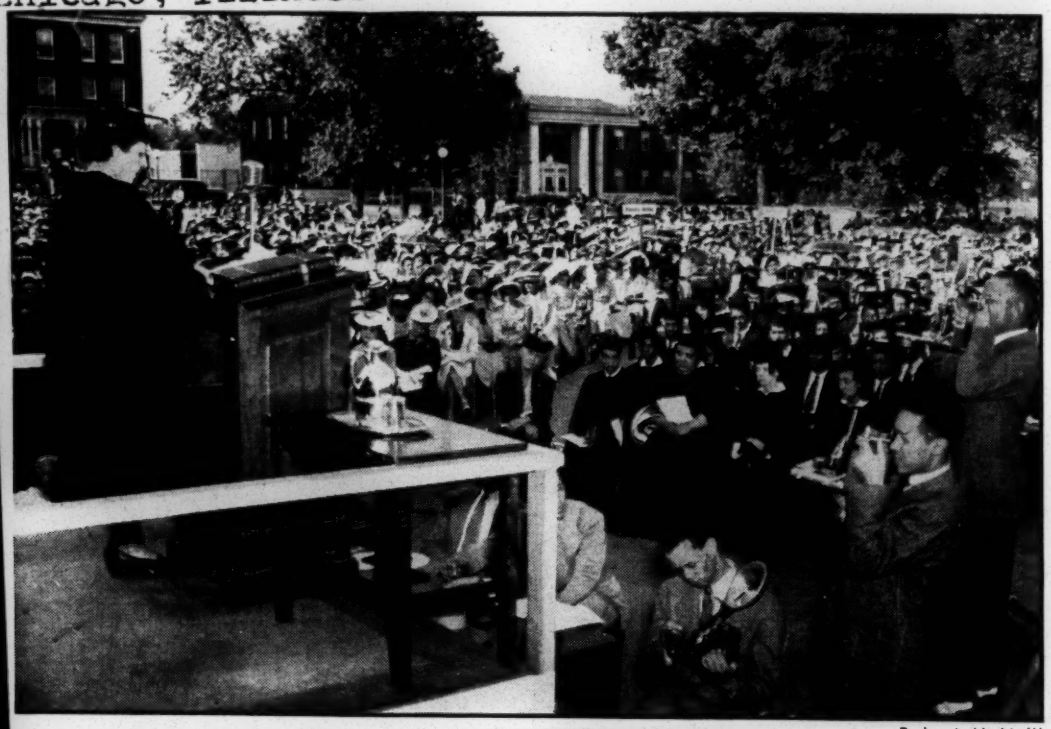
Harlem's struggle for jobs is capsuled handsomely in his speech on "Don't Buy Where You Can't Work," and his address on Mother's Day is a gem of wisdom that should be read and reread along with the classics.

And as the book opened with the story of a birth, it ends with an eulogy to the dead—a striking tribute to a New York City patrolman who was killed in line of duty. It is simple, beautiful and comforting.

The Rev. Mr. Johnson seems returned, but kept for future reading. It rightly belongs on the shelf with these great and imperishable works.

And and the Bible. That is why the book should not be just read and

Time
Chicago, Illinois



Robert McNeill

PEARL BUCK (*at Howard University's Commencement*)
She sees the color problem in black & white.

East Meets West

AMERICAN UNITY AND ASIA—*Pearl S. Buck—John Day* ($1).

GLIMPSES OF WORLD HISTORY—*Jawaharlal Nehru—John Day* ($4).

The big problem for the world of tomorrow is the necessity for the changing mind of the West to understand the changing mind of the East. Both these books, in different ways, contribute to such an understanding. Pearl Buck stresses some of the difficulties in understanding the Asiatic mind. India's National Congress Leader Jawaharlal Nehru exhibits a little of that mind itself.

The desperate need for Asiatic cooperation with the West in this war is Author Buck's No. 1 thesis. Her thesis No. 2: until the American Negro and other racial minorities in the U.S. are granted economic equality and some measure of social equality, there will be no fullhearted cooperation with the United Nations from India (certainly), from China (probably).

The Japanese, says Author Buck, are broadcasting to Asia the doctrine that "there is no basis for hope that colored peoples [Chinese and Indians as well as Negroes] can expect any justice from the people who rule in the United States. 'Look at America,' Japan is saying to millions of listening ears, 'Will white Americans give you equality?' For once, Japanese propaganda is more than propaganda. Lies can be laughed off, but truth is a sober thing. Who can blame our colored allies if they doubt our intentions for true democracy for them?"

Nor does Author Buck believe that settlement of this issue can be postponed until after the war. "It is idle," she writes, "to say that the crisis between white and colored is two steps off and let us attend first to defense and the present war. Crisis is close, inextricably mingled with this war, because the war against Naziism carries race equality or inequality as one of its main issues."

Mrs. Buck says that Great Britain cannot take the lead in bringing Asiatics closer to the West, because Britons are thoroughly disliked in India. The U.S. might take the lead, she thinks, if the U.S. could solve the Negro problem.

Some other points underscored by Author Buck:

▶ "The truth is that India cannot go on with the old order, and we had better accept what is a fact, whether we know it or not."

▶ "Today China is democratic to the bone and to the heart. The freedom of their own country is the first Chinese war aim. But after the Axis is defeated, they will still have freedom in their country—no political and economic or military outposts, if you please, belonging to other countries."

▶ "The deep patience of the colored peoples is at an end. Everywhere among them there is the same resolve for freedom and equality that white Americans and British have, but it is a grimmer resolve, for it includes the determination to be rid of white rule and exploitation and white race prejudice, and nothing will weaken this will."

New York Times
New York, N. Y.

Tales of Travel in Ethiopia

***DEAD MEN DO TELL TALES.** By Byron de Prorok. With photographs and decorative map. 344 pp. New York: Creative Age Press. $2.75.*

DEAD men undoubtedly tell very interesting tales to archaeologists, skilled in deciphering such cryptic prehistoric messages. And since there is a running mention of archaeological endeavor in this book the title is perhaps not too far-fetched. But the reader's interest will actually be held by tales which are alive and, so to speak, contemporary. In other words, 'Dead Men Do Tell Tales" is an entertaining travel book.

Exploration of Ethiopia was a dream of Byron de Prorok's youth; and the dream took definite form when he was working at an archaeological station in Carthage. Not long before the Italian invasion he got an expedition together and set out from Alexandria. They camped at Mersa Matruh, passed by the mysterious "Singing Dunes," paused at Fayum, and so came at long last to "Ethiopia's savage fastnesses." One of the first incidents the author records is the jungle trek in the "Forbidden Land" of escaped slaves near the Blue Nile, and the encounter with a hideously mistreated fugitive. And some time afterward, having been warned against the Mad Sultan Ghogoli in Beni Shangal, he blends humor with suspense in recounting his call upon His Mad Majesty, and a daring sight-seeing visit to that chieftain's traveling seraglio.

After a variety of adventures (with pursuit by wild bees not the least dangerous), which included some archaeological work and some curious spectacles, the explorer emerged from peril and endurance and discomfort to the amenities of a hotel in Addis Ababa, and a ceremonial audience with the Emperor Haile Selassie.

The writing is not without extravagance, but it flows along smoothly.

Nation
New York, N. Y.

The Haitian Revolution

THE HAITIAN PEOPLE. By James G. Leyburn. The Yale University Press. $4.

HAITI was the second country in the Western Hemisphere to free itself from Europe by means of a revolution. In this case the revolution, almost the only successful slave revolt in history, was a real one, directed toward a drastic modification of society. As a consequence, the colonial society of Haiti, made up of a master-class and slaves, was transformed into a peasantry of small Negro landowners. An intermediate stage, one which was definitely formative of contemporary *mores,* was a sort of agrarian state socialism, at times headed by Negro dictators.

Dr. Leyburn's concern in "The Haitian People" is to describe the social evolution outlined above as a prelude to a systematic account of its end products in terms of mental attitudes, beliefs, customs, and institutions. He does this with exhaustive scholarship and with generosity, though always with that conspicuous inadequacy as to cause and consequence notable in most sociological studies restricted to orthodox methods. For example, when Dr. Leyburn, commenting upon the decline of prosperity after the first revolutionary epoch of Toussaint, Dessalines, and Christophe, attributes it in part to the disappearance of compulsion to labor, his treatment, always richly suggestive, cannot fail to prompt other speculations. Expressly forbidding himself lengthy economic discussions, he does not ask how a market for surplus production on a money-crop basis might have been created, or how the popular will might have been animated. Nor does he clearly see in the peasant's indifference to politics and deliberate ignoring of formal law a protective device. Nevertheless, the author's descriptions (his scientific ideal is one of description, one feels) are vivid and sophisticated, especially in his discussions of the caste problem in its relation to politics.

"The Haitian People" has a greater value than that inherent in a solid history of one society. Its importance as an illumination of the problems of revolution and reform is in no way to be measured by the apparent unimportance of the case. The liberal reader will find himself constantly provoked to fresh and fruitful thought concerning such events as the Mexican and Russian revolutions. RALPH BATES

8-1942
World-Telegram
New York, N. Y.

The First Reader

By HARRY HANSEN

MAY 27 1942

W. M. Kiplinger Has His Ear—and 40 Other Pairs—Close to the Ground in Washington.

MAY 27 1942

You've seen Washington—marveled at the cherry trees, gazed at the Capitol dome under floodlights; it's dark now, going to get darker. The nights are short now; they are going to get longer. Cars still being driven about town, but they will get fewer. Stenographers still arriving from the Middle West; they will be rationed soon. Books still arriving at Library of Congress; they will have fewer words soon. Mint julep season here—supply plentiful, say Senators; no rationing this session.

You've heard of W. M. Kiplinger's famous letter from Washington? Well, it runs along like that—short, snappy statements, things to expect, some hopeful, others annoying. That's the way the news comes out of the ground, and when it does Kiplinger's ear is just above the spot. It's an acute ear, and lately, with the help of forty other pairs of ears, it has been covering all of Washington, as you will discover when you read **Washington Is Like That.** (Harper, $3.50.)

This Kiplinger Washington is unlike any city you ever heard or read about. It's not the romantic capital of your dreams. It's a huge boarding house; lots of people live there, few call it home. Life there isn't exactly a feather bed; jobs don't hang on bushes, yet it's a pleasant place where industry never shuts down, because its chief job is running the government. And Kiplinger, who began as a reporter and insists that's his job, talks to you, the plain American citizen, about your capital city in terms that you can understand. Ask him something you didn't expect to find in a book and you'll find it here.

MAY 27 1942

Plain Talk About Discrimination.

For instance: "Aren't there a lot of Jews in the government service?"

No, not necessarily, says Kiplinger. About 4 per cent of all agencies, and that isn't large, is it? Of course, you'll meet more in the National Labor Relations Board and the Wage and Hour division of the Department of Labor than in other offices. As to ability, their average is "unquestionably high." They're liberals and "big city people"—and the New Deal is heavily manned by big city men.

That's an interesting characterization, isn't it? Instead of beating around the bush Kiplinger brings the facts into the open, discusses discrimination and advantages, and thus makes impossible any whispers behind the hand.

MAY 27 1942

"But," you ask, "what about Negroes? What chance have they in government service? How are they doing?"

Kiplinger goes pretty thoroughly into that, for Washington is a big Negro city. Discrimination is being overcome, says he, thanks to President and Mrs. Roosevelt and Secretary Ickes. The President heard from Negro leaders about the inroads the Communists were making because Negroes were discriminated against. He took several steps to right this, and they were attributed to his desire "to scotch the Communists' progress."

"The number of Negro employees of the federal government has tripled from 50,000 to more than 150,000," writes Kiplinger.

MAY 27 1942

Personalities and Issues in Washington.

You get the idea that Kiplinger wants to be scrupulously fair, to tell the truth. This impression lingers when he describes personalities. There is respect, no hero worship, in his portraits of officials.

One of the enigmatic men is J. Edgar Hoover. He is "pleasant, courteous, cold and entirely ruthless. . . . He is entirely outspoken in his likes and dislikes. . . . He works his men without mercy, but he works as many hours as any of them." He uses publicity to help his department, and he is honest all the way through.

The museum of the bureau is closed now; the office hasn't time to entertain visitors. So you won't get a look at John Dillinger's straw hat, full of bullet holes, or the guns of Pretty Boy Floyd, or the dummy Oscar who is used to impersonate the corpse so that the new recruit can study clews.

MAY 27 1942

Here's a hot tip from Kiplinger: "Only one perfect crime was ever reported to the bureau. Not much may be said of it, for the man and woman who did the killing are influential members of their community and would inevitably demand huge damages if their identity were hinted at. The bureau knows when the murder was committed, and where and how. But the body was never found. . . ."

Washington is the lawyer's paradise, the place where career women thrive, the city where lobbyists have palatial offices—pressure men, after all, work in the open as citizens with a cause. It's the place where ideas become laws, where professors become brain trusters, where labor leaders, utility heads, political bosses gather. Kiplinger describes how they come, what they do, where they go. He describes the Negroes, those who rate and those who die of tuberculosis in alley hovels; he talks about gambling and the lack of night life; he describes the President's day, the First Lady's Washington life. . . . Oh, yes, he tells how people pull wires to get into official society. There isn't much about Washington that doesn't reach the ear of W. M. Kiplinger, and for our day his book is indispensable.

Nation
New York, N. Y.

Report on the South

BELOW THE POTOMAC: A BOOK ABOUT THE NEW SOUTH. By Virginius Dabney. D. Appleton-Century Company. $3.

MAY 30 1942

A BETTER subtitle for this book would be "A Newspaperman's Report on the South." Essentially that is what it is—and this is not meant in a deprecatory sense. It is good to be offered a calm, matter-of-fact appraisal of the South as it is today, particularly since we have quite recently had excellent impressionistic studies—Jonathan Daniels's "A Southerner Discovers the South," for one—and the late W. J. Cash's searching inquiry into "The Mind of the South." Virginius Dabney's book was written for those who seek current information about Southern progress, and it does a good job of providing just that. Were it not for that always misleading and involving phrase, "The New South," which Henry Grady first used in 1886, Mr. Dabney would have spared himself and his readers a labored first chapter which successfully and, it is to be hoped, unnecessarily proves that the "Old South" was neither a large-scale model of Uncle Tom's Cabin nor an aromatic compound of magnolia and mint julep.

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That out of the way, Mr. Dabney proceeds vigorously to an examination of the Southern scene. In Southern politics he finds much that liberals everywhere, including Mr. Dabney, would like to see cut out from the body politic; even if the two suggestions made in "Below the Potomac"—abolition of the poll tax and the regeneration of the two-party system—would not immediately make Norrises out of the South's tawdry display of a Reynolds and a Dies and a Smith, they would at least constitute a step in the right direction. On the question of civil liberties, Mr. Dabney turns in a verdict that can be summarized as "better, with more improvement desired, and more on the way." He throws some light on the explosive problem of the Southern Negro by discussing such recent occurrences as the Supreme Court decision on graduate-school facilities for Negroes. Here in particular Mr. Dabney's study of the issues involved can be recommended to the Northern liberal.

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In short, "Below the Potomac" is the product of a native son who wants to see the South come abreast of the times and, in Maury Maverick's phrase, "join the United States." In the slow but inevitable disappearance of sectional animosities and in the economic advances of recent years Mr. Dabney sees grounds for believing that this will not be too long in coming, even though he instinctively distrusts the apparently simple and generally logical programs pushed by reformers who too frequently do not understand the nature of the backwardness out of which they earnestly wish to drag the South. So Mr. Dabney, in discussing the New Deal's work in the South, which by and large he indorses, finds reason to regret that so much of the experimenting blundered even while the greater part of the work outdid the effects of decades of unenlightenment and poverty.

This ought not to surprise anybody, and it probably won't, if we except those whose convictions are too firm for facts to move. If there is a specific recommendation to be made for future reference, it might be this: that we stop talking about *the* South, which is now, after all, only a handy geographical abstraction that has very often turned out to be extremely unhandy in attempts to help the South assume its rightful place in the nation. Everyone who has set ou

"do something" about the South, the New Dealers included, has invariably proceeded on the assumption that the similarities to be found among its component parts were more significant than the differences. If this reviewer has read Mr. Dabney correctly, one conclusion that should be drawn from "Below the Potomac" is that it might be time to try that theory in reverse.

WILLIAM JAY GOLD

Trouble Ahead

ILL FARES THE LAND. *By Carey McWilliams. Little, Brown.* $3.00.

BELOW THE POTOMAC. *By Virginius Dabney. Appleton, Century.* $3.00.

DRUGGED and bewildered as we are by this war of global distances, it is hard for us to realize that at home the "American way of life" which we are ostensibly defending, is no longer tenable. It can no longer be lived, either in war or in peace. Mr. McWilliams' new book makes this clear. It deals not merely with migrants and migratory labor, but, since agriculture and industry have become one, with the inescapable crisis of our total economy. Never again will the obsolete, rattling jalopy of our agro-industrial anarchy carry the load, in comfort or even in decency, of 130,000,000 people.

There must be literally thousands of government employees, from agricultural bureau chiefs down to country farm agents, who know this. But very few have said it, even at the hearings of the Tolan Committee. Mr. McWilliams does say it; more cogently and convincingly than it has been said before. Take the concluding paragraph:

> "To deal with the basic causes of migration, we can no longer think in terms of rehabilitating a few thousand individual farm families, of makeshift work programs, of improvised welfare projects, of social legislation to protect farm workers. . . . We must think in bolder terms; we must plan on a much larger scale. The general direction which our thinking and planning should take is clearly indicated. Democracy is not only the means but it is the goal toward the attainment of which our efforts should be directed. The findings of the LaFollette Committee, of the Tolan Committee, of the Temporary National Economic Committee, all point to the conclusion that our industrial and economic order in all its phases—industrial, agricultural and financial—is not democratic . . . It is at variance with our social and political ideals. Its prime objective seems to be the concentration of wealth and power in the hands of a constantly decreasing number of individuals. It breeds poverty and want, scarcity and insecurity, not by accident, but by necessity . . . We need to refashion this economic order to a more democratic pattern by democratic means and for democratic objectives. If we fail to do so, the shadows are likely to lengthen across the land."

How long before this sort of fair-thought realism gets into the speeches of officials in power? Not too long, one hopes, else our agricultural problems may be "solved" not by democratic means, working democratic ends, but by wrecking violence.

Too long have obsolete symbols sabotaged our thinking. The cover of the March, 1942, *Progressive Farmer* shows an obsolete American yeoman farmer guiding an obsolete plow behind a pair of obsolete Percherons. Turn the page and the first advertisement your eye encounters gives you the truth in a photograph, a tractor pulling a four-row cultivator, and the lie again in the headline: "Out of Bondage . . . Into the Fullness of Freedom." Freedom for whom? For that sturdy rustic, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which in 1937 collected $257,095 in crop allotments from the Agricultural Adjustment Administration? For the farm management corporations, and the urban luncheon clubs of middlewestern Rotarians who gather to discuss the problems of farms they rarely see? For the Great Western Sugar Company of Colorado, which earns its share of our $350,000,000 subsidy to the sugar-beet industry by pauperizing thousands of Mexican families so that they are obliged to go on relief six months of the year, thus enabling that horny-handed corporation to return an average of 43.2% a year on its common stock? For the Di Giorgio Fruit Corporation of California which employs 2887 agricultural workers and owns everything from grape acreage and wineries to lumber companies and fruit auction houses in Chicago and New York? For the California Packing Corporation which owns land in the middle west, in Hawaii and in the Philippines as well as in California, and which contributed 41% of what it took to finance the vigilantism of Associated Farmers? For the owners of the Scioto onion marshes near Toledo, Ohio, whose taxes were approximately equal to the public expense of tubercular treatment of the Kentucky hillbillies and their children who, at 12c an hour, weed and harvest the onions?

The industrialization of agriculture proceeds at an accelerating pace, the inexorable sequence being to degrade the status of the farmer from owner, to tenant, to sharecropper to migrant laborer. By mechanizing his operations the well-capitalized cotton grower can eliminate sharecroppers and tenants (who go on relief), appropriate for himself the government benefit payments and use them to buy more machinery. The better the land the faster this perverse process expels the yeoman farmer to some peripheral gehenna of subsistence farming on marginal, eroded or cutover acres, or sends him with a million or two of his fellows roving around the country looking for farm jobs, chivvied from state to state and denied either relief or the protection of our labor laws. In 1940, according to Vice-President Wallace, there were 1,700,000 farm families living on an average of $500 a year including what they raised themselves. All of these are potential recruits to the unspeakable misery of the agricultural migrant. Today thousands of the Joads are working at war industry jobs—and machines to a considerable extent are taking their places on the farm. What will happen when peace breaks out is not pleasant to think about.

Virginius Dabney's impeccably liberal and tolerant book about the new south provides a suave supplement to McWilliams' more dynamic pages. Mr. Dabney is most informed and effective when he writes on the politics of the poll-tax states, and especially on race relations. He is a bit disappointing in his relative neglect of the underlying economic problems, present and prospective, suggested by the fact that eleven million Southerners are members of families with annual cash incomes of $250 or less, most of them being tenants, sharecroppers, and farm laborers.

JAMES RORTY

Nation
New York, N. Y.

Correction from Mr. Herskovits

Dear Sirs: A much-belated copy of Franklin Frazier's review of my book, "The Myth of the Negro Past," has just reached me here in Bahia. There is one statement in it that, in all justice to the men named, I should like to see corrected.

Mr. Frazier says, "The conclusions of such scholars as Robert E. Park, Edward B. Reuter, and Guy Johnson may be wrong, but they are not the result of race prejudice. . . ." The imputation here is not justified, for nowhere in my book, either explicitly or implicitly, have I made charges of race prejudice against any of these gentlemen—as I have not made them against Mr. Frazier himself, whose work, as he modestly refrains from stating in this review, is cited again and again as making an outstanding contribution to the perpetuation of the "myth" that the Negro has no pre-American past worthy of note. On the contrary, I am at some pains to point out how, with the idea of African cultural inferiority accepted, it was just such men of good-will as these who felt that the less said about this aspect of the Negro's past the better.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

São Salvador, Bahia, Brazil, April 29

8-1942
Amsterdam Star-News
New York, N. Y.

W. M. Kiplinger Says Stature Of Race Grown During New Deal

"The stature of Negroes in government has grown more during the New Deal than in all the previous years since reconstruction days," says W. M. Kiplinger in a book entitled "Washington is Like That," to be published May 27 by Harper & Brothers.

"More than one hundred Negroes hold down positions of authority within government as executives or influential advisers," according to Kiplinger, who is a noted Washington writer and editor of the Kiplinger Washington Letter.

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Number Tripled Now

In addition, he reports, "The number of Negro employes of the Federal Government in all parts of the country has tripled from 50,000 to more than 150,000."

Kiplinger attributes Negroes' progress in government to the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, who have opened the White House to Negro counsel, and to Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes, who was a "trailblazer on behalf of better treatment of Negroes in government."

In his discussion of "Negroes and Equality," Kiplinger traces the advancement of the Negro cause in Washington, from the first appointment of racial advisers to the formation of the Committee on Fair Employment Practice and the recent hiring practices of the Civil Service Commission. He also lists more than two dozen Negro leaders who hold responsible positions in the Federal Government in Washington or who are influential as advisers.

Complaints Made

Despite the progress made in the past nine years, Kiplinger says, there are still three main complaints remaining among leaders of the Negro cause.

"Complaint No. 1 is that although Negroes have 150,000 jobs in the Federal Govrenment service, this is still not as many as their proportion in the population entitles them to. (They are approximately 10 per cent of the population).

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"Complaint No. 2 is that the average income of Negro government workers in all parts of the country is only $1,300, instead of $1,871 which is the national average for all government employes. The leaders claim that Negroes are held to the bottom jobs without adequate chance for advancement.

"Complaint No. 3 is that the 'rule of three' still is on the Civil Service Commission books, and still allows some administrators to avoid hiring Negroes. Negro leaders would like to see a ruling which would make it compulsory for an administrator to take the first name on the eligibility list for any particular job."

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Of the attitude of most white Washingtonians toward the Negro equality movement, Kiplinger says, "They have heard vague rumors about the equality movement but they think it is just a passing phase. They have not yet learned that it isn't."

New York Times
New York, N. Y.

WASHINGTON IS LIKE THAT. *By W. M. Kiplinger. 522 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers,* $3.50.

By S. T. WILLIAMSON

MAY 31 1942

UNTIL a few days ago the most informative volume upon our national capital, and apparently capital of a world in the making, was "Washington, City and Capital," a monumental guide book (weight, five and a half pounds) of the Federal Writers Project of the Works Progress Administration. Now it is joined by "Washington Is *Like* That," a product of two years of compilation and assembly by Willard Kiplinger and twenty-nine helpers. Out of its some 200,000 words—about one-half the wordage of "Gone With the Wind"—serious fault can be found with only four. They are in the title, which is just a bit too cute; but after meditation and prayer, this reviewer confesses that he can't suggest a better one, and, fortunately, he doesn't have to.

If the WPA guide shows one how to *find* his way around Washington, the Kiplinger book shows one how to *know* his way. It fills in a big gap in readily available information about the multitudinous and encyclopedic goings on in the only large city in the world devoted exclusively to government. Unlike "Middletown," it is not a study. Mr. Kiplinger has not pulled the city apart to see what makes it tick. His announced object is "to help people to look Washington square in the face."

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"Washington," he says, "is not a diamond sitting on a piece of velvet, as some people like to think of it. Instead, it is a collection of tools or implements to be handled and inspected. People can grab hold of them, see how they are put together, and how they may be used to make a better system." And the Kiplinger book is primarily a handbook upon the use of those tools, whether by lobbyists, visitors, future residents, or by as yet unclassified, thoughtful citizens.

"To know government," he continues, "you must know the people who run government, including the small fry. Principles and policies must be seen in conjunction with the men and women who make them—the spirit and the flesh. If the two seem all mixed up together, well, that's the way it is. Not in a logical pattern, for government is not always logical."

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Whoever named layer cake "Washington pie" couldn't have been thinking of George—or of Booker—but of the lamelliferous city on the Potomac. Each Kiplinger chapter is a separate layer—one subject, there are more than forty, piled on top of the other. The President and his home each gets a chapter, so does labor and Congress and diplomacy. Negroes, who comprise 28 per cent of the population, get a chapter, and so do lawyers, lobbyists, newsmen, Supreme Court Justices, farmers, sleuths, tourists, society "haymakers," and the fifty-five "most influential men." The latter compilation does not include a single member of Congress, except Vice President Wallace; they are all officials.

And a man who is not a politician is usually a poor official, Mr. Kiplinger observes. This does not mean prior servitude in machine politics, but experience in dealing with the public, knowledge of public feelings and prejudices and "why masses of people feel the way they do about public questions." Most business men do not make good officials at first, "although they soon learn." When he was a blunt business man, Jesse Jones did poorly, but now is keenly politically minded. So is Donald Nelson, after getting pointers from Leon Henderson, "who comes pretty close to being as good a politician as the President and a better one than most members of Congress." Ability to look upon a problem as it affects many clients and interests is a quality public men have and "private men often do not have." Mr. Kiplinger holds that the NRA, despite other failures, was a good school of experience for business men, that they returned home better business men and better citizens. The same is true today of war administration, and the best machinery for working out broad social problems of the

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Photo by Hessler.

W. M. Kiplinger.

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future would be a combination of official minds and private minds.

Mr. Kiplinger believes that there is a good chance of such a combination engaged upon the new economic and social order which will follow the war. That such an order will emerge, he has no doubt. Although he regards the partnership between farmers and government as indissoluble, "the next result, yet to be accomplished, is to get more production from the farming industry, more consumption—plenty for all. What has happened to agriculture, the New Deal would like to have happen to all major industries—marriage with government. The farmer now gets paid well for not doing what he gol durn pleases. Next on the list come the manufacturers. It may pay them. Will it pay the consumers? It may, but that remains to be seen."

In money lending we already have a system of socialized capitalism without, Mr. Kiplinger holds, going back. Government welfare is heading toward more state socialism. "The system is self-perpetuating. Blocs of citizens, nurtured by money from Washington, tie themselves to government — and government, nurtured by the votes of these blocs of citizens, ties itself to them. * * * Your children in their day, by their standards, probably will regard the government's welfare work of today as small potatoes."

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With government, which means officials who are politically minded, playing a larger part in everyday lives in the future, "it may be too much to expect, but it would be more helpful if every one could be a politician, if every one would spend more time working in politics. You may say this would increase the volume of chicanery in politics. But it wouldn't. It would diminish the volume. The trouble with politics is that the active practitioners pull monkey business when people aren't looking. Shrinking from politics is really a shirking."

Thus, some of Mr. Kiplinger's observations. Readers of his weekly news-letters will find here the same gift of saying much in a few words, the same agile objectivity and an enviable ability to tell bad news or make unpalatable predictions cheerfully. Moreover, he has an eye for significant trivialities (Washington's greatest commercial export is waste paper: twenty-five carloads of it, or some 400 tons from the dustbins of Federal and private offices, leave the city every day). And so, yanking out all the adjectives, here is an admirable, entertaining, important and on public affairs today—some of er haste than journalism—this is ly done. useful book. Rare among books which appear turned out in great- carefully prepared and thorough-

New Masses
New York, N. Y.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Nothing New Under the Sun

SHAKESPEARE IN HARLEM, *by Langston Hughes. Knopf. $2.50.*

BE ANGRY AT THE SUN, *by Robinson Jeffers. Random House. $2.50.*

AWAKE AND OTHER WARTIME POEMS, *by W. R. Rodgers. Harcourt Brace. $1.50.*

NONE of these three books is really something new under the sun. Both Langston Hughes and Robinson Jeffers, in their totally different ways, are writing as they always have. Mr. Rodgers is younger and this is his first book. But not even this young poet has achieved either a new way of communicating his feeling about the world as it is now or, surely, a new vision of this world. With history moving so rapidly, poets are, of course, having difficulty in writing at all, for poetry is not mere reporting. Any poem must convey an idea made feeling, and through words and rhythms which are sufficiently emotionalized to stir the reader. Poetry, in other words, requires time for gestation.

If a poet needs a history, a culture, something implicit and of some duration to communicate, the Negro poet has this. His problem is old, his cause just. The culture out of which he writes is more or less homogeneous. The symbols of race suffering and oppression are well understood.

This new collection of Langston Hughes' "blues songs" is not unlike his earlier collections. These are the known lonely songs and rhythms of his people, their love songs too. Back of the simple rhythms lies suffering. The poems are close to folk song. It may be said, however, that they probably had been in preparation for some time. They indicate no awareness of the changed war world, they are not even profoundly class or race-conscious. I think on the whole they are a little too easily composed. Folk poetry is always the picture of a people. But a poet like Langston Hughes should have something more to say than is said in these strummed out "blues songs" which can too easily be listened to and do not call forth enough thought.

Robinson Jeffers is entirely consistent. All of his long poems have expressed the anarchistic individualist's annoyance with the modern world. Long ago Jeffers said flatly that he was more impressed by Nietzsche than by Christ, by Freud than by Marx or Lenin. He understood, he said, the guns and the airplanes better than any of the economic theories for "Utopia."

Jeffers is a clear example of the poet who remains a romantic and anarchistic individualist in times which turn to other forms of thinking. He is as disillusioned about this culture as Eliot, but he thinks man should return to the primitive and solitary. Nor does he retreat in this last volume which was, undoubtedly, composed before Pearl Harbor. His position is isolationist, anti-Roosevelt. He has a vague admiration for Churchill aroused and England aroused. He understands (or thinks he does) Hitler, the madman and dreamer. He sees his generation after this war as wandering between the "dogs" of Europe and the "policemen" of America. His sons are war age and he hates the war for that reason. But he has long held that our civilization was crashing, must crash, and has believed in Spengler and the cyclic theory of the rise and fall of cultures, races, etc. So much for his ideas. As for his poetry it is prosaic, looser than usual in structure, flat-footed and weary. And this book will feed emotionally only those who can look toward a god of violence and enjoy the fury of storm because they desire the nervous exhaustion and oblivion which follow. Fortunately these are not many. Jeffers has been over-rated. He is communicating only to such as, being sick, would have sensation at any price, even the price of death.

The best book in this group is W. R. Rodgers' *Awake and Other Wartime Poems.* Some of the poems in this volume were written before the war, others more recently. Rodgers is a young Ulsterman better acquainted at this time than any American poet is likely to be with the actual meaning of war itself. The first edition of this book was destroyed in an enemy bombing raid. And Rodgers has the dubious distinction of being hailed as the Rupert Brooke of this later war. He is technically well equipped, better equipped than Brooke ever was. But he has, alas, been educated in poetry by the English intellectual poets—Auden in particular. His real world is distinctly that of the disillusioned middle class. His acceptance of social reform is an intellectual acceptance first and foremost. And consequently there is much in the longer poems in this book which is pure rhetoric (an attempt to convince others) rather than actual vision, imagination, or emotional faith in a better future for mankind.

The rhythms here are often the down-beat rhythms of disillusionment. The imagery is *composed* rather than felt "ten-league boots on brutality," "oiled eyes," "syrupy event," "sought in cinemas," "trapped intrepid man." Actually this language reminds one of the artificial pseudo-classic language as first employed by the very early romantics in pieces about common man. And the poems which are truly successful here are not those of intellectual message artfully contrived, but such poems as "Beagles," in which the image of the hunted animal becomes the image of hunted man—and because Rodgers has seen and felt this fact emotionally.

As for poems of propaganda, one must honor this poet for trying to convey a message of which intellectually he is convinced:

And let us like the trapped intrepid man
Who on the prairie hears the holocaust roar
And sees his horizons running to meet him
In mutinous flames, while the still grasses fill
With rills of refugees, let us calmly
Stand now to windward, and here at our feet
Stooping, light fires of foresight that will clean
And clear the careless ground before us
Of Privilege. So will that other Fate
Arriving find no hold within our state,
And we on our ringed ground its roar will wait
Freely. Awake! before it is too late.

This is deliberate anti-fascist war poetry, but it is intellectual poetry. And purely intellectual poetry is never very important artistically. It has the further fault of not touching anything but the upper brain cells. It is not emotionally moving. W. R. Rodgers, rid of his contrived imagery, searching the actual world of sight and sound and smell and the language of the people who love freedom, may come through. He is turned in the right direction. But he had better stop talking about the "scathing winds of hate," "lariat intellect," "grass skirt insularity," if he wants to communicate to the English-speaking common people anything at all.

EDA LOU WALTON.

Nation
New York, N. Y.

MUD ON THE STARS. By William Bradford Huie. L. B. Fischer. $2.75.

This is an accurate, disturbing social-political document of the South. Garth Lafavor comes from an old Alabama family which has fought in every generation for what it considers the American way of life. The present-day Garth sets out to find a present-day American way for which he too can fight, and in the course of his education brushes up against the extremes of social and economic struggle—race violence and union gangsterism, black reaction and ruthless radicalism. Fighting the TVA, which inundates his family lands, he learns that the government has to desert the few for the many; when he becomes a newspaperman in Birmingham and what he himself calls a "fascist whelp," he discovers that he has helped lynch two of his own Communist friends. At the end, with America at war, Garth has joined the army, pledged to destroy the enemies of democracy wherever he finds them. Mr. Huie calls his book a novel and insists in a preface that it is not autobiographical, but he supplies us with a dust-jacket sketch of his own life which corresponds with the life of his protagonist far too closely for comfort. Garth Lafavor's history is certainly not the less frightening for being familiar, nor is his final regeneration the more reassuring because what precedes it is told with disarming honesty: one wonders how far a person bred in prejudice and temperamentally so mercurial can be trusted even though he has confessed his sins and joined one's own team!

3-1942

New Masses
New York, N. Y.

The Black Belt

DEEP SOUTH, *by Allison Davis, Burleigh B. Gardner, Mary R. Gardner. University of Chicago Press. $4.50.*

JAN 6 - 1942

HERE is the Black Belt's *Middletown.* After the plethora of regional works by "inside" impressionists who skim over an area, a book by trained sociologists who actually lived for two years in the locale they analyze is indeed welcome. Moreover, the investigators themselves, like the folk of the anonymous southern town they studied, are both Negro and white, male and female, thus giving them uninhibited entry within the caste and sex (but not class) divisions of the society examined. And the subject matter is as fresh as the method of its collection.

Yet it must be remarked that at some points the authors put forth propositions of a very questionable nature. Thus, they write: "It seems useless, and it is certainly unscientific, to postulate that either the economic system or the social organization, per se, is a first cause." Were the postulating of a first, or basic, cause useless, disciplines would lose much of their value, since, under such circumstances, methods of therapy—both corrective and preventive—could be discovered only accidentally. And if postulating basic causes, or, in other words, formulating fundamental generalizations, is unscientific, then a geologist needs be but a gravel sorter, an astronomer but a star gazer, an historian but a logographer, and a sociologist but a census taker.

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Actually, however, the authors themselves forget their own remark by the time they have written another page, and place the "technical system which is organized and controlled by the economic system" at the base, and rear upon it the social organization and logics of the community. And a few pages farther on they accurately remark that the peculiar feature of the particular society, its caste structure, "had its origin, historically, in the plantation economy."

And, at another place, the authors comment upon the alleged "willingness" with which the victims of this plantation economy and its caste and class structures remain where they are. Their "willingness" approximates that with which the waiting Man from Kansas remains in Atlanta. But, once again, the actual content of the book devastates this glib remark of its creators.

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For it is precisely here that the work's truly great value lies. America's plantation economy and society, the whims, values, and organizations of each of its classes and castes, and the devilishly efficient system of exploitation, are brought to life. You can't get land, for the bosses own it all, water is scarce for the bosses don't bother digging wells, food is lacking for the bosses have fenced in the pasture land, and money is unavailable, and moving is almost impossible, for without money you're in debt, and a man in debt *dare* not move. The book is filled with close-up, living evidences of tension, resentment, hostility, and outright rebellion on the part of the poor-Negro and -white—and with the methods of control devised and maintained by the wealthy—again Negro and white, though here, of course, largely the latter.

Readers of Richard Wright's recent magnificent book will remember the folk saying derived from decades of deception and brutality:

Nought to nought, an' figguh to figguh
All fuh de white man, an' none fuh de nigguh

Well, the authors tell us that a new jingle is coming from increasing thousands of southern lips today, and it goes:

Nought to nought, an' fo' to fo'
All fuh de rich, an' none fuh de po'

When enough southern people learn those lines, Cox of Georgia, and Smith of Virginia, and Dies of Texas will have to follow Harvey of Queens into exile, and move mighty fast.

This reviewer knows of no other single book in which so detailed and graphic, so rounded and accurate a picture of the Bourbon caste-class system is given. The work is a major contribution toward the understanding of the American scene.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

January 6, 1942 **NM**

New Masses
New York, N. Y.

"Poor White"

FIRE IN THE SKY, *by Tarleton Collier. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.*

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LOLLY MOORE begins life riding along the Georgia road at sundown on her Ma's stooped shoulder, once more on the lookout for cotton to hoe on the next bossman's place. At least that's how Lolly remembers it. With them is Georgy, a big-mouthed, staunch woman who can outdo any man in the fields. The road behind Lolly and her Ma is empty, or dark with things best forgot—but ahead everything blazes in the lowering sun in full glory: fire in the sky for Lolly's eager taking.

With this scene young Lolly takes us with her into her Georgia sharecropper's world, makes us feel and know it. Of the many novels and their play and screen versions portraying southern "poor whites," this is the first, to my mind, to give a true, balanced picture. *Fire in the Sky* reveals genuine insight. Tarleton Collier, a Georgia newspaperman, has resisted in his novel the usual playing-to-the-gallery melodrama of violence and distorted sex patterns, nor has he sinned in the other extreme of sentimental pity and despair. Lolly and her Ma, Georgy, crafty, explosive Randy, and Frank, the bookread, far-seeing farmboy whom Lolly grows up to love and marry, are flesh and blood croppers whom anyone in the Cotton Belt would recognize.

Lolly loses Frank when he goes to the rescue of a little Negro boy some white hoodlums are tormenting for the hell of it. After Frank's death, nineteen-year old Lolly gets work in a down-at-heel hotel and begins her long fight to raise her baby girl, Lit, and keep a decent name for them both. Through Frank she has come to understand something of what it is all about, that it's the whole sharecropping, job-stealing setup that's wrong.

Lon Porter, a young lawyer on his way "up and up," helps Lolly, yet never lets his feeling for her or anything else stand between him and his career. After his well timed marriage to a society girl, Lon goes to Congress and Lolly throws herself more than ever into her consuming love and struggle for her girl, Lit. Some years later Lon admits to Lolly all he has missed. He joins with New Deal forces against the KKK and old-time machine, willing to fight at last for what Lolly has convinced him is right. His wife dead, Lon comes for Lolly, but she has been independent and brushed aside too long to be sure now that she wants Lon. The book ends with her victory over her devouring mother love; so that the duty-bound Lit is free to marry the man she loves.

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Somehow the latter part of the book proves a letdown, probably because the novel's theme and earlier chapters led me to expect a strong, illuminating climax. But Lolly and her years in the cotton fields and her fire in the sky will stay by this reader for a long time.

MYRA PAGE.

Time
Chicago, Illinois

Bosumtwe to Baptism

FEB 2 - 1942

"If a Negro is not a Baptist," they sometimes say down South, "someone has tampered with his religion." Last week this ecclesiastical wisecrack got scientific backing from Anthropology Professor Melville Jean Herskovits of Northwestern, who declared in *The Myth of the Negro Past* (Harper; $4) that the river cults of West Africa predisposed Southern Negroes to favor the Baptist Church.

"In the New World, where aggressive . . . Protestantism made the retention of the . . . African religion difficult . . . the most logical adaptation for the slaves . . . and the simplest, was to give their adherence to that Christian sect which . . . in emphasizing baptism by total immersion . . . most resembled the types of worship known to them. . . . In the U.S., where neither Bosumtwe nor *watra mama* nor Damballa is worshiped, Negro Baptists do not run into the water under possession by African gods. Their water rituals are those of baptism. Yet it is significant that, as the novitiate . . . is immersed, the spirit descends on him at that moment if at all, and a possession hysteria develops . . . almost indistinguishable from the possession brought on by the African water deities."

FEB 2 - 1942

Nation
New York, N. Y.

War Leaders of the Confederacy

JAN 3 - 1942

CONFLICT: THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. By George Fort Milton. Coward-McCann. $3.50.

THE South has long needed a book by one of its own people that would show clearly how blindly the arrogant slave-holding aristocrats plunged the whole section into the suicidal folly of the Civil War, and how completely foreign that war was to the interests of all the people except a few thousand at the top of the social heap. George Fort Milton is a man who could write such a book, and in some of his earlier work, notably "The Eve of Conflict," he was within striking distance of the goal. This new book, however, rather veers off in a different direction. Although Mr. Milton is realistic and even critical in his attitude toward Southern leaders, including Lee, the tone of the book is pretty much on the conventional side.

JAN 3 - 1942

The author lays considerable emphasis on the theory that the South, with better leadership, on several occasions might have won the war. For example, better use might have been made of Joseph E. Johnston. It is true that Jefferson Davis's lack of confidence in Johnston hampered the latter's work in the field, and even deprived him of command at important junctures of the war, but Johnston was reticent to the point of rudeness, and a better man than Jefferson Davis would have been hard put to get along with him. Again, Mr. Milton suggests that Lee was in error when he invaded the North in the campaign that ended in Gettysburg. Longstreet wanted to use a small force to contain the federal Army of Virginia, which had been battered at Chancellorsville, and move the bulk of Lee's army to the West. It seems plain now that Longstreet's plan was much better than Lee's. Moreover, the Confederate troops were badly handled at Gettysburg, whether the fault lay with Lee or with Longstreet. But even if the North had been defeated in the West, or at Gettysburg, it would probably have raised new armies and continued the war to victory.

JAN 3 - 1942

Mr. Milton's exploration of all the military might-have-beens makes an absorbing story, and his one-volume account of four years of war will keep the reader interested all the way, even if it does not add much to our perspective of the Civil War.

CHARLES CURTIS MUNZ

New York Times
New York, N. Y.

Memories of Lincoln

FEB 1 - 1942

THEY KNEW LINCOLN. By John E. Washington, with introduction by Carl Sandburg. Illustrated. 268 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.75.

IN a unique collection of memories, the Negro people here speak of the Emancipator whom they adored. And it is evident from John E. Washington's stories and quotations that the people with whom he talked cherished the thought of Abraham Lincoln not merely as the great statesman who freed them but as the poor man who knew hardship, who had to struggle to get an education, who could understand some of the conditions of their own lowly life.

FEB 1 - 1942

Dr. Washington, son of slave parents, lived as a child near Ford's Theatre, where the memory of Lincoln's assassination peopled all the streets about with ghosts. When he outgrew the fear of the ghosts, he kept his interest in the Lincoln anecdotes. And there were many. Miss Nibbie Slade, his schoolteacher in childhood and later his colleague when he became a teacher himself, was the daughter of the White House steward who had also been Lincoln's confidential messenger—and it was William Slade to whom the President read, in his sentence-by-sentence preparation, the address he was about to deliver at Gettysburg. Aunt Rosetta Wells had been a White House seamstress, and she could tell how the President "treated the servants like 'people,' and would laugh and say kind things to them." One of the most charming stories was told by Aunt Mary Dines, who used to lead the singing among the escaped slaves in one of Washington's "contraband camps." President Lincoln would come to hear the songs and to join in them, too; and once on a hard day he came and said: "Well, Mary, what can the people sing for me today?" And then there was William Johnson, the guard who came with Mr. Lincoln from Springfield; and Peter Brown, the White House butler, who liked to think how Lincoln "knew all about life and the struggles of the unfortunate."

FEB 1 - 1942

Among the better-known individuals whose life stories add their quota to this patient and interesting collection are Mrs. Elizabeth Keckley, who was Mrs. Lincoln's dressmaker and real friend, and William de Fleurville, the Haitian, who, Dr. Washington believes, first gave Abraham Lincoln an understanding of how far the Negro could go in self-improvement if he had a free man's chance. The book is illustrated with old pictures and facsimiles of letters and documents. Itself a labor of love, it is a record of tenderness which is more rather than less moving because it is also quaint and picturesque. As Carl Sandburg says in his introduction, "There are character sketches, speech tones, wisdom of the humble set down. * * * Quite aside from its special interest in Lincoln, it is an important human document."

New York Sun
New York, N. Y.

BOOK REVIEW

FEB 7 - 1942

THE DAYS GROW COLD: Barbara Tunnell Anderson: Macmillan Company, New York City. $2.50.

Here is a story, told with pure magic and with individuality and humor, which will appeal to all who appreciate a fresh literary gift. It is a story of lost age of glamour as seen through the eyes of a child of eleven. Stirred by the stories of the Negro housemaid, from her school teacher and from the children at school, Lucinda gradually discovered the story of Castleton, the once great plantation, in the town of Macklin. Formerly one of the great plantations of the South, it now stands in isolated poverty, inhabited only by two old women the remainder of their line. Though they live proudly alone, they are inevitably bound up in the life of the community which has grown up around them.

Mrs. Anderson has written a delightful story of the lives of a group whose loves and antagonism are but little understood by a child. Having an unusual ability in the creation of word pictures she has achieved a work of real distinction.

FEB 7 - 1942

MARRIED LIFE IN AN AFRICAN TRIBE: I. Schapera: Sheridan House; New York: $3.50.

Dr. Schapera, professor of anthropology in the University of Capetown, and a widely known authority in the field, has written a book describing marriage and family life in a South African tribe. It gives first hand knowledge of the traditional domestic institutions of the Bantu family life. It shows how after exposure for over a century to the influences of Western civilization, the old tribal cultures become modified and the traditional domestic institutions are in the process of transformation. This new culture which has sprung up overnight, more or less, has destroyed old values, created new realities and produced a new material and spiritual environment to which adjustment is difficult.

FEB 7 - 1942

While this information is primarily of interest to the anthropologist, because of the importance of the knowledge received, this material will also be interesting enough so that the general reader will find it worthwhile to read.

8-1942

Palmetto Leader
Columbia, S. C.

"GOLDEN SLIPPERS," EXCELLENT ANTHOLOGY OF NEGRO POETRY

"Golden Slippers," by Arna Bontemps. Published by Harper and Brothers, New York, N. Y. $2.50.

FEB 7 1942

Reviewed by David Balfour

"Golden Slippers" is an excellent anhtology or collection of Negro poetry for yung readers, compiled by Arna Bontemps, with lively illustrative drawings by Henrietta Sharon.

In this new anthology, Arna Bontemps, a Negro author, has undertaken a serious task and has done it worthily. He has brought together poems ranging from traditional and anonymous verses to those of Claude McKay, Paul Laurence Dunbar, James Weldon Johnson, Langston Hughes, Countee Cullen, Marcus B. Christian, James A. Bland, Sterling Brown, William Stanley Braithwaite, Jessie Fauset and other Negro poets.

The poems are grouped under such colorful headings as Hard Work, Dressed Up, Sky Pictures, Big Cities, North and South, Folks, Charlo Wheels, Brown Boy and Girl, Waking Up, Playtime, Clothes, Water Pails, etc. Many of the poems have been selected for their entertainment value. On the other hand these poems have a relationship to the world of reality or have a social bearing. These writers, through their poems, interpret the struggles, the achievements, or the deeper stirrings of these times. Some are prophetic. One gets the impression that the poets had incentives and experiences that have resulted in poetry that is far more than a skillful manipulation of words.

FEB 7 1942

The short sketches of the life of each contributor make entertaining informative reading.

New York Age
New York, N. Y.

New History of Howard University Traces Progress of The School In Its 75 Years

FEB 14 1942

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The story of Howard University's seventy-five years of progress has been told by Walter Dyson, professor of History at the university, in his new 553-page book entitled "Howard University—The Capstone of Negro Education," just published.

The book is a good omen of the 75th anniversary of Howard University, to be celebrated this year, and is the only complete account of the school in print.

The school was founded when Washington was coming out of a period of chaos, and its growth has followed the growth of the city.

Emancipation was proclaimed by President Lincoln on New Year's Day, 1863. By the close of the Civil War the seal had been firmly set upon the political freedom of former slaves, but to the former slaves that freedom was little more than the freedom to move from place to place, often a most unwelcome visitor, ignorant and destitute. Economic freedom was yet to be achieved.

FEB 14 1942

Washington, capitol of the victorious North, seemed a haven to the freed men and to Washington came thousands of the new citizens. In the 60 years before the Civil War some 10,000 Negroes had come to Washington. Three times that many came in years immediately following the war.

Food and shelter were urgent and immediate needs, and in 1866 and 1867 Congress made appropriations for "the relief of freedmen or destitue colored people in the District of Columbia." But equally important in the rehabilitation of the former slaves was the establishment of educational opportunities.

EB 14 1942

Planned As Theological Seminary

The founding of Howard University grew out of the efforts of the Missionary Society of the First ington. The school was first planned as a theological seminary. Then, with the growing need for doctors and teachers, came the decision to include a normal school and a school of medicine.

It was the normal school which first opened its doors to students, and classroom instruction began on May 1, 1867. The school was housed in a large frame building (which had previously seen service as a dance hall) located on Georgia avenue near Pomeroy Street.

In spite of the schools already maintained by the Freedmen Aid Societies and the several churches, it became necessary to add a preparatory department. Soon, beneath the preparatory department, a model school for four grades was established to furnish elementary instruction. Then still more elementary instruction was provided by an ungraded class. In this way," writes Prof. Dyson, "Howard University went down to the people."

FEB 14 1942

The business ability of the founders was soon to be tested. As the former dance hall became overcrowded with students, the trustees of the school looked about for a new location. They decided upon the tract of land where the universit is now located. There were versity is now located. There were 6,150 acres in the tract valued at $1,000 an acre.

"Without one cent in the treasury" writes Prof. Dyson, "the deal was closed for $150,000. Much of the land was immediately sold in the form of building lots, realizing by 1870 about $172,234. In this way money was secured to liquidate the indebtedness and improve the property. Later what is now LeDroit Park was purchased."

Named After General Howard

The early direction of the university was largely in the hands of former soldiers. Most notable of these Oliver Otis Howard, for whom the university was named. Howard was educated at Bowdoin and West Point. Although only 30 at the beginning of the Civil War, first Battle of Bull Run. He became a major general of volunteers in 1863, commanded a corps at Chancellorsville, was in command of the Union troops at the he commanded a brigade in the beginning of the Battle of Gettysburg, and in 1864 commanded the Army of the Tennessee.

He was deeply concerned with the future of the former slaves. In 1865 he became commissioner of the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen and Abandoned Lands, a position which he held until 1872. He became president of the new university in Washington in 1869 and continued in that position until 1874.

FEB 14 1942

"Education," he wrote, "underlies every hope of success for the freedman—Through education embracing moral and religious training, the fearful prejudice and hostility against the blacks can be overcome. They themselves will be able to command and secure both privileges and rights that we now have difficulty to guarantee.

"Do everything you possibly can for the elevation of the freedman. My impression is that hundreds and perhaps thousands of Southern people would be ready to aid you if approached in the right way."

Maj. Gen. Howard was able to defend the new university against attack with considerable success but the end of his term as president marked the beginning of a period which Professor Dyson characterizes as "anarchy." The whole question of race relations flared up, and the life of the university was in immediate danger. Professor Dyson traces the reestablishment of order through the control of the university by the deans.

FEB 14 1942

Federal Appropriations

At the beginning of the 1930's, the Federal Government, as a result of the efforts of Dr. Mordecai W. Johnson, president of Howard University, began a program to provide for the continued growth of the school. An average sum of $1,000,000 was to be appropriated toward each of 10 successive steps in the development of the universitp, and the trustees undertook to supplement each Federal appropriation by the extent of one-third. The result has been to make Howard University, "the capstone of Negro education."

Professor Dyson's book, which runs to 553 pages, is published on the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the university. As is appropriate in a work at such a time, there is included a great body of statistical matter. There is, for example, a list of all personnel of the university from 1867 to 1940.

Norfolk, Va. Pilot
February 16, 1942

The First Reader

By Harry Hansen

Lincoln's Fame Grows Year By Year

No matter how much investigators "expose" the human being who was called Abraham Lincoln, they don't seem to be able to tarnish the luster of his fame. Every year he grows bigger, more truly the spokesman for American democracy. I think one reason is our continuing confidence in him; he is the one man who has nothing to hide, who won't let us down. He doesn't know everything about government, but he works honestly to alleviate human needs. That's democracy, isn't it?

This makes him appeal to all Americans, white and colored. For instance, a group of Negro writers publishes "The Negro Caravan," a 1000-page anthology of Negro writings, timed to appear on Lincoln's birthday anniversary because to them he symbolizes the dignity of the human spirit. The older generation of people who had been born slaves revered Lincoln because he had signed the Emancipation Proclamation. But the intelligent Negro of today knows that Lincoln came to the proclamation gradually. It was his lifelong attempt to deal justly with everybody that made him the champion of the freedom that we have to fight for every hour.

* * *

Changing Attitudes Toward the Negro

Anybody who takes the time to read "The Negro Caravan" is bound to get a thorough illumination about the Negro, his characteristic writings and his aims. Its editors are Sterling A. Brown of Howard University, Arthur P. Davis of Virginia Union University and Ulysses Lee of Lincoln University. Stanley Burnshaw has designed the book and Dryden Press, 103 Park Avenue, New York, issues it at $4.25. It contains short stories, selections from novels, poetry, folk literature, such as spirituals, drama, autobiography, biography, essays and critical introductions. The authors represented range all the way from Frederick Douglass and Paul Laurence Dunbar to Richard Wright.

Putting this book together was an ambitious undertaking but not an easy matter. There is a vast gulf, for instance, between the lilting poems of Dunbar and the social protest of Wright, between work songs and the experiences of Angelo Herndon. Naturally the contents do not always satisfy. The total effect is scattering. But the editors have tried to get before the public evidence of the Negro's mature thinking and writing, and so diverse that in one section we get an extract from Booker T. Washington's autobiography, as well as W. E. B. DuBois' explanation of why he differed with Washington on his concept of Tuskegee as a school for practical handicrafts.

* * *

Negro World in America

Many Americans know the Negro only as

a funny man, a good tap dancer and dialect comedian, and think the lingo of Amos 'n' Andy represents the intelligence of the race. They get their impressions from white writers who perpetuate a pattern. The contented slave and the tragic mulatto, over whom our grandfathers shed tears in the theatre, have disappeared as literary subjects, but the Negro who entertains as a cabaret dancer, or is portrayed as a throwback to Congo days, still holds the interest of white writers. The present book should correct some of these illusions.

It should also make apparent that while the white world goes its own way, sublimely sufficient unto itself, another world, the Negro world, is growing up beside it, gathering strength in culture and political understanding and developing its best assets. In the back of this book is a chronology in which the leading events of the white world and the Negro world are given in parallel lines; here are listed the achievements in literature, education and social growth esteemed by the Negro editors.

As the years come down to the 20th Century Negro activity grows apace; so does the ability of the Negro to present his own case forcibly, from Kelly Miller's protest against Thomas Dixon, Jr.'s, "The Leopard Spots" to Richard Wright's account of how he learned his "Jim Crow lessons" while a bellboy.

"The Negro enters into the inheritance of all the ages on equal terms with the rest," wrote Kelly Miller of Howard University faculty to Dixon. "Who can say that he will not contribute his quota of genius to enrich the blood of the world?" Who, indeed? Least of all the nation that has profited by the slow, patient, generous democracy of Abraham Lincoln.

The Daily Worker
New York, N. Y.

Interest in Jazz Music Produces New Study

MAR 8 - 1942

The Jazz Record Book—by C. E. Smith, F. Ramsey, W. Russell and C. P. Rogers. Smith and Durrell—$3.50.

By O. V. Clyde

Jazz music is producing with quickening tempo a critical literature. This may mean that jazz is reaching its apogee preparatory to its death. Or it may mean that it is just beginning to break through the limited circles where it has flourished, and that it is on the threshold of seizing the national imagination which is starved for musical speech expressive of its contemporary moods and experience.

MAR 8 - 1942

The latest critique of jazz is the work of four well-known students of the subject. Mr. Dodge long ago printed a tribute to Bubber Miley, Duke Ellington's trumpeter, in the Hound and Horn; Mr. Russell was discussing Meade Lewis and boogie-woogie piano playing before Cafe Society was thought of, and the other writers have been associated with the Hot Record Society.

More thorough than Wilder Hobson's recent book, and further away from the formalism which mars Mr. Winthrop Sargent's technical study, this latest volume will undoubtedly be of great value to new enthusiasts who want to know what's available and who is on the recording date. The volume lists records which are available in music shops, and it gives detailed descriptions of their quality. This is something which neither the earlier Panassie volume nor the indispensable Discography of Delaunier did. Thus, the net effect of this volume's appearance will undoubtedly release thousands of records from the shelves on to the turntables where they belong. The book will press forward the boundaries of the jazz appreciating audience, and this is all to the good.

MAR 8 - 1942

Whether it solves many of the critical questions which it raises is another question which the average enjoyer of music may with justice regard as irrelevant to his pleasure.

Yet these questions persist because they are fundamental to the future of this music as well as to a proper appreciation of its qualities. In my opinion, the authors' history of jazz, though it marks an improvement over the mystical adorations of Panassie and brings the actual story within the realm of history, still confines the phenomenon too much to the new mythology of the Storeyville red light district.

MAR 8 - 1942

I do not wish to overlook their other contributions in which the complexity of jazz music's origin is noted. My point is that the book's version of these complex social origins can only be considered as a beginning which is marred by unclear apprehension of the history of Negro culture in the United States. No doubt unwittingly, the authors of this book retain remnants of the attitude in which the Negro people and their achievements are still viewed "racially" and not historically. I hope that I am not unfair in saying this. But in my opinion the book's historic analysis with its thoughtful chronology does not yet encompass the peculiar cultural problems of the Negro people in the United States as the problems of a developing nation encompassed by oppression.

MAR 8 - 1942

There is no parallel to this situation. Its students need to tread their way through uncharted paths. This requires a constant reference to the historic and cultural milieu of the Negro people's entire culture and the interaction, social and psychological, of this culture with the culture of the oppressing class. This volume shares with all previous volumes the lack of such a method. The result is to view jazz with a fixity which wrenches it out of the entire national culture of which it is a component. The net result is that we are faced with the dilemma—**will jazz conquer the nation's musical culture, or will the prevailing music stifle jazz? Is jazz the product of a specific social epoch which is past or dying, or is it destined to be the basis of the national musica speech?**

MAR 8 - 1942

The chronologic method, as distinct from the historic method gives no clues to these questions.

My other disagreement with the authors (who I hope will forgive my seizing upon their hard-earned volume for disquisitions of my own) is that they permit themselves to blur the very real boundaries between the quintessential, the "pure" jazz and the productions of other dance bands. I cannot follow them in the critiques which do not permit the record buyer to know the difference between Beiderbecke, and Max Kaminsky, between the good playing of Pete Johnson and a record in which he plays bumptiously because that is what the recording company thinks will jibe with the publicity about the uproariousness of boogie-woogie entertainment for visiting couples from the campuses. Their tastes are too catholic, I think.

MAR 8 - 1942

But the book will fire you with the desire to hear the music. So open your ears and listen.

New York Times
New York, N. Y.

Report on Youth

YOUTH AND THE FUTURE: The Report of the American Youth Commission. With Foreword by Owen D. Young, Chairman. 296 pp. Washington: American Council on Education. $2.50.

ISSUING its general report in wartime, the American Youth Commission brings the work of several years to an effective summation in a "philosophy applicable both in war and in peace." Its examination thus goes back through the past decade and on through the present war period to the inevitable readjustments of the return to peacetime conditions. Employment and education are the two major topics considered, but other basic problems include adolescent and occupational adjustments, marriage, health, delinquency and citizenship. And after a reminder of the variously allotted responsibility for action for youth's welfare—local, State, Federal—the report is brought to an end with a chapter that is no more "report" at all, but a searching and stirring essay by Dorothy Canfield Fisher on the content of life.

The American Youth Commission was established by the American Council on Education in 1935, and, as Owen D. Young recalls in his foreword, "found its origin in the circumstances of the period"—and very distressing circumstances they were. But, as the chairman adds a little later, "in every statement which the commission has adopted and published since September, 1939, the war has been a major factor" in its thinking. Its general report, as its purpose dictates and its title implies, "looks mainly to the future," and is based on six assumptions.

First, "the successful prosecution of the war is the most important problem confronting the American people today." But the post-war period will find its most urgent objective in the provision of full employment; fundamental readjustments will undoubtedly be necessary; public work programs will be needed for some time; government regulation and stimulation will of necessity increase. And finally, "under democratic government, and without giving up the liberties we prize, the American people will have it within their power to bring about a continuing abundance of available employment opportunity in future times of peace, with a rising standard of living for all who contribute to the productive effort of the nation."

The report as a whole is compact and concrete. Its concluding section looks beyond the particular to the general, and beneath specific activities to the inner meaning and purpose of life. Dorothy Canfield Fisher does not merely analyze the need for a better use of leisure; she studies the changing conditions and attitudes that have given new meanings to "work" and "play." And as she urges the need for "saving, enriching skills," she shows how "work" and "play" must actually be fused for the richer and more valuable individual life and the better democratic citizenship.

3-1942

The First Reader

By HARRY HANSEN

World-Telegram -- N.Y.-N.Y.

Lincoln's Fame Grows Year by Year.

Anthology of Negro Writings, Out Today, Should Correct Illusions of White Authors.

FEB 12 1942

No matter how much investigators "expose" the human being who was called Abraham Lincoln, they don't seem to be able to tarnish the luster of his fame. Every year he grows bigger, more truly the spokesman for American democracy. I think one reason is our continuing confidence in him; he is the one man who has nothing to hide, who won't let us down. He doesn't know everything about government, but he works honestly to alleviate human needs. That's democracy, isn't it?

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* * *

Negro World in America. FEB 12 1942

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Journal and Guide
Norfolk, Virginia

"Deep South" — a Story of the Caste System

FEB 14 19

By THOMAS A. WEBSTER

DEEP SOUTH. A Social Anthropological Study of Caste and Class by Allison Davis, Burleigh and Mary Gardner, University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Illinois.

This heavily documented study is the first such investigation of social class and caste among both white and black society in a southern city. Old City and Old County, the areas studied, represent a community in which were spent two years of research and intimate contact with the residents. The first part of the study presents the results of their research of the American caste-class system as it is found in the deep south today.

Class attitudes and behavior are carefully described as seen through the family, the clique and associational organization. In the broad social classes — "upper", "middle," and "lower," there are "leading families" "the society crowd", "plain people", "good people, but nobody", "po' whites', "red necks", "Big Negroes", "uppity Negroes", "race loyal Negroes", "common alley nigguhs", and "bad niggers."

The second part of this volume is "devoted to a sociological analysis of the economic system with which the system of caste and class is integrated. The operation of the political system, the law and the courts in maintaining caste lines is fully explained with dramatic case history. In this rich delta country the whole social structure rests on the plantation system. The white landlord keeps the Negro tenant dependent upon him for necessaries. This dependence is habitual and the acceptance of white superiority is enforced by intimidation and "examples" in the form of whipping and shootings. Legal subordination is another method of maintaining the system. The unofficial punishment by police, the "laying out" and "working out" of fines for jail sentences emphasizes the fact that "the law, too, is white."

Endogamy is the keystone of the caste system. The meanest, and poorest, the most illiterate or uncultured among the white caste are, by the system, given a social standing superior to that permitted any Negro, no matter how cultured or wealthy he may become.

"Deep South" is a story of a caste system more rigid than that which the conquering Aryans set up in India in order to preserve the purity of their lineage. As in Sanskrit, where the word for caste in the Laws of Manu is varna, meaning color, in Old City the system of social and marital taboos is also based on color. Only the system in the deep south is more invulnerable.

Not only for the anthropologist, is the study an important source book, but is of equal interest to the general reader. The charts, diagrams and tables should not frighten the average reader.

RECENT BOOKS ON OR CONCERNING THE NEGRO

AN EDUCATIONAL EXPERIMENT IN NORTHERN NIGERA IN ITS CULTURAL
By Desmond W. Bittinger, Elgin, Illinois The Brethren Publishing Co. By the author of "Soudan's Second Sun-up."

CONFLICT: THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR
By George Fort Milton, New York. Coward-McCann $3.50. By the author of "The Age of Hate." FEB 14 1942

HOW TO BE SUCCESSFUL NEGRO AMERICANS
By Fitzhugh Lee Styles, Boston, Mass. Christopher Publishing House, $1.50. Advises Negroes how to get ahead.

KAMANDA
By Attilio Gatti, New York. Robert M. McBride, and Company, $2.00. Illustrated from photographs, Life of An African boy.

MARRIED LIFE OF AN AFRICAN TRIBE
By I. Schapera, New York. Sheridan House, $3.50. An anthropological study of Kgatlos tribe.

SHOP AND CLASS AT TUSKEGEE FEB 14 194
By J. L. Whiting, Boston, Mass. Chapman and Grimes, $2.00. A study covering two decades of vocational education at Tuskegee Institute.

THE NEGRO FEDERAL GOVERNMENT WORKER
By Laurence J. W. Hayes (paper cover), Washington, D. C. The Graduate School, Howard University. A study of the Negro classification status in the District of Columbia from 1883 to 1938.

THE SOUTHERN NEGRO AND THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
By Eliza Atkins Gleason, Chicago, Illinois. University of Chicago Press, $2.50. A comprehensive study of Public Library Service for Negroes in the South.

12 MILLION BLACK VOICES
By Richard Wright Photo Direction by Edwin Rosskam, New York. The Viking Press, $3.00. The bitter lot of the Negro masses in America.

UNDER THE COTTONWOOD
By Katherine Campbell Graham, New York. Wendell Malliett and Company, 209 West 125 Street, $2.50. A historical novel of the Negro from slavery to the first World war.

Chicago Bee
Chicago, Illinois

Librarians Praise Rollins' Book 'We Build Together'

JAN 25 1942

National attention is being attracted by a 10,000 word booklet recently published under the sponsorship of the National Council of Teachers of English and authored by Charlemae Rollins, an outstanding children's librarian in the George Cleveland Hall branch of the Chicago Public Library.

"We Build Together" was written to be used as a guide for parents, teachers, librarians and others interested in books on the Negro for young people, presenting for them the underlying principles which it should guide them in a choice of books. A great need for some sort of guide rose when it was found that publishers and writers, aware of the demand for books about Negro children, began to produce books which did not meet the standards used in judging books about children generally. The authors seemed well-intentioned and the illustrators seemed to be anxious to draw humorous pictures The books were, for the most part, plantation stories, written in exagerated dialect; antagonizing and condescending in tone; illustrated in caricatures which ridiculed and humiliated the children and infuriated parents and other Negro adults. A few authors were trying to counteract these with realistic stories of Negro life illustrated with true-to-life pictures and photographs.

It was hard for teachers and librarians to choose between these books especially when many of the authors and artists writing these "pickaninny stories" were recognized as outstanding in the field of children's literature. Reviewers were loudly acclaiming them as "revealing with fidelity the essential qualities of the Negro." These qualities were: a naive ignorance, kindly childlike humor, picturesque dialect, happy-go-lucky, improvident family life and other negative characteristics.

JAN 25 1942

Because all these things foster undemocratic principles, engender prejudice and produce distorted concepts in the minds of young people it was necessary to bring forward some criteria for judging these books.

JAN 25 1942

The National Council of Teachers of English saw the need for such a guide and chose a children's librarian at the George C Hall branch of the Chicago Public library to present the material which had been gathered over a period of more than ten years work in a Branch located in the heart of Chicago's great South Side. The work has been done with the help of authors teachers and librarians all over the United States and is now offered with the hope that it will be a contribution toward a greater democracy for young people. The liberality of the National Council of Teachers of English a country wide organization in sponsoring this book has won wide and favorable comment. The offices of the council are located at 21 West 68th street Chicago.

Afro-American
Baltimore, Maryland

New Novel Based on Trials, Triumphs of Paul Robeson

FEB 28 1942

FEB 28 1942

FEB 28 1942

BIG BEN, by Earl Schenck Miers. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press. 1942. $2.50.

Based on the story of Paul Robeson's career from the beginning of his college career to his first triumph as a concert singer, "Big Ben" represents the avowed attempt of its white author to plead for a minority group that "dignity" of treatment that is due to all human beings.

From the point of view of its general reading public, the book should attain much success. The tribulations and triumphs of Big Ben have been woven into a fascinating story, which should commend to a more sympathetic understanding the efforts of the colored man seeking a higher goal in a prejudiced white world.

Nevertheless, like all white authors, Mr. Miers suffers from an inability to grasp the true psychology of the colored man. Big Ben's innocuous reactions to the barriers of racial prejudice are, in reality, not those of the colored man but what the misunderstanding white man thinks they would be.

Moreover, the book suffers from the repeated use of the epithet n——. While that in itself is inexcusable, it is impossible to forgive the author for committing the heinous crime of depicting the educated Big Ben as thinking of himself as a n——.

Mr. Miers is to be commended, however, for bringing before the reading public a type of colored person—intelligent and educated—which is so consistently ignored by novelists in portrayal of life of colored people.—C. K.

The First Reader

World-Telegram
N.Y.

By HARRY HANSEN

MAR 12 1942

McWilliams' Ill Fares the Land Reports on the Plight of America's Small Farmers Who Are Being Dispossessed by Machines.

Here's more news about America for the Sit-back people. Who are the Sit-backs? You and I, my friends. We sit back and listen to reports, and then—well, then we listen to more reports. It's as simple as that.

But one of these days we are going to have to do something about it. Especially about the situation that Carey McWilliams says confronts us on the farms of the land. We may have plenty of worries and decide that this is one we don't have to adopt. That's where we may be wrong.

First let me warn you about Carey McWilliams. He is the young economist who made the complacent landowners of California so mad when he exposed the condition of the migratory workers in that fair, sunshiny, make-believe paradise. He had written **Factories in the Field**, and some of the landowners decided that he was in cahoots with John Steinbeck to ruin the state. However, nobody put McWilliams and Steinbeck in jail for slander.

Today he broadens his report. He has been all over the United States, and what he finds is calamitous. Everywhere the small farmer is losing his farm, and the big operator is combining the farms and turning to mass production with agricultural machinery. The industrial age has caught up with the farm. And the little man has to get off the land and become a migrant. He trails across the country, a restless, seasonal worker, with empty stomach and no money in his jeans. He lives in shacks and slums by the roadside. Uprooted, he becomes a menace to himself and to America. McWilliams calls his report by a phrase from Goldsmith's The Deserted Village: **Ill Fares the Land.** (Little, Brown, $3.)

* * * MAR 12 1942

Ferrying Mexicans Into Beet Sugar Areas.

The migratory movement hasn't stopped, says he. It's worse. The migrants are still moving into California at about 80,000 a year; defense work lures them. Thousands are moving into the green hills of the Northwest, and, failing to make a go of farmettes, join the unemployed of the cities. In Arizona thousands of Mexicans filter in for the cotton crop; then they progress North, and in Ohio the sugar beet companies use them in the fields, leaving the Kentucky migrant out in the rain. In Texas the large operators are taking over the farms, turning to mechanized farming and sending the small farmer on the road.

MAR 12 1942

Migrants don't all move on their own power. McWilliams has a disconcerting story to tell of the way labor is now rushed back and forth from the fields in trucks. In Texas, Mexican laborers are recruited for work in the sugar-beet fields of Michigan. They are packed into huge trucks, which are covered with tarpaulin, and then drivers drive like mad, with hardly a stop anywhere, while the workers often stand up all the way. Men tie themselves to stakes so that they won't fall out; sometimes women give birth to infants and lose them by death. Malaria, tuberculosis, rickets appear; marijuana becomes in demand. The Mexicans return to Texas in worse condition than when they left.

Memphis is the center of Negro labor; in the season 15,000 cotton pickers leave the city daily in trucks to fields in Missouri, Mississippi, Tennessee and Arkansas. The truckers, labor contractors, are paid 80 cents a hundred to pick the cotton; they pay the pickers 50 to 60 cents a hundred and pocket the difference as their compensation. The "berry migrants" appear over the United States.

The mechanization of farms in Iowa, where individual ownership used to be large, has produced another difficult situation. The mechanical corn picker is supposed to have displaced in one year 15,000 to 20,000 men formerly employed at hand picking. Picking and shelling corn in one operation, and delivering the corn in sacks, is a triumph of invention, but it brings poverty to the door of the laborer.

* * * MAR 12 1942

It Can't Be Stopped.

Thus the issue is not only dust and soil; it is mechanization. The technological progress which permits owners to work machines night and day, with only a few mechanics to run them, converts the farms into factories. This isn't a new issue; the change has been going on for 20 years, but in the first stages the farmers who were dispossessed left "to farm somewhere else." Now they can't do that. They become day laborers and crowd the streets in front of hiring halls. The "family-size farm" is going.

McWilliams draws heavily on the testimony given before the La Follette committee. He has a double task in this book—to give information to people like ourselves, who know nothing of the problem, and to come to conclusions about remedies. He is sure that the fundamental difficulty lies in our economic order and that the relationships of the groups employed in agriculture are undemocratic. He thinks it folly to try to reverse a clearly defined trend. Mechanization is here; what are we to do for those dispossessed? He gropes toward an equalization of hazards and benefits. He comes to no definite plan, but he knows that unless somebody operates the victim will die.

Maybe you'd better not read the book.

8-1942
New York Times
New York, N. Y.

Cotton Country

ROBERT CAIN. By William Russell. 339 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

MR. RUSSELL goes after injustice with both fists flying in this sincerely conceived novel. The story he tells is not a new one. Most of us should know by now that life in the cotton counties of the deep South can be cruelly dull; today's headlines remind us once again that the Negro problem must some day engulf them. But Mr. Russell approaches the age-old dilemma with a young man's blazing anger. (Perhaps we should pause to remind you that this is the same William Russell who wrote last year's excellent diary of wartime Germany, "Berlin Embassy.") A Northerner by birth and a Mississippian only by adoption, he brings a strictly normal perspective to his discussion of man's inhumanity to man.

As a novel, "Robert Cain" is as down-to-earth as the characters that people it: the author's sense of drama does not always match his indignation. But his book is seldom dull. William Faulkner and Eudora Welty have both described the Delta country with far greater originality and depth. And yet, as you read "Robert Cain," you will not be homesick for Mr. Faulkner's jaundiced magic, or Miss Welty's off-center lyricism.

Nov. 15, 1942

Robert Cain is a tortured soul, doomed to submit to the environment he despises. Born of a callous, cotton-jobbing family in Newton, he is unwanted almost from the beginning. By the time he is 9 he is branded as a hopeless misfit, doomed to the particular hell of loneliness that only sensitive, introverted children know.

It is here the novel discovers him, as he drags his bored young feet through the dust of Main Street on a blazing Saturday afternoon * * * hating the schoolfellows who have deserted him to go swimming, fearing the tobacco-spitting old men under the drug store awnings. Only Jim, the mulatto, will offer him friendship, and friendship with a Negro is impossible in Newton.

And so Robert grows up in stultifying dullness until he finds the courage to run away. For a while he starves in St. Louis. Then he meets Jim again, who has also been driven out of Newton. Thanks to the mulatto's help, Robert gets a job as a ticket-puncher in a Negro dance hall. Then he marries a girl he has picked up in a park and finds himself a better job in a stamping mill. Jim has already married a white girl, and the two couples become fast friends.

A few months later, Robert is jailed for union agitation at the mill, and blacklisted in the St. Louis labor market. Now he finds that he is too deeply infected with the village virus to stay clear of Newton forever. When his father dies, he takes his bride back to Mississippi and assumes the management of the plantation. The day of his return, Jim also pays the village a visit, and is murdered by a mob, despite Robert's eloquence in his behalf.

The death of his only real friend breaks Robert Cain's spirit once and for all. In two short years he has become a model cotton-planter, driving his field hands to the breaking point, indifferent to the pathetic young wife who has now gone half-mad from monotony. Nothing is important any more but the prices at the gin, the poker game over the police station, the jug of white mule under the wheel of the broken-down Chevrolet. * * * As the novel ends, Robert walks once again through the midsummer inertia of Main Street, and finds it bearable — especially when his eye lights on a comely young Negress at the corner. In the penultimate paragraph, he is about to follow her down the alley, for a purpose the author is at no pains to conceal.

Such is Mr. Russell's story, and he tells it with all the uneven vigor of youth on a crusade. A great deal of it is turgid, particularly in its thematic improvisations. Mr. Russell has yet to learn that people are more important to a story than local color, and the iteration of certain unpleasant sights and smells can only end in monotony. But his genuine feeling atones for the fact that his final manuscript is both overlong and overemphatic.

In another part of the South, there is a saying that has never reached the tourist folders: "In the Summer Florida is all right for men and mules; horses and women must get out." "Robert Cain" has convinced one reader that this summary would apply equally well to Newton, Miss. Mr. Russell himself would do well to avoid that particular cross-roads in the near future. Providing, of course, that Newton could rouse itself from lethargy long enough to read his first novel.

WILLIAM DU BOIS.

Zora Hurston's Story

DUST TRACKS ON A ROAD. An Autobiography. By Zora Neale Hurston. 294 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.

New York Times Book Review

By BEATRICE SHERMAN

HERE is a thumping story, though it has none of the horrid earmarks of the Alger-type climb. Zora Neale Hurston has a considerable reputation as anthropologist and writer. When her autobiography begins she was one of eight children in a Negro family with small prospects of making a name for herself. Yet her story is forthright and without frills. Its emphasis lies on her fighting spirit in the struggle to achieve the education she felt she had to have. The uses to which it was put—good uses too—were the fruit of things that cropped up spontaneously, demanding to be done.

Hard work and natural talent were her mainstays. Bad luck and good came in mixed portions. But always Zora Neale Hurston felt that she was a special, a different sort of person—not in any unpleasantly cocky way, but as almost any one does who has energy and ability and wants to use them.

Nov. 29, 1942

Zora was born in Eatonville, Fla., "a pure Negro town—charter, mayor, council, town marshal and all." Her father was a tall, heavy-muscled mulatto from "over the creek" near a small Alabama town, who came to Florida "resolved to put down roots." Of a landless family, he was looked down upon by the land-owning relatives of Lucy Ann Potts. When Lucy Ann first wondered who he was, she asked "Who is dat bee-stung yaller nigger?" Even though he came from over the creek, she married him. Always in their family she was the hard-driving force forever goading him in and out of his happy, easy-going ways. He was the preacher to a Baptist congregation, and she—tiny and energetic—managed him and the eight children as they came along.

New York, N.Y.

Zora's childhood was happy and carefree. She evolved endless and imaginative games from such simple and enchanting toys as Miss Corn-Shuck, the Reverend Door-Knob and a tribe of Spool People that increased as she purloined one spool after another from her mother's supply. She liked reading and history at school but abominated arithmetic. Her happy days were over when her mother died and two months later her father married again. Zora was shifted off to school and then from the home of one friend to another. The second Mrs. Hurston was jealous of the children and did all that a willful woman could to alienate them from their father. They hated her and felt sorry for him. At the earliest possible minute Zora got a job as housemaid, and because that sort of work didn't interest her and she was always getting out of it to read or play with the children, she never kept a job long.

NOV. 29, 1942

Finally, through sheer nerve and will power, she got a chance at formal education. She went to high school in Baltimore, to Morgan College, to Howard, to Barnard and Columbia. But before all that she had eighteen months as lady's maid to an actress in a Gilbert and Sullivan troupe, and that association did as much for her as more standardized education in opening up a vista of books and music to be absorbed. Incidentally, she had a happy time and was the pet of the company.

Her whole story is live and vivid. Told in gusty language, it is full of the graphic metaphors and similes that color Negro speech at its richest, sometimes in direct quotations from folk stories—those lying sessions at the village store—and sometimes woven in with her own warm style. There is no "hush-mouth modesty" about the book, for Zora Neale Hurston would not "low-rate the human race" by undue expurgation of her story.

In it there are two terrific fights. One when young Zora came home to Eatonville and could stand no more of her stepmother's tyranny. That was a tooth-and-claw-and-axe battle which almost carried the irate girl to murder. The other fight was a murderous affair, too, in which a Polk County black girl "took a pick at" the unoffending research worker who had come to gather folksongs in the region. Impersonal killing was what she had in mind, but on that occasion Zora Neale Hurston displayed the better part of valor, and when the knives began to fly retired from the scene—100 miles from it—her retreat covered by her friend Big Sweet.

Further along there are philosophical chapters on books (the Hurston books), love, "My People!" and religion. Then impression simmers down to a feeling that the author regards the Negro race much as she regards any other race—as made up of some good, some bad and a lot of medium. The problems they face are those of any other race, with the disadvantage of being a younger lot. Anyway, her story is an encouraging and enjoyable one for any member of the human race. Any race might well be proud to have more members of the caliber and stamina of Zora Neale Hurston.

A Study of Jewish Life in America

THE AMERICAN JEW: A Composite Portrait. Edited by Oscar I. Janowsky. 322 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.50.

By JAMES G. M'DONALD

HERE is a "composite portrait," which, unlike most symposiums, has unity and drive. Though concerned primarily with "Jewish living in America" and only incidentally with Jewish-Gentile relations, this analysis and evalution deserves to be read widely by non-Jews as well as by Jews.

The appearance now of this "self-searching" examination is timely, for in periods "of crisis there is an instinctive urge among groups, as among individuals, to gain a deeper insight into the pattern of their living. Confronted by the threat of disaster, we come to recognize that knowledge of what we are and what we stand for is no longer a purely intellectual concern but a weapon in the struggle for survival."

This relatively brief survey is both searching and comprehensive. Beginning with a historical background of present-day American Jewry, it "examines the varying facets of Jewish life—religious, cultural, educational, philanthropic, communal activities, conceptions or ideologies of Jewish living and anti-Semitism." It concludes with an evaluation by a distinguished American Catholic scholar and a brilliant American Jewish philosopher. "New York Times"

Obviously, it is impossible in a brief review to do justice to all parts of this volume. I make no apology, therefore, for concentrating on those portions about which, because of my years of association with certain phases of Jewish cooperative activity, I have some basis for expressing a judgment. New York, N.Y.

The authors—nearly all of them are scholars or religious leaders of distinction — wisely waste no time in trying to answer such insoluble and controversial questions as, for example, are the Jews a race, a religion, a people, a nation, a nationality or only a religious-cultural group? Nor do they stir unnecessarily the easily muddied waters of Jewish controversy by gratuitously assessing blame and praise; rather, they strive to present fairly and clearly the pattern of present-day American Jewish life and to suggest ways in which this can be molded to make it more nearly representative and worthy of the rich cultural and religious heritage which is every Jew's birthright. Nov. 29, 1942

One of the most interesting chapters is that on "Judaism and the Synagogue," by Rabbi David de Sola Pool of the Spanish-Portuguese Synagogue in New York City. It traces sympathetically the development of the various forms of Jewish religious life in this country. To most non-Jews the divisions and lack of unity among Jews on religious matters will, but should not, cause surprise. If there is one single characteristic more than another which may fairly be called Jewish, it is an individualism so intense that it helps to explain much in the religious and other phases of Jewish life. Perhaps the intensity of this individualism is one explanation, though Rabbi de Sola Pool does not say so, of the relative lack of authority of the rabbi as compared with the Catholic priest.

The discussion of American Jewish culture under three heads, education, literature and the revival of Hebrew for more than religious uses, reveals values which are enriching our national life. The deplorable fact is that most American Jews and nearly all non-Jews are quite ignorant of these Jewish contributions. If this prevailing ignorance could be replaced among the Jews by an active awareness of "his traditional values" and among non-Jews by an appreciation of what Judaism has contributed to Christianity and to the world and American culture, a more solid basis would be laid for mutual understanding and respect.

Philanthropy is almost the only phase of American Jewish life which American non-Jews fully understand and appreciate. This is natural, for American Jews have helped quite out of proportion to their numbers to develop American scientific philanthropy. From the very beginning of Jewish immigration the American Jewish community, even when it consisted of only a few families, assumed the responsibilities of caring for their own. Moreover, American Jews have everywhere been among the leaders in non-Jewish charities also. The names of Julius Rosenwald and Felix M. Warburg, to mention but two, are symbols of American constructive philanthropy.

Inevitably this volume has had to deal with the insidious evil of anti-Semitism—an evil far more dangerous to the non-Jew than to the Jew. Rabbi Jacob J. Weinstein's treatment of this extremely complex subject is the most worth-while brief discussion I have read. To show its originality, I wish there were space to quote more than these few sentences:

> Important sources of anti-Semitic prejudice have been revealed by modern psychology. Psychological analysis has fairly clearly established that aggression and hatred are, in one form or another, fundamental human impulses, either innate or acquired at an early age. Social convention and the demands of organized living force people to repress those impulses. Repression produces frustrations and those frustrations must find expression. Anti-Semitism has become a convenient outlet for the expression of repressed and frustrated impulses.
>
> The psychological elements in anti-Semitism become all the more apparent when one studies the type of leadership that generally comes to the fore in prejudice movements. Coughlin, Pelley, Winrod, Dilling, Edmondson, like Hitler and Mussolini, are persons whose inner frustrations require violent expression. They strike a responsive chord when economic and political dislocations throw masses of people into a disturbed, fear-stricken state of insecurity.
>
> It becomes comparatively easy to project all one's insecurities onto the Jews, to vent one's frustrations on them through discrimination or actual physical attack, to blame them for all one's personal dilemmas or for the world's chaos, to regard their destruction as a social panacea. That psychological atmosphere, too, renders anti-Semitic propaganda so effective a device, whatever its falsity or irrationality. For in times of crisis people believe not those things that are true or logical, but the things they want to believe, the things that respond to their psychological and emotional needs. And, in such circumstances, truth and logic become largely ineffective weapons in combating anti-Semitism.
>
> Never shall I forget Hitler's statement to me in an interview in the Spring of 1933 that he intended to use anti-Semitism as a means toward world domination. He counted upon anti-Semites, knowingly or ignorantly, to do his work in every country.

What can be done to reduce the evil of anti-Semitism? The central theme of this volume is that American Jews can make their greatest contribution by being more truly Jewish, that is, worthy of their great religious and cultural heritage. This seems to me to be profoundly true; but I would add that American non-Jews have a comparable responsibility to be more truly worthy of their cultural and religious heritage.

Of special value is the chapter on current philosophies of Jewish life in America by Rabbi Milton Steinberg. He puts the heart of the matter in two sentences: "To say that theories can save Judaism in America would be an exaggeration. It is altogether sober to assert that it cannot be saved without them." There are many

gh written by the editor of Hadassah News Letter, Sul- though Schwartz, rather plays but "the danger to Judaism does not lie in differences of convic- tion among Jews. It resides in the fact that so many Jews have no opinions at all. The committed person, whatever be his commit- ment, possesses what to him is both a clear understanding of his Jewishness and a fruitful proce- dure for expressing it. He can, American Jewish life.

with Judaism and positive and creative in his disposition of it. Such strengths and virtues are absent from confused Jews who, therefore, be mentally at ease for want of comprehension, must be mentally unhappy in their impotent, in their practice of it." The excellent chapter on Zion- ism in American Jewish life

8-1942
New Republic
New York, N. Y.

The New Novels

Dearly Beloved, by Harry Sylvester. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 262 pages. $2.50.
Fire in Summer, by Robert Ramsey. New York: The Viking Press. 266 pages. $2.50.
Hangover Square, by Patrick Hamilton. New York: Random House. 308 pages. $2.50.

MAR 9 1942

HARRY SYLVESTER's first novel is not only a fine and thoughtful book; it can fairly be called an important one. Also, for once, the label "sensitive" on a jacket blurb is deserved and truly descriptive. But it is a book about Catholics and the work of their priests and it faces certain embarrassing truths so sincerely that reviewers and the trade generally will probably decide to give it the go-by. Mark it now as the book in 1942 that didn't get the audience it deserved. For my part, I can think of no recent first novel that handles a theme of equal importance with anywhere near the effectiveness of "Dearly Beloved." For what Sylvester has done is to examine the role of the Catholic Church in a setting of social and economic conflict, and he has done it without preaching and without forgetting the significance of personality and human character. There is no concern here with theology and no recourse to philosophical parrying. Neither is there the smallest effort to profit from such obvious fictional possibilities as slightly disguised Coughlins and crafty, political archbishops. Sylvester's Catholics are the small fishermen and farmers, Negro and white, of southern Maryland. His churchmen are the Jesuits who have been there since 1634. And while this novel is no mere exploitation of regional material, one of its more subtle triumphs is the artless suggestion of mood, not as a passing presentiment felt by some observant stranger but as a deep, native awarenes of the tensions and inherited prejudices that have decided the social character of the countryside.

What Sylvester records here is the failure of the Church to fight courageously the affronts to decency and human dignity that daily mock its priests. It is a failure of long standing, for after three centuries of Jesuit teachings, the whites hate their Negro co-religionists, force them into the last four rows in church or into churches of their own. Yet the Church professes not to know black from white when it counts souls. It is possible for Negroes to starve in squalid shacks a few hundred yards from the altar, and so completely have the Jesuits failed to establish Christianity that a decent priest is ostracized by the whites as a "nigger lover."

To the serious young fellow who comes down to help the priests with a coöperative for the fishermen, the dry rot becomes apparent quickly enough. It isn't that the priests are all from one mold, for they vary from the sweet, selfless Father Kane to the bigoted advertising man lately turned Jesuit. It is simply that the Church in action (and, it should be said, the churches of all faiths) fails to rise above the prejudices and shortcomings of the dominant social and economic groups of its environment. Instinctively it chooses self-preservation instead of simple Christianity, which requires somewhat more courage, and so generally finds itself lined up with the oppressors rather than with the oppressed.

Sylvester doesn't write in anger, yet his blending of irony and compassion awakens a kind of anger in the reader, and in fiction that is the most effective means of protest. The writing is clean and simple. There is no striving for action for its own sake, yet the impression is always that of something happening. Possibly the implications of the material might have been pursued somewhat farther, but as the story of an intelligent young Catholic whose social conscience shows up the shortcomings of the Church, "Dearly Beloved" makes its point with conviction and leaves the reader oddly sharing the hero's troubled state of mind.

"Fire in Summer" is another first novel and as such it is a better-than-average job. The praise it has received during the past few days is deserved, but only up to a point. As the story of a frustrated poor white's pathological hatred for Negroes it is effective enough, yet it is one of those smooth, almost glib products that should, with compression, have been a longish short story. It is also a fact that in spite of puffiness it moves along with compelling ease, and that is nothing to pass by, now or any time.

The story is told by a ten-year-old youngster, and while it's a pretty sordid one, it would be a mistake to link Ramsey with Faulkner or Caldwell. Ramsey simply doesn't pack enough meat on his bones to join that company yet. Pa Lovell's viciousness toward Negroes and his own wife and children is a fairly simple, uncomplicated emotion with the usual social and economic implications sketched in. Enough to build a novel on, perhaps, but only if the development of the material justified it. Here there are rightness of pace and narrative skill, but only the slightest burden of meaning. But it's smooth, very smooth, and if Mr. Ramsey ever finds something of his very own to say, he'll be worth waiting for.

Nation
ew York, N. Y.

DEEP SOUTH. By Allison Davis, Burleigh B. Gardner, and Mary R. Gardner. The University of Chicago Press. $4.50.

APR 4 - 1942

This book does for a typical community in the cotton country something similar to what "Middletown" did for a community in the Middle West. The authors lived for two years in Old City. Although it is not identified except as being typical of the cotton South, Old City seems certainly to be in Mississippi, and probably is along the Yazoo. Occasionally the authors labor the obvious, but for the most part they have written a penetrating study of the clash of race and class in the cotton country, and every student of the South can consult it with great profit.

MY UNCLE DUDLEY. By Wright Morris. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

APR 4 - 1942

A brashly picaresque novel about a trip across the country with nine men in an old derelict of an automobile. Fast-paced, delightfully humorous, sometimes Rabelaisian, it zestfully follows the adventures and mishaps of as madly assorted a crew of individuals as you might find in a circus sideshow—down-at-the-heel, underprivileged men who do not even realize that they are underprivileged. The author's acute ear for dialogue helps to enliven a story that has a slightly mad quality to start with.

Knoxville, Tenn., Journal
April 8, 1942

Retired Negro Clerk Will Write Book

James G. Beck, Tennessee's only Negro Post Office clerk, who was retired April 1, after 31 years continuous service, will write a book of fiction, he said yesterday.

A native of Camden, Ala., Beck came to Knoxville as a youth and entered Knoxville College, where he was granduated. He later was principal of a city school and taught English in Austin High School four years.

Beck has been treasurer of District 5 of the National Alliance of Postal Employes. He also is a member of the board of Ethel Beck Home, an orphanage for Negroes. The home was named for Mrs. Beck.

Beck was appointed a clerk in Knoxville Post Office by Gen. Cary F. Spence who was postmaster in 1910.

In addition to his literary work, Beck expects to devote part of his time to community activities and social work among the Negro race. His home is at 1307 Dandridge Avenue.

New York Times
New York, N. Y.

Negro Writers Speak for Themselves

MAR 29 1942

THE NEGRO CARAVAN. Writings by American Negroes. Selected and edited by Sterling A. Brown, Arthur P. Davis and Ulysses Lee. 1,082 *pp. New York: The Dryden Press.* $4.25.

By WILLIAM SHANDS MEACHAM

WHEN in 1871 a group of Fisk University students started on a tour singing the songs their slave mothers had taught them the audiences were generally surprised and some were shocked. They had been used to the seriocomic interpretations of the Negro character given by white comedians with burnt-cork makeups. In Brooklyn the white folk jeered at the Fisk Jubilee Singers and called them "Beecher's Nigger Minstrels." Nevertheless, these *meistersingers* of the Negro race in America were soon packing churches there and in New York and they went on to Europe to triumphs on the concert stage, from which they returned with enough money to build Jubilee Hall at the poor university they had left. Negro genius, of course, had sung almost as soon as the slaves had arrived in America from Africa. Phillis Wheatley, who was brought to Boston in 1761, had won her freedom with her pretty poems, and although slave masters seem to have made it a point to separate Negroes from the same sections of Africa when they put them to work on the plantations—so that, speaking different dialects, they would not be able to understand each other—there was early singing in the slave quarters.

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As the chorus welled up the Negro caravan began to roll and it has traveled far since the days of the first tour of the Jubilee Singers. The writings which have been selected and edited by Professors Brown, Davis and Lee for this anthology cover the whole period of Negro experience in America. They have produced a great book, because they have let the Negro writers speak convincingly for themselves. Yet some of the best writing in the volume is found in the critical essays of the Negro editors. They do no special pleading at all and by their own objective attitude go far to prove that the cultural wall that has tended to isolate the Negro from the main currents of American culture is breaking down.

If this volume of American literature by Negroes has no thesis of its own there is a leitmotif that runs between the lines from the beginning of the thick volume to the end. It keeps saying that no race need despair of its continued cultural growth which can produce—taking only a few of its modern writers—such exemplars as William Stanley Braithwaite, in poetry criticism; Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, Alain Locke and Kelly Miller, in the art of the critical essay; James Weldon Johnson, Langston Hughes, Paul Laurence Dunbar, Countee Cullen and Claude McKay, in poetry, and Walter White, Richard Wright and Jean Toomer, in fiction.

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The American Negro has suffered, as have the writers of all minority racial groups, by being stereotyped by the racial majority. The dominant group is likely to have its own utilitarian ideas about the group of lesser numbers. A happy rationalization like this may be used:

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> I swear their nature is beyond my comprehension. A strange people! Merry mid their misery—laughing through their tears, like the sun shining through the rain. Yet what philosophers they! They tread life's path as if 'twere strewn with roses devoid of thorns and make the most of life with natures of sunshine and song.

This passage is actually quoted from a play dealing with a tragic period in the history of Ireland, and was used to describe the Irish. It has a traditional ring, but the mode of thinking it represents may soon belong more to the past of a race that has to its credit a novelist capable of making the powerful protests of Richard Wright, and a short-story writer like Langston Hughes, who gently satirizes the "artistic interest" that certain white folk have in the Negro. As Negro writers win increasingly large national audiences their own self-consciousness of race may be expected progressively to diminish. Nowhere in the present volume is "the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin" more evident than in the work of some of the excellent short-story writers represented.

Nothing that our Negro writers have done is more valid or shining than their folk literature. Every department of literature has its spokesmen in "The Negro Caravan," but the folk section is especially complete in both its selections and its background material. Here one gets a vivid picture of the men and the milieu that made the spirituals. Paul Laurence Dunbar may have felt that he was forced to fall back upon folk material in order to win a white audience. Yet America is the richer for his reliance upon the sure tradition. It was in dialect that he wrote "At Candle-Lightin' Time," which is the Negro "Children's Hour."

Much of the Negro's history, as well as his contribution to American literature, is in this volume. One hears Frederick Douglass declaiming against slavery, and one follows the historic debate between Dr. Du Bois and Booker T. Washington over the direction the emancipated Negro was to take in American life. The whole epic of the Negro is stirringly written down in "The Negro Caravan," for the general reader and for the student.

Richmond, Va., Times-Dispatch
March 31, 1942

The Negro Caravan

THE American Negro has been, almost from the first landfalls made by the slave traders, articulate enough to sing his song and tell his story with appealing poignancy and eloquence. PHILLIS WHEATLEY, who was brought to Boston in 1761, won her freedom with her pretty poems. Spirituals welled up from the slave quarters of Southern plantations, early in the history of the "peculiar institution" in this country—although often there was design in grouping together Negroes who had been brought from different parts of Africa. The dialects may have differed, but the spiritual soon became a common song, in a new language.

PROFESSOR ARTHUR P. DAVIS of Virginia Union University, is one of the editors of *The Negro Caravan*, a selection of writings by Negroes from their earliest times in America up to the present. It will surprise many who have made no special study of the Negro's contribution to American literature, to discover how early he was writing with clarity, and with insight into the burden that the "middle passage" across the Atlantic had placed upon him. True, nearly everyone knows that BOOKER T. WASHINGTON'S *Up From Slavery*, written by a former slave, has been translated into every tongue of the civilized world, but few thoroughly know the contribution that the Negro folk have been continuously making to the enrichment of their own and America's culture.

There has long been a need for just such a book as PROFESSOR DAVIS has had an important part in making. It has been so compiled that while presenting what is artistically valid in Negro writing, it presents much of the Negro's history. It contains not only the work of early Negro spokesmen, but illuminates the issues and times about which they wrote. The modern poets, short-story writers, essayists and novelists are all represented. The book is large—it runs to over 1,000 pages, but it is in such a convenient format that it could readily be used as a textbook. The critical essays by the editors are both highly informative, and well written. It affords Virginia educators the opportunity to place in the hands of students, perhaps the most comprehensive and best-edited anthology of Negro writing that has yet appeared in our literature.

Birmingham, Ala. News
May 3, 1942

American Negroes Have Produced Much Fine Writing

THE NEGRO CARAVAN, edited by Sterling A. Brown, Arthur P. Davis and Ulysses Lee. Published by The Dryden Press; 1,082 pages, $4.25.

THE GROWTH AND development of the Negro in America is a modern phenomenon. Forced from his native home into working and living conditions that were strange, then suddenly turned loose as a free man, the Negro has struggled long between determination to grow and constant repression.

Despite the insistence of short-sighted individuals, the Negro in America has made remarkable progress. In the 80 years since his full freedom he has slowly but steadily found a place for himself. The individual Negroes who have been ambitious enough have found education, jobs and a full, useful life for themselves.

"The Negro Caravan" is a really fine volume by and about the Negro. It is a complete survey of writing by American Negroes from the earliest slave days to the present. There are in the volume short stories, selections from novels, poetry, drama, biography, essays and folk tales. All the well-known Negro writers are here: Paul Laurence Dunbar, James Weldon Johnson, Countee Cullen, Richard Wright, William Attaway. There are many excellent selections from lesser known writers which fill gaps and bridge out a complete Negro summary.

The writings of these men and women range variously from tales and stories of slave times down to the latest poetry or the most recent novel. Throughout the book one feels the Negro's great capacity for life, for suffering and for carrying on.

Every Negro library should own a copy of this book. Any person who pretends to know anything about the literature of America should take a look into this volume.
—TOM CHILDS.

8-1942

"New York Times" Book Review

Roland Hayes's Modest and Sincere Autobiography

New York, N.Y. Nov. 29, 1942

ANGEL MO' AND HER SON ROLAND HAYES. By MacKinley Helm. With frontispiece in color. 301 pp. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book. $2.75.

By KATHERINE WOODS

Mar. 29, 1942

ROLAND HAYES'S father wasn't much of a farmer, nor yet much of a churchgoer; and both these deficiencies troubled the stern, wise, large-hearted but unsentimental woman—born in slavery—who was indeed to become the guardian "Angel Mother" of the singer's maturing life. But Father William could call all the birds of the North Georgia countryside with their own songs—and when he called, it was as if he were a bird himself. It was this gift of sympathy that opened the way to true music for his son. And just as the child's first awareness of melodious sound came from his father's blowing of the hunting horn he had made, so all through Roland's early boyhood there was music to be found somewhere—"in the woods and fields," he remembers, "at church and singing school; in our cabin, and at the feet of my father and our friend Jim Kirby. And so all my life was music until my father died."

Angel Mo' herself did not approve of music as a career. But her boy's success began to give her pleasure as the serious nature of his work became recognized everywhere; and when a Boston critic wrote that his latest Symphony Hall concert was really "not a recital but a religious service," she was won over at last. "Well, son," she said, as they sat at table over her good cooking, "I give in. I see now what you are trying to do. * * * Now you go on, remember who you are and reverence your heritage."

She herself emphasized the heritage of honesty, strength and righteousness. But in her own family there was also the heritage of music; and it was her grandfather, an African chieftain captured by slave-traders, whose song of the Crucifixion Roland Hayes has sung all over Europe and America. This book tells, too, how he went back to the far-off racial heritage to find not only the spirituals themselves but the African ways of narrative song and the consecration of rhythm. But before he reached that point of mature understanding, Roland Hayes had gone through the stage of educational ambition and preoccupation which moved him, so to speak, to try to make his voice "white." It was a moment of profound revelation when he realized that his approach to art must be personal—"that I, Roland Hayes, a Negro, had first to measure my racial inheritance and then to put it to use. It remained for me to learn, humbly at first, and then with mounting confidence, that my way to artistry was a Negro way."

Meanwhile, the 14-year-old boy had undertaken the major support of his family, working in a steel mill, far beyond his strength. Later he had gone back to school with little children, so that he might take up his education again where he had had to lay it down; he had found knowledge, and training, and personal sorrow, at Fisk University; he had moved to Boston and brought his mother to join him; and little by little success had come. But it was a hard way. For years no established manager would handle his recitals. In spite of the recognition that came as the result of the concert he himself arranged in Symphony Hall in 1917, it was only from the acclaim of London and Paris—and a command performance at Buckingham Palace—that he returned to his first official American tour.

This extremely interesting biography of the great Negro singer has been written by Roland Hayes's friend of long standing, MacKinley Helm. But it is presented as autobiography, in the first person, because, Mr. Helm explained, that was the only way to accomplish what he felt to be necessary—the "translation" of Roland Hayes's story from song to words.

It is, moreover, not only a story of sound individual substance and interest, but of equally sound suggestiveness. Roland Hayes has taught two continents to value the Negro quality of his voice, the Negro richness of his heritage; and he speaks with fine simplicity and earnestness as a Negro. But he speaks, at the same time, without any rigidity of racial self-consciousness, with no harshness of defensive separatism. His story—and his mother's with it—is told with the naturalness of a sincere man and artist; we are enriched and stimulated as we read.

The Union
Cincinnati, Ohio

ROGERS' NEW BOOK, SEX AND RACE, VOLUME No. II, TOPS THE MANY, FATHERED BY HIS GENIUS

DEC 1

Chicago Bee
Chicago, Illinois

J. A. Rogers, student, traveller, author, historian, is too well known internationally to necessitate extended personal comment. His latest book, Sex and Race, Vol. II, just off the press, proves that miracles can still happen, for the ACCUMULATION OF SUCH A VAST WEALTH OF INTERRACIAL "UNDER COVER" MATTER, BY ONE MAN, despite nearly two generations of study, travel and research, borders upon the marvellous, savors of the impossible!

Regardless of race, the book has an appeal for all intelligent, liberal minded people, a tang that touches the heart strings of all those, who can boast the possession of soul.

NO HOME CAN BE COMPLETE WITHOUT THE WORKS OF J. A ROGERS, MEMBER OF THE PARIS SOCIETY OF ANTHROPOLOGY SPEAKER IN PARIS AT THE INT. CONG. OF ANTHROPOLOGY, AN AUTHORITY ON WORLD HISTORY!

HE DWELLS AT 37 MORNINGSIDE AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y., WHEN IN THIS COUNTRY. WRITE, GET HIS CATALOGUE, BEG OR BORROW THE MONEY, IF NECESSARY, TO BUY HIS WORK OR WORKS! YOU'LL BE PROUD TO OWN THEM, OR EVER REGRET THAT YOU DO NOT OWN THEM! THE LAST BOOK, ONLY $3.50, WORTH $100 TO 1942

DEC 10 1942 Dabney

THE NEGRO IN BOOKS

DEC 27 1942

FOR MY PEOPLE, by Margaret Walker, Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn., $2.00.. Reviewed by Countee Cullen.

In this her first book of poems Margaret Walker (For My People," Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn., $2.00) has made her people, (and as the world now is, all other peoples) a gift of power and distinction. For a mature poet this would be a book to be glad of; coming as a first book, it is even more challenging. To call it promising would be to indulge in unreasonable understatement. FOR MY PEOPLE is definitely an achievement.

The title poem of the collection speaks for and to a race of people in words which the humblest and the most illiterate can understand, and from which they can inhale the breath of hope, feeling their lungs grow big with the promise of things to come. The poet speaks in vibrantly beautiful accents of values that count most in a social-minded and war-activated world. Her book is at once a denunciation, a hope, and a prophecy.

DEC 27 1942

It would be ungracious to quibble over questions of form, and a rough rhyme or two. The point is that this book speaks, castigates, exults, laughs and sings. It does not weep. Has Markham voiced this terrible question more strikingly in THE MAN WITH THE HOE than Margaret Walker does when in SINCE 1619, she asks,

When will I burst from my kennel an angry mongrel,
Lean and hungry and tired of my dry bones and years?

DEC 27 1942

What preacher could not well include this injunction in his admonitions to a cowed and dishearten congregation: Pray for buttressing iron against insidious termite and beetle and locust and flies and lice and moth and rust and mold? Margaret Walker finds JOHN HENRY of whom we are told: 'His gums was blue, his voice was warm spot in his thinking for BIG bread not enough; there must be iron. And who could not find a

How good it is to look up into the crowded vying lights one more star shining bright and angry and new! And he talked to mules fellow to mellow, fellow."

DEC 27 1942

Washington Tribune
Washington, D. C.

"THE NEGRO HANDBOOK"

DEC 19 1942

By Florence Murray

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8-1942
Time
Chicago, Illinois

Men From the South

I CAN LICK SEVEN—*Robert Richards*—*Atlantic-Little, Brown* ($2.50).
RIVER ROGUE — *Brainard Cheney* — *Houghton Mifflin* ($2.50).

For two decades the tough, subtle, subsinister landscape of the South has been a notable breeding and hunting ground for new writers. The hunting is still good. Neither Robert Richards, with a first novel, nor Brainard Cheney, with his second, is as imposing as Thomas Wolfe or William Faulkner. But both are exciting.

Robert Richards manages, remarkably, to say some new things about the Civil War and its aftermath, and to say them with as much irony as pity. Remarkably, too, he says them as tersely as a good pulp story. More important, he has a flair for realistic allegory.

Melancthon Fowinkle returned from the Civil War wishing it had never ended. It had cost him his right arm. But it had given him, a baldish intellectual, years of equality with his dumb, knightly brother Fairfax, who had died in the Southern apogee of courage, under Pickett at Gettysburg. Dealing death and living with it constantly, was the most heartening experience Melancthon had ever known.

But the New South was too cruel for Melancthon. The New South deflowered him on his first night home, in the person of Gaberiel, stripling daughter of Overseer Haley Sanders, from the Arkansas bottomland. The New South was a heartbroken half-wilderness in which dogs "had become as pagan as wolves, tearing down stock in the open field"; in which anarchic marauders of both races assaulted Melancthon's home and had their heads blown off or were hanged in too-cold blood. The New South was the Confederate deserter, Haley Sanders, with a calm about killing which shocked war-hard Melancthon.

The New South was also Melancthon's riding with the Klan, or, retching, watching the castration of a Negro. It was Storekeeper Casper Fleming, who used Melancthon as a war-haloed decoy to swindle poor whites out of their land in a railroad hoax. It was his own conscience when, realizing the hoax and achingly needing money, he had to decide what to do. More dubiously, the New South was his brother's ice-hearted, erogenous widow Rachel, willing to back the hoax, eager to watch men die, dallying with a nincompoop Yankee officer whom Melancthon felt a need to kill in honorable duel.

The New South was, in sum, violence, cruelty, humiliation, poverty, despair, sorrow, murder, a confusion between self-interest and selfless patriotism, of which Author Richards can write like a blow between the eyes, and which sometimes he overdoes. If corpses dropped less often than ripe plums, in less tricky postures of amazement at death, and if fingers moved less automatically to triggers, this would have been a better novel. Even as it is, a queer cross between a Freudian dream and a Grand Guignol shocker, it is good enough to suggest that it will almost certainly sire a better.

• • •

Brainard Cheney follows his *Lightwood* (TIME, Oct. 30, 1939) with a book which puts him high among the strictly regional novelists—a book so good (when it is) that its weaknesses are doubly deplorable. Through the career of Hero Rutliff ("Snake") Sutton Cheney tells the history of raftsmanship along Georgia's Oconee and Altamaha Rivers, and describes the business of lumbering in Darien, on the Georgia coast, toward the end of the last century.

Snake Sutton is a hard-muscled, sensitive, moral dimwit who climbs, tooth & nail, from social dereliction (a childhood among swamp Negroes) to the throat-cutting peak of local business and society (a timber firm of his own, a blueblood marriage). Then he goes back again. On the way up, he has an affair with a bordello keeper (part real, part Hollywood) and a fascinating raftsman's apprenticeship to a gigantic veteran of the rivers. He is the center, also, of some superb fights, crooked and raw deals, and river adventures.

Brainard Cheney writes with the homely hardness of a grindstone. At his best he is a master at making detail, action and physical sensation palpable, and almost Homerically fresh. At his worst he is a pedestrian writer, capable of serious lapses of literary judgment, but enormously sensitive to a certain landscape and a certain people. If he ever wrestles a subject his size with grace as well as grit, he may make literary history.

New Masses
New York, N. Y.

Obsolete Science

JEWS IN A GENTILE WORLD: The Problems of Anti-Semitism, *by Isacque Graeber and Steuart Henderson Brett in cooperation with others. Macmillan. $4.*

ESSAYS ON ANTI-SEMITISM, *edited by Koppel S. Pinson. Conference on Jewish Relations.*

JEWS IN A GENTILE WORLD" purports to study the relations of Jew and non-Jew and represents itself as "the first attempt to utilize the findings of the various social sciences" on anti-Semitism. One would therefore assume that these scientists would utilize the findings on anti-Semitism to be derived from the laboratory of the Soviet Union, where the social disease they are studying has been virtually wiped out. In this book of 432 pages, the editors judged the position of the Jews in the Soviet Union of such secondary importance to the problem that they decided to omit "because of limitations of space" a section on Soviet Jews in one of the essays and substituted a one-page resume (p. 359-60). Strange "science" that refuses even to take account of a solution to anti-Semitism that resembles in thoroughness a specific in medicine. From a land of pogroms Russia was transformed within less than a quarter of a century to a country where anti-Semitism has been obliterated.

The book includes many fallacies about anti-Semitism. For instance, the theory that anti-Semitism is caused by an inevitably hostile feeling for members of an alien group. Thus J. F. Brown has it that "the fact of social hostility is largely psychobiologically conditioned." Or there is J. O. Hertzler's formulation: "Group antagonisms seem to be inevitable when two peoples in contact with each other may be distinguished by differentiating characteristics." It is obviously true that, in the past, hostility against minority groups has prevailed. What is false is the view that such hostility is inevitable or has occurred in every case. For the truth is that there is nothing either "instinctive" or inevitable about hostile feelings of one group toward another, since this feeling has in fact been friendly or hostile as conditioned by social and economic relations. A rudimentary knowledge of the Soviet experience with minority peoples shows that differing cultures can co-exist on the friendliest terms. Hence Jewish cultural manifestations are encouraged and occur within the non-Jewish Soviet community without that irritation, friction and prejudice which has characterized so much of past history.

Then there is the common fallacy that the only solution for anti-Semitism is assimilation. J. F. Brown ends his essay with the view that "no immediate and specific therapy for the problem of anti-Semitism is at hand. . . . The only way this latent anti-Semitism can be overcome is by immediate cultural and final racial assimilation." J. O. Hertzler imparts the wisdom that, "to cease to be a cultural irritant the Jew must be completely assimilated." Again the Soviet experience, from which we learn that a people enjoys full equality whether or not it assimilates, is ignored.

The foregoing are but a few examples of the scientific obsolescence of great parts of this book. It must be mentioned, also, that there is actually some anti-Semitic writing in this book, particularly the essay by an anonymous writer which reminds one of the recent scurrilous article by Milton Mayer in the *Saturday Evening Post.*

THE second volume under review, *Essays in Anti-Semitism,* is much shorter than the first

New Republic
New York, N. Y.

Faulkneriana

Dollar Cotton, by John Faulkner. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 306 pages. $2.50.

THIS NOVEL by the junior member of the firm of Faulkner & Faulkner (novelists: Oxford, Miss.), is the story, in substance, of a man possessed fiercely of a love of the land. Otis Town, migrating from his gutted poor-white hills to the fat earth of the Mississippi Delta around the turn of the century, labors mightily, prospers mightily, wrongs and is wronged mightily, dies with only his love of the land to comfort and solace him. This fictional specification has been used so often, and by so many writers, that it has come to take on the familiar contours of a folk-tale; yet Mr. Faulkner succeeds so admirably in his portrait of Otis Town, writing with a sureness of character that rarely fails him, that his story takes on new interest if not new meaning.

It would be more generous, and more correct, to say compelling interest: Otis Town, despite the echoes he calls forth (echoes of Jeeter Lester and any one of those several Faulkner [William] characters that Jeeter echoes in turn), Otis Town is nevertheless a true original. There seems to have been in the back of Mr. Faulkner's mind the idea to modify, at least partially, the "poor-white trash" indictments that have come out of the South—to say, in effect, that while all Jeeter Lesters are poor whites all poor whites are not Jeeter Lesters.

Not that Otis Town is anybody's gardenia. He has that general Lester look and that general Lester smell. But what Mr. Faulkner has done is to endow him with a blind, driving ambition that would win the approval of the soberest Massachusetts Yankee. To take a poor white and turn him into a millionaire while always keeping him a poor white is no easy job; the skill and rightness with which Mr. Faulkner has carried it off is something to applaud. Only a millionaire poor white, for instance, would write a draft (not real money) for eighteen hundred dollars in order to buy a Cadillac to go to a ball game while refusing to spend a nickel (real money) to make a telephone call.

Having said this, it seems ungrateful to say that Mr. Faulkner's failure with his other characters almost matches

his success with Otis Town. It is not so much that they are types, moving according to the necessities of plot, as that they seem never to have come within the range of the author's experience or even of his close observation.

"THE DRUMS OF MORNING," by Philip Van Doren Stern. Doubleday, Doran and Co. $3.00.

The New Yorker
N.Y.N.Y.

As nearly as I can determine, this is the first novel dealing with the anti-slavery movement in the United States to be written from the point of view of the Abolitionists, since Upton Sinclair's unforgettable "Manassas" appeared in 1904. This is a deeply significant fact, and a cause for rejoicing. No doubt under the inspiration of our struggle against the new enslavement of fascism, Mr. Stern has wrested the theme of Abolition and Civil War from the neo-Confederate novelists, North and South, who have for so long monopolized it.

AUG 30 1942

The story is so constructed that it is a panorama of our history from the martyrdom of Elijah Lovejoy, Abolition editor, in 1837, through the Civil War. The hero, Jonathan Bradford, is compounded of two famous anti-slavery figures. One is Jonathan Walker, a white man who in 1844 aided a number of slaves in an attempt to escape in an open boat headed for the British West Indies and freedom, but was captured and branded in the hand with the letters S S—slave stealer. The other is Edward Lovejoy, son of Elijah Lovejoy, who after his father's death became an important figure in the operations of the underground railroad.

AUG 30 1942

Almost all the other major historical characters in the book appear in their own names. The novel opens with the murder of Lovejoy and of the fictional George Bradford, father of Jonathan, while defending an Abolition press. Jonathan swears to devote his life to the fight against slavery. He goes South to study the institution at first hand, witnesses the degradation of slave auctions, the brutalizing effect of slavery upon the ruling class, and its impoverishment of the South—of its soil, its people, its economy, its culture.

He assists a party of fugitives, is captured, tried, and sentenced to be branded in the hand. Returning North, he goes on tour with Frederick Douglass and Theodore Parker. He takes part in the effort to rescue the fugitive slave Anthony Burns who is seized in Boston. He settles on a farm in Pennsylvania, which becomes an important station on the underground railroad. He meets John Brown and discusses with him the plan to seize Harper's Ferry. During the Civil War he is imprisoned in the notorious Confederate stockade at Andersonville, Georgia.

AUG 30 1942

This is an exciting tale. In the course of it we meet Abolition editors and preachers, underground railroad conductors, fugitive slaves and free Negroes, slave-holders and slave auctioneers. Northern Quakers and Southern attorneys. It is told with deep political understanding and with complete historical accuracy. The thoroughgoing bibliography appended testifies to Mr. Stern's conscientiousness in research—although the reader trained in history will have become convinced of that conscientiousness long before he reaches the bibliography.

The book is, perhaps, more fictionized history than historical fiction. This may be because it attempts too much, is too encyclopedic—it introduces too many figures, includes too many scenes, and tries to paint every detail in an immense canvas. Its love story is conventional; this has led the supercilious **New Yorker**, ever on the alert for the trivial, to compare it unfavorably with "Gone With the Wind."

AUG 30 1942

Mr. Stern's treatment of the Negro people and their contribution to Abolition is excellent, particularly his portrait of Frederick Douglass. Yet this phase of the novel is not altogether free of errors. Speaking of the ex-slaves who composed the First South Carolina Volunteers, the first Negro regiment of the Civil War, Mr. Stern describes them as "childlike men," "imaginative Negroes," "simple Negroes," and "gullible people," who ask questions that are "quaintly ludicrous." All of these stock phrases occur in the space of a few pages, so that one is tempted to believe that the author's political attention wandered briefly.

But these are the only criticisms to be made of a passionate and absorbing story. We hope that "The Drums of Morning" is indicative of a new trend in historical fiction dealing with the era of Abolition and Civil War.

The Union
Cincinnati, Ohio

"A NICKEL AND A PRAYER"! A BOOK BOTH WISE AND RARE!

SEP 10 1942

Written by Jane Edna Hunter, that famous book is still piling up editions and still growing in demand. This story of a life that began of slave parents, in the fertile fields of South Carolina, at the end of slavery is of soul-absorbing interest.

SEP 10 1942

Jane was a handsome colored girl, whose bed was often the floor of the log cabin, she fondly called home. Her career was self-made, a life and death struggle for the education, that has given her three University degrees, helped her found the Phyllis Wheatley Association for Colored Girls in Cleveland, one of the nine institutions born of her Christ-life inspiration. Truly, her life, yet far from its end, is well worthy imitation and emulation, well worthy being the lighthouse to those of her race, still struggling in the dark seas of ignorance, poverty, and but for the helping hand of God, in hopelessness!

SEP 10 1942

"A Nickel and a Prayer"

Read and you'll get the thrills that adventurous striving engenders! Read and you will feel the spirit that ever animates those, born under the sign of the Golden Rule, born with the holy desire to uplift humanity, over whom the banner of misfortune casts its sombre shadow. Dabney.

Order from Phillis Wheatley Association, 4450 Cedar avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

New York Times
New York, N. Y.

ST TRACKS ON A ROAD. By Zora Neale Hurston. J. B. Lippincott Company.

SEP 20 1942

The autobiography of a Negro girl who became a noted anthropologist. New York Times" N.Y.N.Y.

8-1942
Pittsburgh Courier
Pittsburgh, PA.

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

(This column represents the personal opinion of Mr. Schuyler and in no way reflects the editorial opinion of The Pittsburgh Courier.—The Editors)

NOV 7 - 1942

J. A. Rogers has surpassed Bob Ripley. The latter's "Believe It or Not" is pushed into the shade by the former's "Sex and Race," the second volume of which came from the press this week. Volume 1 of "Sex and Race" was something to set the world on fire but Volume 2 makes Vesuvius seem like a glacier. There are more astonishing and little known facts packed between the two covers of this second volume than you can find in any book you ever heard about.

Quite properly "Sex and Race" (J. A. Rogers, 37 Morningside Avenue, New York, N.Y., $3.65) begins its amazing story of race mixing between Caucasians, Africans and Indians with the coming of the Spaniards and Portuguese. For the next 409 pages it gives a most graphic account of how the different peoples blended, prejudice or no prejudice and law or no law. It is as up-to-date as a war savings stamp.

• • • • NOV 7 - 1942

Rogers is noted for calling a spade, a spade (and no pun intended!). He gives names, dates, places and references to prove that East and West, North and South will meet—if there is a broom straw available and the night is dark enough. As important as the text are the 400 photographs, many of them extremely rare. The paper is heavy, coated stock, and the book is very attractively bound in cloth.

Rogers lists as "Negroes" (according to U.S. anthropology) such notables as Christopher Columbus, the first emperors of Brazil, the most notable Brazilians, the great Argentine General Eusebio, the second president of Mexico, General Dumas, President Tyler's daughter (whom he sold for $1,500), President Harding, Sir William Phips, Massachusetts' royal governor, Daniel Webster, Confederate vice-president Hannibal Hamlin, Commodore Perry, and so forth.

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Here one finds all the secrets of proud North and South American families, until one is convinced that there are few of the old "white" stock that are not touched with the tarbrush. Here are all the details about race mixing from one end of the hemisphere to the other and what is so important is the fact that Rogers has dug up so much interesting material about our white fellow-citizens. I am sure it is not generally known that Garibaldi, the Italian liberator, was married to a beautiful Brazilian colored woman, and that his son-in-law was also colored. Nor has it been widely bruited that most of the Founding Fathers had sepia offspring. NOV 7 - 1942

Here are the facts about Virginia's human stud farms, about race mixing and racial intermarriage in the ante-bellum South, about white people sold into slavery as "Negroes," and the racket of kidnaping white children in the North and selling them down South. Here are cases of Negroes being cited as co-respondents in divorce suits brought in the South during slavery and also the rivalry between white wives and black concubines in the days "befo' de wah." It is singular to find that Negroes with white wives were unmolested in Dixie before emancipation of the slaves. Of course they are unmolested now if they "pass" for colored.

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There are hundreds of racy ancedotes here that remind one of Krafft-Ebing and Massucio. There are tales about the great and near-great in both so-called races, that might have been lifted out of "My Life and Loves" by Frank Harris. There are inspiring accounts of the achievements of distinguished mixed bloods in the United States with fine photographs of many leading figures in colored America; past and present. NOV 7 - 1942

Rogers has spared no pains in getting the facts and the pictures, and spared no expense in bringing out a book that is typographically above par. It ought to have a big sale and certainly deserves it.

For thirty years J. A. Rogers has given prodigally of his time, money and energy to get the truth about miscegenation. He has ransacked the libraries of the Americas, Europe and North Africa to find the facts that many people would prefer to keep hidden. He has done more than any writer I know to smash the myth about race and race purity. He has entered where more timorous writers have feared to tread. He has received no scholarships or subsidies from the various white funds and foundations. He has financed all his research, travels and publishing. We are all tremendously indebted to him and he deserves our support in the way he would best like to have it—by buying "Sex and Race. Volume 2."

Afro-American
Baltimore, Md.

From Mrs. Roosevelt's Newest Book

NOV 14 1942

THIS IS AMERICA (Putnam's, $3)

We hope that the bright and cheerful faces of little colored children, happy in their schools, may never be clouded by the knowledge that equality is not always as real as it sounds, even in this land of freedom.

Under Hitler the colored man has no rights and is not allowed to hold any position in the community, much less to attend schools . . . In our own land, the colored American has accomplished much and has today an increasing chance to get an education and to broaden his scope in the arts, in the professions and in industry.

But ancient prejudices and oppressions are hard to down, and we can achieve our ideal of equal opportunity only by exercising eternal vigilance. NOV 14 1942

All Races Make America

America is composed of all the races, and Herr Goebbels has told the Germans that there our weakness lies. With so many racial types existing in the United States, the social tensions, he prophesies, will tear us apart. And Hitler is sure because of our wide variety of religious beliefs and racial origins.

Herr Goebbels, Herr Hitler, you have pointed out not our weakness, but our strength. We learned, the hard way, that a nation cannot exist half slave and half free, but it is the goal and the pledge of our democracy that we can all live together in a spirit of good will and mutual respect.

Peoples Voice
New York, N. Y.

History Books Fool Americans Says Noted Best-Seller Author

NOV 14 1942

The American people have been fooled by biased historians, novelists and movie producers, declared Philip Van Doren Stern, author of *The Drums of Morning*, last week at the forum of the Schomburg Collection of Negro Literature of the NYPublic Library, W 135 st branch. We have been fooled about the people, Negro and white, who fought to destroy slavery and insure equal rights for all men, the author said. Continuing in the same vein, Stern asserted:

"The more I read the original true documents of the period, the more I became convinced that a great lie had been foistered on the American people. They have been sold a bill of goods. Fiction, Hollywood, newspapers, magazines, the radio, and even respectable historical societies have been at work to make us believe that the abolitionists — the men and women who fought to preserve and extend American freedom—were a pack of trouble-makers, fanatics, and fools."

NOV 14 1942

HISTORY WRITTEN

The writer gave this as the principal reason for his writing *The Drums of Morning*, which tells the true story of the abolitionist movement and the heroic fight for the preservation of the Union.

In gathering the authentic data for his book, Stern traveled 8000 miles and examined newspapers and magazines and diaries of people who lived during this period. In answer to some of the questions put to him, the author confessed that he deliberately wrote the book as a best seller and put into it adventure and love-scenes as sugar-coating in order that its message would reach the widest possible audience.

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CRITICISM OFFERED

One of the critics, James E. Allen, of the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, praised the novel highly but wondered whether more good would not have been done had it been written as scientific history.

Another critic, Henrietta Buckmaster, author of *Let My People Go*, said the book would have been more "hard-hitting" if the lush love-scenes had been omitted.

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The next *Evening with Negro Authors* will be held on December 3, when Florence Murray, editor of *The Negro Handbook*, and A. Clayton Powell sr, author of *Picketing Hell*, will discuss their books.

World-Telegram
New York, N. Y.

The First Reader

By HARRY HANSEN.

Life Stories of Roland Hayes and Zora Neale Hurston Show Negro's Hopes and Accomplishments

NOV 9 - 1942

It is easy to acclaim the Negro artist for his exceptional gifts and then disregard the capacities of a vast number of Americans of Negro blood who do not beguile us with songs and books. Thus Roland Hayes, Paul Robeson and Marian Anderson are to many solely the bearers of beautiful voices, and Langston Hughes and Zora Neale Hurston happen to write entertaining books. But I never come across their personal stories without recognizing them as in the forefront of a vast movement for cultural and social expression that needs more than the applause of forums and concert halls. It needs new opportunities.

Two new books, as different as night and day in expression of treatment, throw a remarkable light on the aspirations and accomplishments of the Negro. **Angel Mo' and Her Son Roland Hayes** is the personal story of the rise of this singer from a Georgia cabin on the land of a man who has "owned" his mother, to life among the rich of the continent while lodged in the villa of a French king's mistress, and back to the Georgia farm as a wiser and more useful American citizen. **Dust Tracks on a Road**, by Zora Neale Hurston, is the lively, amusing and hopeful life-story of a writer who grew up in the overcrowded house of a Florida Baptist preacher and won scholastic honors in New York, yet views life with optimistic realism. Both have much to tell us, not only about their own lives but about ourselves and our times.

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Conquering the Rich Europeans.

NOV 9 - 1942

The rich tenor voice of Roland Hayes opened the doors of European palaces to him. He accepted many of the mannerisms of the continental rich, such as buying the villa in which Henry IV had kept Gabrielle d'Estrees and stocking it with antiques, but he never shook off the memory of his mother's humble and honest approach to life. He was a Negro boy from the Flatwoods of Gordon County, Ga., where his mother had lived in slavery. He had memories of spirituals and sang them everywhere, and heard that his great-grandfather, who had been brought from the Ivory Coast in 1790, sang, "He never said a mumberlin' word." He could sing Italian arias so that Melba declared he surpassed Jean de Reszke, and he astonished the Germans with his German diction. But always, there were the spirituals in back of his mind.

Having nothing to lose and much to give, he could disregard conventional prejudices. He sang French in Berlin and German in Bohemia, and when the Czechs demanded an apology he refused. He observed that at a great reception in London, at which all the diplomats were present, the American ambassador was absent. He sang in Russia in the early 1920s and found the audiences stupid and listless. When a young woman asked to see the English verse of the spirituals she became hysterical. "I knew you were singing about God," she cried, and he discovered that all references to God and religion had been removed from the Russian translations of the spirituals. But the ideology failed to move him as it had captivated Paul Robeson. In America he overpaid for hotel rooms —"a polite form of bribery." But he kept his calm, patient attitude.

* * *

Back to Humility and Co-operation.

All this happened in the boom times of the 1920s and Roland Hayes sailed with the boom. But the crash sobered him. It brought him back to basic values. He took comfort in the good he could do for "the voiceless 10 per cent." He remembered that "the Negro slaves had been put to the same school of humility that produced the Catholic saints." He began to see the advantages of being close to the soil, earthy. He began to enjoy singing before eager workers, "the unfashionable people." He credits Angel Mo' with this faith, but I believe it is the basic anchor of all Negro people. They are discovering how much their early poverty threw them back on spiritual resources. (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $2.75.)

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Zora Believes in Individual Effort.

NOV 9 - 1942

Zora Neale Hurston, in **Dust Tracks on a Road**, says she has no race prejudices of any kind. Tough breaks have not soured her and "glory-moments" have not made her feel personally superior. "My sense of humor will always stand in the way of seeing myself, my family, my races or my nation as the whole intent of the universe." There are good folks on both sides of the creek. (Lippincott, $3.)

There are spirituals in Zora's background, too, and her social research led her to Negro folk lore, as her books attest. But her faith in the capacity of the individual makes her a poor prospect for racial agitation. She refuses to admire the "better-thinking Negro" or the Negro who can't stand his coal-black brethren and thinks they will disgrace him before the whites. "Skins are no measure of what is inside people" is her conviction, and that goes for white folks, too. Disregarding the racial lump, which must stand or fall together, she doubts that Negroes will be either at the bottom, top or in between. "No, we will go where the internal drive carries us like everybody else."

This conviction grows out of a liftime of experiences that Zora Neale Hurston counts as her assets. She laughs off racial handi-

caps as temporary. Is it in the multiplication of men like Roland Hayes and women like Zora that her race will improve its lot? It seems to me that something more is needed—opportunity for those who are not exceptionally talented. Read the article on Negro girls by Virgina L. Snitow in this week's New Republic. Miss Snitow taught for 10 years in Harlem schools. She explains why some Americans find the road to decent citizenship such hard going. That's where we come in.